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Radio Stars

FEBRUARY

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
RADIO MAGAZINE



HELEN
JEPSON

THE TRUE STORY OF RUBINOFF'S TRAGIC LOVE!

Highly Indelible Lipstick by S A V A G E



Let your lips be savagely red . . . warmly moist like dew... and tenderly soft . . . so soft that to touch them is to forever surrender all desire for any lips but yours! Nothing is so tempting as the pagan, junglish reds of Savage Lipstick

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH • JUNGLE

...and nothing is so sure to conquer as lips that have the thrilling softness that only this lipstick can give them. Savage is truly indelible, too; it clings savagely as long as you wish your lips to lure . . . and longer. None other is like Savage!

TWENTY CENTS AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

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● How *clean* is your skin? That's your most important beauty problem. For only when pores are thoroughly, deeply cleansed can one hope for a radiant, exquisitely fine complexion.

Starting today, you can be *sure* of a truly clean skin—and all the loveliness it brings. Because today Daggett & Ramsdell offers you the new *Golden Cleansing Cream*—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained!

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Golden Cleansing Cream is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains *Colloidal Gold*, a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty. This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

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is the secret of radiant beauty!



Make This Simple Test!



• Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?



• Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. Your tissue shows *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL Dept. MM-2
Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue,
New York City

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (This offer is good in United States only.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Dealer's Name.....

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Copr. 1937 by Daggett & Ramsdell

WHAT AN
AWFUL
HEADACHE!



● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.



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MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes
of chewing
make the
difference

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only
15c & 25c

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Radio Stars



EIHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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BROADCASTING

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

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The fragrance of
her camelias intoxi-
cated his senses . . .



*"Crush me in your arms
until the breath is gone
from my body!"*

She had known many kinds of love, but *his* kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before . . . The glamorous Garbo — handsome Robert Taylor — together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta **GARBO**
Robert **LOVES**
TAYLOR

IN

CAMILLE

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
ELIZABETH ALLAN • JESSIE RALPH
HENRY DANIELL • LENORE ULRIC
LAURA HOPE CREWS

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture, based on play and novel
"La Dame aux Camelias" (Lady of the Camelias) by Alexandre
Dumas. Directed by George Cukor



Board of Review

EXPLAINING THE RATINGS

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25% and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of RADIO STARS Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or exaggerated commercial announcements. There have been many changes in programs for the winter months. The Board reviewed as many of the current major program as it possibly could before this issue went to press.

1. PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....86.2
CBS Sun. 3:00 P.M. EST
2. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR.....85.8
CBS Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST
3. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT—ERNO RAPEE.....84.8
NBC Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST
4. JELL-O PROGRAM—JACK BENNY.....84.0
NBC Sun. 7:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
5. MARCH OF TIME.....81.8
CBS Thur. 10:30 P.M. EST
6. CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—ANDRE KOSTELANETZ — KAY THOMPSON, RAY HEATHERTON.....81.7
CBS Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST
7. TOWN HALL TONIGHT—FRED ALLEN.....81.0
NBC Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST
8. MEREDITH WILLSON AND ORCHESTRA.....80.6
NBC Wed. 10:30 P.M. EST, Sat. 8:30 P.M. EST
9. LUX RADIO THEATRE.....79.7
CBS Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST
10. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA.....79.6
NBC Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST
11. CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—NINO MARTINI, KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA.....78.8
CBS Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST
12. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—MARGARET SPEAKS.....78.0
NBC Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
13. ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—RUDY VALLEE.....77.3
NBC Thur. 8:00 P.M. EST
14. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC.....77.2
NBC Sun. 9:30 P.M. EST
15. PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....76.9
CBS Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST
16. RADIO CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....76.8
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17. WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS.....76.2
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NBC Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST
18. VICK'S OPEN HOUSE—NELSON EDDY.....74.4
CBS Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST
19. KRAFT MUSIC HALL—BING CROSBY, BOB BURNS.....74.2
NBC Thur. 10:00 P.M. EST
20. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS.....73.8
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21. PHIL BAKER WITH HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA.....73.5
CBS Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST
22. PACKARD HOUR—FRED ASTAIRE, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, GREEN ORCHESTRA.....73.0
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23. A & P BAND WAGON—KATE SMITH.....72.7
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24. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA.....72.6
NBC Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST
25. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—JESSICA DRAGONETTE.....72.4
NBC Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST
26. RUBINOFF, JAN PEECE, VIRGINIA REA.....72.3
CBS Sun. 6:30 P.M. EST
27. BURNS AND ALLEN.....72.2
CBS Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
28. LANNY ROSS PRESENTS THE MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT.....71.8
NBC Thur. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
29. METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE AIR.....71.7
NBC Sun. 3:00 P.M. EST
30. GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA.....69.7
CBS Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST
31. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—RICHARD HIMBER.....69.6
NBC Mon. 9:30 P.M. EST, 9:30 P.M. PST
32. THE BAKERS BROADCAST—ROBERT L. RIPLEY, OZZIE NELSON.....69.6
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33. ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE.....69.5
NBC Sat. 8:00 P.M. EST
34. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES.....69.5
NBC Sun. 9:15 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
35. CAMEL CARAVAN—RUPERT HUGHES, GOODMAN BAND.....69.4
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36. SPORTCAST—TED HUSING.....69.3
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37. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL.....69.2
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38. EDWIN C. HILL.....69.0
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39. ALEMITE HALF HOUR—HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS.....68.9
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40. LOWELL THOMAS.....68.8
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42. AMOS 'N' ANDY.....68.6
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43. SHELL CHATEAU.....68.5
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44. IRVIN S. COBB—PADUCAH PLANTATION.....68.5
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45. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD, VOORHEES ORCHESTRA.....68.4
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46. WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, BERNICE CLAIRE, LYMAN ORCHESTRA.....68.3
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48. YOUR HIT PARADE.....68.2
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49. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY.....68.1
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50. U. S. ARMY BAND.....68.0
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51. HELEN HAYES IN "BAMBI".....67.7
NBC Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST
52. HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR.....67.3
CBS M-W-F 11:00 A.M. EST, 12:00 Noon PST
53. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA.....67.2
CBS Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST, NBC T-W 8:30 P.M. EST
54. GANG BUSTERS.....67.1
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55. ONE MAN'S FAMILY.....67.0
NBC Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST, Sun. 9:30 P.M. PST
56. SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY—WALTER O'KEEFE.....66.7
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57. MODERN ROMANCES.....66.6
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58. ETHEL BARRYMORE.....66.3
NBC Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST
59. CONTENTED PROGRAM.....65.8
NBC Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST
60. RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY.....65.5
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61. NASH-LAFAYETTE SPEED SHOW—FLOYD GIBBONS, LOPEZ ORCHESTRA.....65.4
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62. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.....65.0
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63. BOAKE CARTER.....64.9
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66. LUM AND ABNER.....64.6
NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:30 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST
67. REVUE DE PAREE—FANNIE BRICE.....64.5
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68. ALLEN PRESCOTT.....64.3
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69. WE, THE PEOPLE—PHILLIPS LORD.....64.2
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70. WARDEN LAWES.....63.5
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71. MYSTERY CHEF.....63.0
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72. VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA.....62.6
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73. YOUR PET PROGRAM—SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADERS.....62.5
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75. COME ON, LET'S SING.....61.8
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76. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.....61.7
NBC Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST
77. KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS.....61.5
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78. HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL.....61.3
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79. CAPT. TIM HEALY.....61.2
NBC M-T-W-T-F 9:45 A.M. EST
80. GILLETTE'S COMMUNITY SING.....60.6
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81. JOE PENNER, GRIER ORCHESTRA.....60.0
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82. LA SALLE STYLE SHOW—CHARLES LE MAIRE, DUCHIN ORCHESTRA.....59.9
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83. RALEIGH & KOOL CIGARETTE SHOW JACK PEARL, DORSEY ORCHESTRA.....59.8
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84. MARY MARLIN.....59.7
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85. TWIN STARS—ROSEMARIE BRANCATO.....59.6
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87. JAMBOREE.....59.4
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96. MELODIANA—ABE LYMAN ORCHESTRA.....58.1
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97. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION.....58.0
NBC M-W-F 7:15 P.M. EST
98. EASY ACES.....58.0
NBC T-W-T 7:00 P.M. EST

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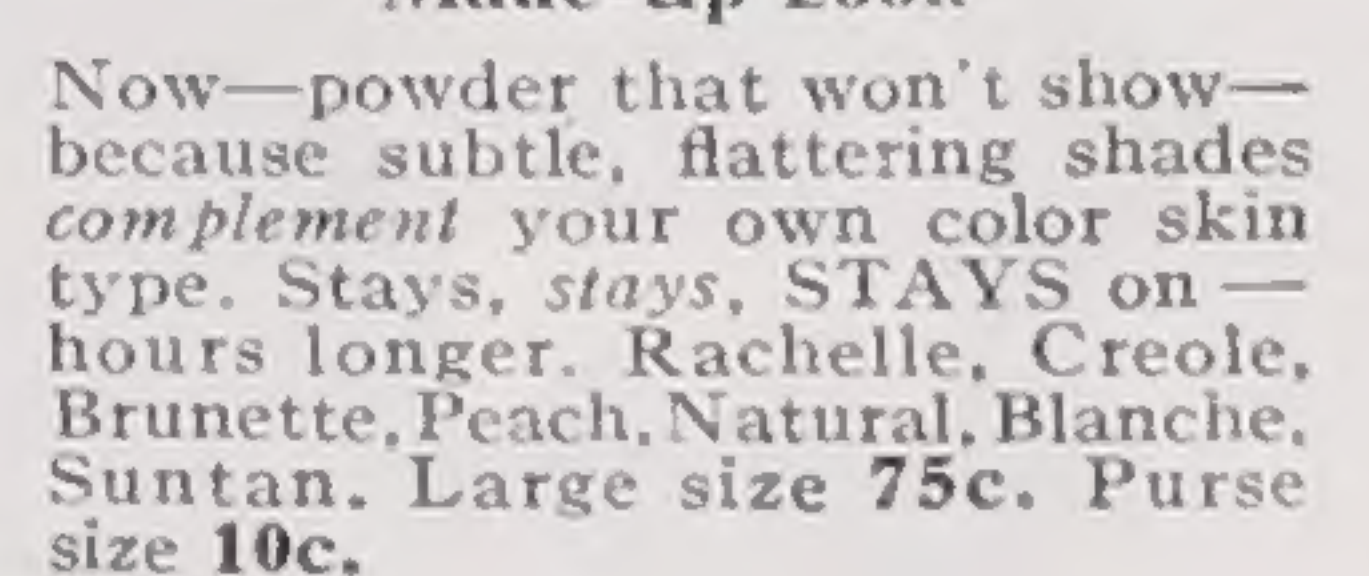
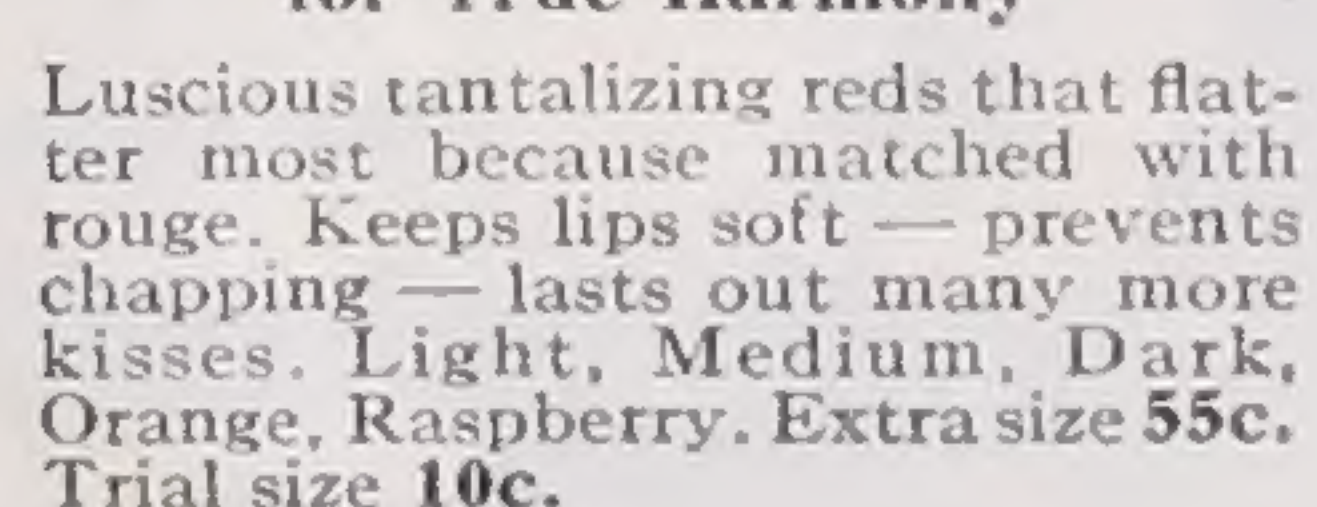
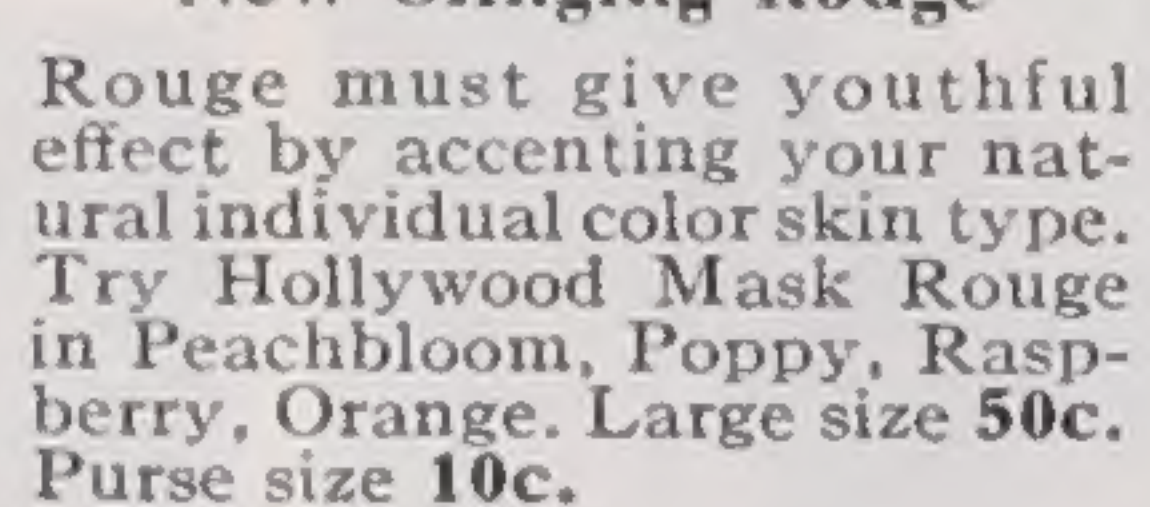
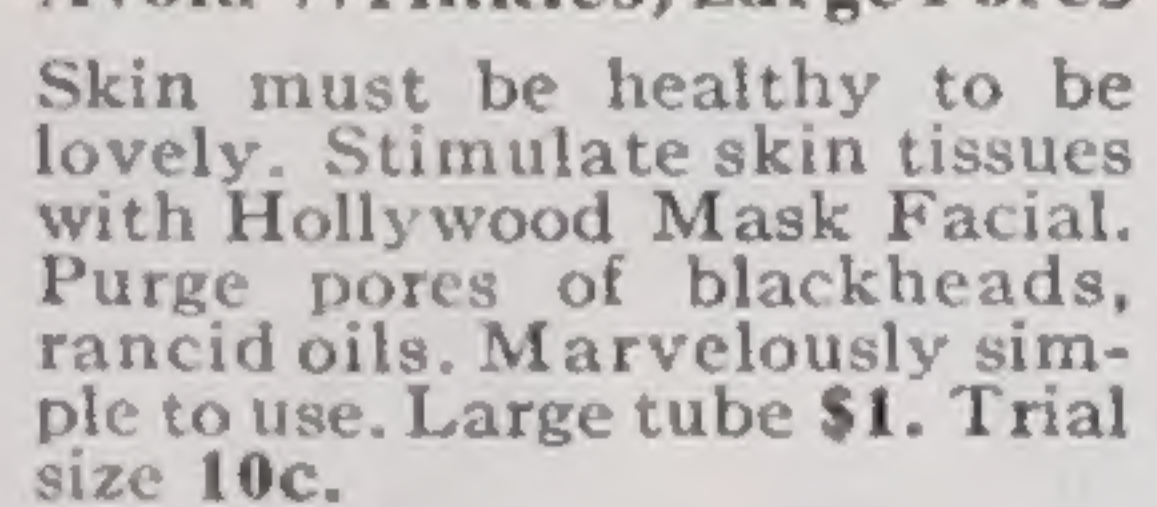
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Dayton Daily News, Dayton, Ohio

(Continued on Page 92)



Obtainable at drug and department stores. Introductory sizes at 10 cent stores. Use the coupon to list your favorite matching shades of powder, rouge and lipstick. Try the refreshing new facial. See how much more Hollywood Mask matched make-up can do for you! Send now for purse sizes.

MAIL FOR HOLLYWOOD MASK MATCHED MAKE-UP

HOLLYWOOD MASK, Inc.,
105 W. Monroe St., Dept. 127, Chicago.

Name.....
Street.....

Street.....
City.....
Lipstick.....
State.....

WOOD MASK
Powder
[] Rachelle Brunette
[] Dark

Lipstick
☐ Light ☐ Medium
☐ Dark ☐ Orange
☐ Raspberry

Rouge
Orange
Poppy
Raspberry
Peachbloom

Powder
☐ Rachele Brunette
☐ Dark Rachele
☐ Creole
☐ Peach
☐ Natural
☐ Blanche
☐ Suntan

Kate Smith's Own Cooking

HELLO EVERYBODY! This is Kate Smith once again, making a "personal appearance" as your Cooking School Director and really getting into the swing of it.

(Guess I must have been thinking of "swing" music, when I wrote that—and of the many requests I get for songs in "swing time." Well, I'll be singin' them—and thanks for listenin'.)

Anyway, what I started out to say when I so rudely interrupted myself, was that I'm finding the rôle of Cooking School Director even more interesting than I had expected it to be. And that's because of the many letters, folks, that I've been receiving from you.

For this certainly is not turning out to be a one-sided sort of proposition, with me standing up here telling you about my favorites in the recipe line, and with you all only on the listening end. No indeed! Why, I can't begin to tell you how many of my readers send me their recipes. Lots of them sound swell, too, and I certainly intend to try them out some day—even though I can't seem to find time to acknowledge each letter personally.

With these letters of yours pouring in, you don't let me

forget for a day that I have an audience for these monthly written "broadcasts," just as friendly as the one I have for my weekly radio broadcasts over CBS. And when you ask for my recipes, those who write in here are as appreciative, it seems, as those who send in their votes for the "Command Appearances" on my program. It's that sort of response, you can be sure, that keeps us all on our toes, always anxious to give you the best we've got in us!

While I'm writing this, for instance, I keep thinking, "I must really give them the grandest recipes I can ever remember having tried." Of course by "them" I mean you—and you—and you over there, sitting under that lamp, reading this and wondering if Kate actually knows anything about cooking!

Do I know about cooking? Just ask the gals who've already tried out my recipes. Besides, I'm going to boast a little bit and tell you that Nancy Wood, *Radio Stars'* Hostess, says that I'm the only person she's ever come across who can rattle off recipes from memory.

Well, I have a sort of confession to make on that score.

The genial hostess, all set to delight unexpected visitors with steaming coffee and delicious cup cakes. Easy to make, quick to serve.

Good coffee and nice guests
deserve more than sample
refreshments. Kate tells you
how to be a popular hostess

Eating's fun and so is cooking. Kate smiles happily at the prospect of dainties in the making.

Wide World



School

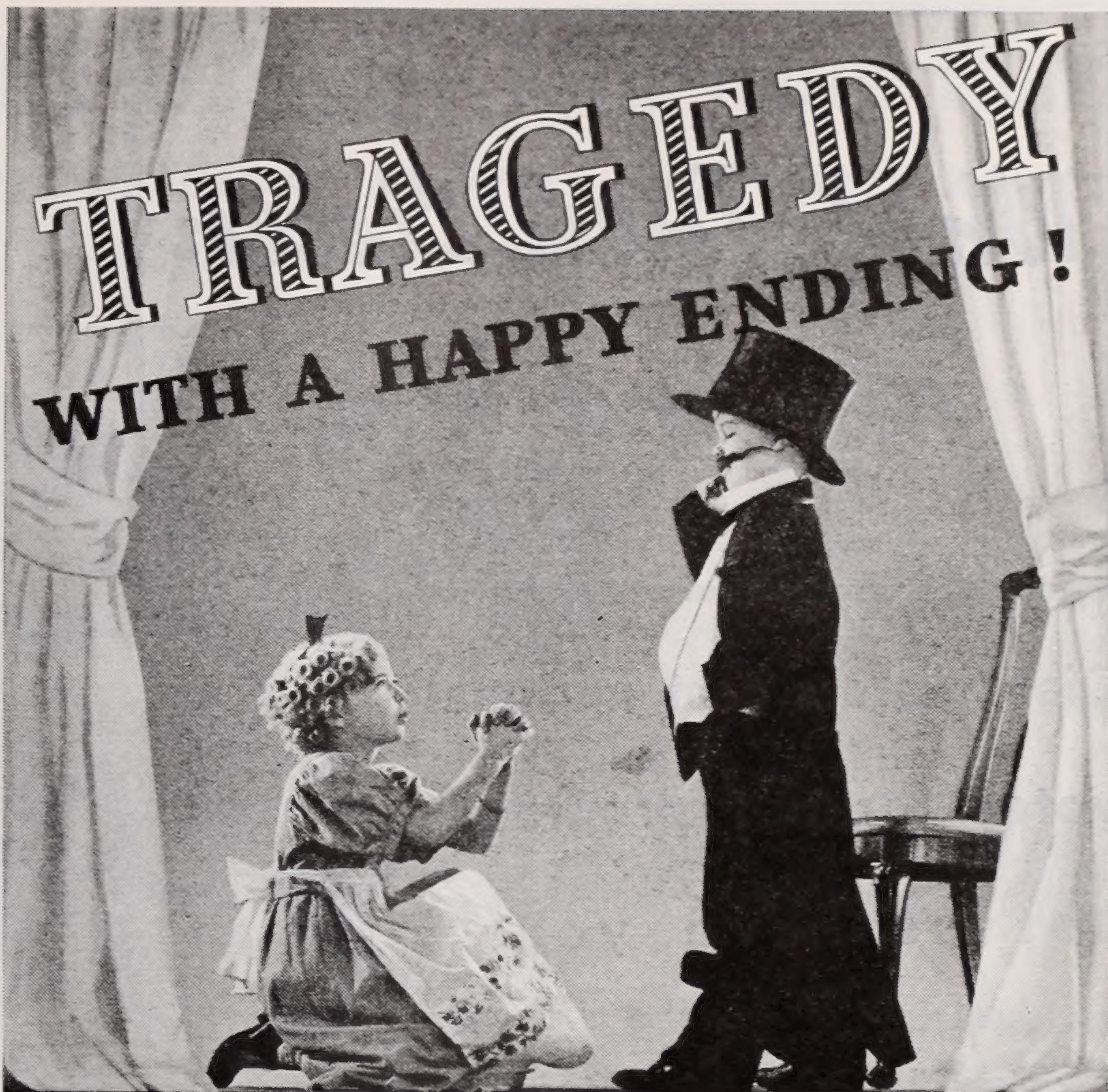


Courtesy Campfire Marshmallows

Three steps in the life of a cup cake. They're fudge, topped with marshmallows. Want some?

I did that the first time I met her, sort of to make an impression. Generally I have to refer to the recipes in my file, in order to make doubly sure that I haven't left something out or put too much of something else in! But, you see, the recipe that I knew "by heart" was one for my own *Grandmother's Chocolate Cake* and I do believe I could make that favorite dessert of mine with my eyes bandaged!

And that reminds me! In so many of your letters you ask me for that particular cake recipe. I'm afraid many of you must have been so late writing in, (Continued on page 54)



Ha! Ha! My proud beauty! Now I have you in my power . . .



Mr. W.—Clap hands, Margie—what's the matter with you?

Mrs. W.—Oh, look! The curtains—one of those sheets is mine.

Mr. W.—Gosh! Is the gray one yours? It looks sick beside that nice white one.



Mrs. W.—Oh, Russ! Did you really hear all the mothers who helped put up the curtain say those things about me?

Russ W.—Yep! They said your clothes have tattle-tale gray 'cause your soap doesn't wash clean. And they wished you'd use Fels-Naptha 'cause it's got *beaps* of *naptha* in the *golden soap* and that chases out every speck of dirt.

FEW
WEEKS
LATER



Mr. W.—Great Scott! Have you still got that moustache?

Mrs. W.—Take it off—you're no villain! You saved my reputation with that tip about Fels-Naptha Soap. It's made my washes look so gorgeous, I'm going to take you to town to a *real* show!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**



What They Listen To - and Why

Dial-twisters cast informal votes for pet programs. Let us have yours!

Sally Singer, Leo Reisman's star songstress and protégée, is numbered among favorites chosen by our readers.



Ruth Allen, Montreal, Canada. "As long as I live and have ears to listen, nothing on earth will make me miss the superb voice of Bing Crosby over the radio. Those Thursday rendezvous are heavenly. Without them life would be a dreary waste, indeed. Here's to the King of Crooners, Bing Crosby! Long may he live!"

E. W., Atlanta, Ga. "My choice of all radio programs is *Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour*, because he brings to his radio audience the best that can be had in song, comedy, melodrama,



An ardent Orson Wells fan says: "I have never heard a better actor on the air. Marvelous!"

opera and jazz—all presented capably and entertainingly as only Mr. Vallee can. He introduced variety programs which have since become popular with other sponsors."

Helen Baylin, New Haven, Conn. "I like musical programs best and am happy to say that I can listen with pleasure to all music—from Bach and Beethoven to Gershwin and Berlin. For classical music, I prefer Helen Jepson and Margaret Speaks, because there are no lovelier voices to be heard. For popular music, Kay Thompson and Sally Singer. Besides having very pleasing voices, they are different from the usual run of 'swing singers.' Also, I like the Pittsburgh Symphony, Metropolitan Opera, Wayne King and *The Music Guild*."

E. L. O'Neill, Middletown, N. Y. (Teacher.) "Perhaps I am one of the 'wire-haired' listeners, because I loathe all programs with comedians.



Popular Jessica Dragonette is described thusly: "She is a queen and may she forever be on radio!"

Jackie Heller, the little boy with the big voice, is "a best friend and a wonderful singer" to one fan.



They are so intolerably boring. No one can be funny for a half hour every week, and some of the efforts are very painful. I also loathe jazz orchestras and women blues singers. One or both of these seems to be on every time I think of listening to the radio. The result is that I only tune in when *Vick's Open House* with Nelson Eddy is on the air. Then one can relax and be sure of good music, lovely voices, crisp announcements, fine orchestra. In fact, according to the method of rating your magazine uses, I should say it is just about 100%. Yours for better music!"

John MacBride, Larchmont, N. Y. "There are four people in our family and each of us has a radio. We always listen to Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Burns and Allen for clean, peppy comedy. For music we hear Rudy Vallee, Benny Goodman and Guy Lombardo. Our entire family agrees on these favorite programs."

Dorothy Mieczki, Chicago, Ill. (Stenographer.) "I like to listen to Jackie Heller's program because I enjoy it the most. To me he seems a best friend and a wonderful singer. The second best is Eddie Cantor. His program is always full of fun and good music."

Hannah Nothdurft, Clifton, N. J. "I am all for the *Wonder Show* with Orson Wells as the *Great McCoy*. I could have died laughing at the *Barber of Fleet* (Continued on page 94)

NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

*THIS BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL...ONCE WORN AWAY..
NEVER GROWS BACK—NEVER!*



be
safe.

Protect precious enamel. Once lost, it's gone forever. Be safe and win flashing new luster with absolute security!

Nature restores skin, hair, nails—but never tooth enamel. Those precious surfaces, once worn away, are gone forever. Beauty goes with them...decay attacks teeth...the days of enchanting young teeth are over.

Guard those precious surfaces! Now science brings you the *utterly safe* tooth paste. One that cleans by an entirely new principle. That uses no chalk or grit or harsh abrasive.

Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM

Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flashing luster to teeth—cleans them immaculately—freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free flowing saliva—yet does so with the *safest action ever known in tooth pastes*.

Because IRIUM—the thrilling new dental ingredient—removes film without scouring or scraping. It *lifts* the clinging plaque off teeth and washes it gently away. It leaves the enamel surfaces *spotlessly clean*—then polishes them to a brilliant luster you never even saw before!

It's an *amazing* advance in tooth beauty and safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle with alluring brilliance that everyone *notices*. Buy a tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin *now* to use this new method that brings flashing luster to your teeth with *absolute safety*.

BECAUSE OF IRIUM...

Pepsodent contains NO GRIT
NO PUMICE. *—Utterly Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM...

Pepsodent contains NO SOAP...NO
CHALK. Gently floats film away,
instead of scrubbing it off.

—Utterly Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM...

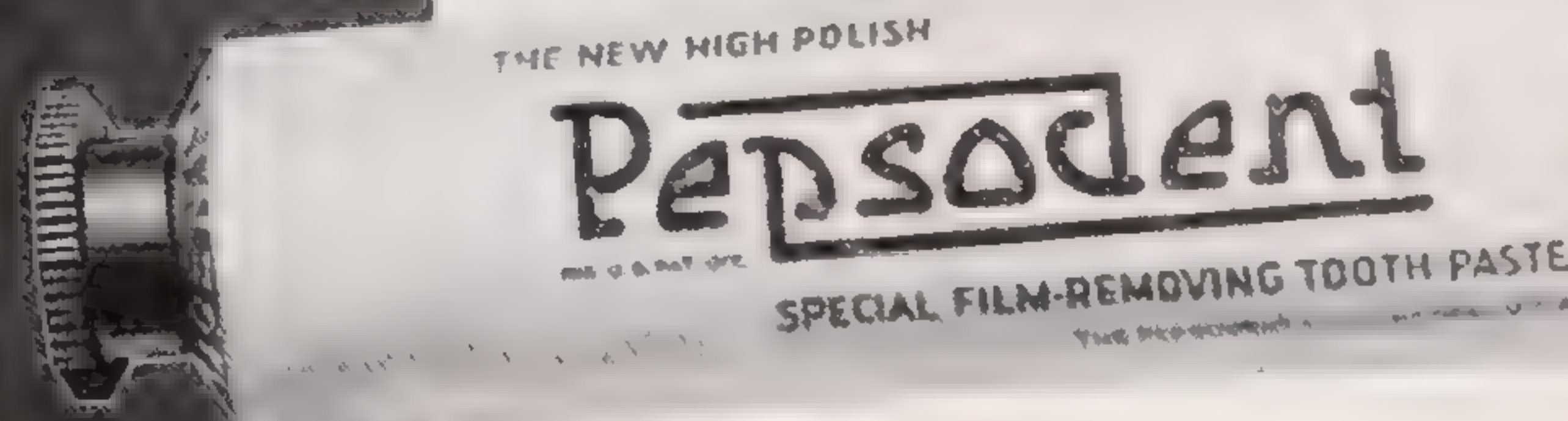
Pepsodent tones up gums and
promotes free-flowing saliva.

—Utterly Refreshing!

Pepsodent alone among
Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**

be safe.

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM





Checked coat and striped skirt with dark brown accessories were Frances' choice for her trip home.



Dark purple crêpe, swing skirt and shirred shoulders. Nothing juniorish in this afternoon dress!



Rather Russianish black-and-white brocaded satin lounging pajamas. Both chic and comfy, says Fran.

Not a Junior, Please!

WHEN, last month, I took up the torch for you girls of five-feet-five or over. I had a hunch that I had better do something quickly about the "just-five-feet" ones or else I could expect to have the "shorties" walk right out on me—and rightfully so.

So, in order to beat you half-pinters to the draw, I beguiled the best person I know to tell you what's what from the half-pint angle. And after you read what she has to say in your behalf, you'll admit I picked the right girl.

Frances Langford wears a size twelve! And like all girls in that junior size class, nothing infuriates her more than having to go into a junior department for her clothes. It isn't that they haven't good clothes, but Frances likes a degree more of sophistication than she can find in the shops and departments devoted to the

wants of the school crowd. And haven't you just the same problem—all you who are no longer in your early 'teens? Of course, you have.

Frances certainly gives the lie to the old idea that all Southerners are languid, pampered beauties. She comes from Florida but she's a whirlwind of energy. As if it weren't enough for her to be one of the most popular songsters of the air, appearing weekly with Dick Powell on the *CBS Hollywood Hotel* program, Frances has to keep a hand in screen affairs, too. The day I managed to corner her, she was taking a much needed breathing spell after strenuous weeks of making *Born to Dance*.

She told me that there are two things that affect her clothes buying sprees—one is her job on the radio, the other her size. As Frances Langford, radio star, she always must be

meticulously dressed, with a new costume for every broadcast. As Frances Langford, *Size 12*, she has to have all her clothes made to order, if they are to fit properly. The latter means that she has to take precious hours out of a day for the selecting of materials, styles and colors—not to mention the hours and hours of fitting.

But there is compensation for such care and time given to her wardrobe—it's the results she gets. Her clothes are chosen for the express purpose of suiting all the demands of her busy life. And there isn't a garment selected that doesn't complement her personality.

Of course, her broadcast clothes are her first consideration. They compose the larger part of her whole wardrobe and they have to be formal evening gowns, selected with an eye

"A COLD"

Be *doubly careful* about the laxative you take!

You don't have to dress like a deb, even if you are a half-pint! Frances Langford proves it!



by
Elizabeth
Ellis

for their variety as well as for their suitability. There has to be a different dress every week. Think of it! Do you think you could ever enjoy buying another evening gown, if you had to buy enough each year to wear one new one each week? I'm sure I would yearn horribly for bathing suits or overalls—anything but evening gowns! However, we who only have one or two each year probably get a real kick out of wearing them.

In evening clothes, Frances runs to light colors—shades that set off her dark good looks and carry out the festive atmosphere of the activities at the "Orchid Room." She is crazy about little short evening jackets—likes especially that single breasted white one with the built up shoulders that she wore at the *Hollywood Hotel's* (Continued on page 90)

WHAT is one of the most frequent questions the doctor asks when you have a cold? It is this—"Are your bowels regular?"

Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know, also, the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time. Before they will give any laxative their approval, they make *doubly sure* that it measures up to their own strict specifications.

Read these specifications. They are very important—not only during the "cold season," but all year 'round.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax checks on every single one of these 8 specifications . . . meets every demand so fairly that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families.

For more than 30 years, mothers have recommended Ex-Lax to other mothers. And Ex-Lax has given complete satisfac-

tion, not merely to thousands of families—but to millions. It has grown, slowly but surely, to the point where today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

DISCOVER THE TRUTH FOR YOURSELF

Anyone who has ever used Ex-Lax can explain in a moment why Ex-Lax is so universally popular. It is thorough. But it is gentle. . . . It is effective. But it is mild. . . . It gives you the most effective relief you could ask for. But it spares you all discomfort. No nausea. No stomach pains. No weakness. That's why it is such a favorite not only of the grown-ups, but of the youngsters, as well.

EVERYONE LIKES THE TASTE OF EX-LAX

Perhaps you have been taking bitter "druggy" mixtures. . . . Then change to Ex-Lax, and find out how really pleasant a good laxative can be. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It pleases the children as well as the older folks.

All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer, you may try it at *our* expense by simply mailing the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

-----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!-----
(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-27
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City.....Age.....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Schedule your beauty routines to gain the greatest advantage



Keep Young

By Mary Biddle

BEAUTY programs, like radio programs, should be kept on schedule. For beauty is really a habit, or it should be. We ought to have and keep a weekly health and beauty program as regular as the Musical Gym Clock over *WOR*. A lot of us are much more conscientious about never missing our favorite radio programs than we are about never missing our beauty chores. We wouldn't think of foregoing the *Saturday Night Party* over *NBC*, with our favorite Jane Pickens, but we might easily be persuaded into slipping up on a badly needed shampoo or manicure. The trouble with most of us is that we know a lot of things would be good for us, if we only did them, but we never think of them (or we alibi ourselves out of doing them) when we have time, and when we do think of them, and have the gumption to do them, we never have the time.

There's one thing about Jane Pickens—one of many, many things! She is a born organizer. She has a system for keeping herself and her voice young and beautiful. She knows that her voice suffers if her health routine of plenty of rest, relaxation and the proper diet, suffers—so she is sensible in her plan of living. If she eats a large lunch, she will have a very light dinner. If she goes to bed very late one night, she will try to make up for it the next morning or the next night. No matter how tired she

is, she is very particular about cleansing her face thoroughly every night; first with cream, then with soap. She loves creams and has several "pets," one of which is a special eye-cream which she pats lightly over her eyelids and around her eyes every night. Motoring against the wind or facing a bright battery of footlights is apt to make the sensitive tissues around the eyes parched and crêpey, so she takes every protective measure to prevent such a condition. Once a week she treats her face to an egg mask, something of an old Southern beauty recipe. (I'll give you exact instructions for the treatment, if you want to write me for them.)

It wasn't alone for Jane Pickens' ability to wear clothes that she was chosen the best-dressed woman in radio in an informal poll conducted among designers. It was because she has the superb figure for wearing clothes and is distinguished by the flawless complexion, careful coiffure, and attention to detail which are the badges of the really well-groomed woman. It takes system to keep that reputation.

Beauty programs, again like radio programs, need directors to make them successful. I suppose it is the secret yearning of most women to be taken in hand by a whole crew of Hollywood designers, hairdressers, masseuses, and make-up directors. But there is no one as interested in you and your beauty destinies as you are, unfortunately, so in this case you will have to be your own director. You can't be a temperamental one, either. Bursts of enthusiasm, that soon fizzle out like firecrackers, are of small value when it comes to clearing up a bad (Continued on page 82)

from them. Here are some special suggestions for this season



Never neglect the daily manicure. Finger nails, like manners, cannot be polished in a hurry. Lovely hands are essential to a well-groomed appearance.

Jane Pickens, who was chosen as the best dressed woman in radio, realizes the importance of careful attention to every detail of health and beauty.



and Beautiful



**"My test of a powder
...it just must not
show up in strong light"**

COMING out into the bright midday sun—what's the worst way a powder can fail you?

By showing too much! That's the answer a surprising number out of 1,067 girls gave!

The powder that stood first with them for not giving "that powdered look" is—Pond's.

"Glare-proof" colors never embarrass you. Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give your skin a soft look in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its clinging texture.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Pond's never
looks powdery
—It clings
voted the 2 most
important points
in a powder



FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires April 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. 9RS-PB, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____
Address _____



Just a few cow-hands at play. The Canovas, Zeke, Judy and Anne with Ripley.

Eddie Duchin and La Salle Fashion Show models prepare for some hi-de-harmonizing.

Around and about the customary haunts of our
new and intriguing sidelights on these ever



Without argument, the most methodical man in radio is Fred Allen. He has a certain section of his script to write each day, certain days for handball and boxing at the Y.M.C.A., certain days for interviews and photographs, one day a week to write answers to fan mail, and the same two evenings each week to take Portland out. Incidentally, those evening outings with Portland are the only time Fred sets aside for fun—unless you count his conscientious exercising at the Y. After the program each Wednesday night, he goes to the same restaurant for a late supper and he even walks the same route, three blocks up, two over and one more up, to the restaurant. Nothing varies from week to week. Fred will never cross the street unless the traffic lights are with him.

Sounds like the life of a methodical, routine mind but ask the Broadway crowd. Fred has the sharpest tongue, the keenest wit of the lot. They are fond of him and wish he would come over to the regular haunts, as he used to. Fred probably wishes the same thing, too, once in a while. He is the only comedian who writes a whole hour program all by himself, and the life of a hermit is the only one that gives him time enough for all that work.

THE PATH TO FAME

Not much will be heard of Jimmy Melton on the radio this winter—guest star appearances and maybe a very brief series. He's spending most of this season in concert engagements. The funny part of it is, Jimmy gave a New York concert, a couple of years back, before his musical



radio favorites, we gather gusty gossip and likable luminaries of the national networks

Homer Rodeheaver gets big results from Morton Downey and three Boston chorus girls.

Did you know? Durelle Alexander, Whiteman's songbird, dances, too!

progress had prepared him for it. The critics panned him thoroughly and that blighted hopes of a concert career. Now he has established himself as a picture actor, which doesn't sound very highbrow, but the disdainful concert managers of a couple of seasons ago are very glad to book him at a good fee.

INSIDE STORY

Remember that day, a couple of years ago, when Phil Lord was out in the Pacific in his little unseaworthy schooner, wallowing in a heavy storm, frantically sending out SOS calls and being accused of faking for the sake of publicity? That's a long time past now, but inside stories are still coming out on whether that SOS was a fake or not. If you followed the case closely, you may remember it was the English papers that were most outspoken about Mr. Lord calling one of His Majesty's cruisers (a prince aboard, no less) on this outrageous American publicity stunt.

This story might help clear things up. The New York correspondent of an important London paper called Mrs. Phil Lord, when word of those SOS calls first reached New York.

"Your husband is sending out distress signals, in a storm on the Pacific Ocean," he began, and went on with questions.

The two little Lord children were playing near the telephone. Word of their daddy's (Continued on page 84)



ROBERT L.
RIPLEY



For

Distinguished Service to Radio

It's an amazing world we live in and the more you listen to "The Bakers' Broadcast," starring Robert L. (Believe-It-or-Not) Ripley, the more amazing it becomes. Truth is certainly stranger than fiction and no one has proved this more conclusively than Ripley.

In bringing his unbelievable facts to radio, he has made them considerably more astounding than they seem in print. His exciting dramatizations, invariably well cast and produced, never fail to leave listeners wondering how such events possibly could have happened. But Ripley has the positive proof. He uses nothing unless he's absolutely sure it's true and accurate in all details.

Ripley's gracious manner and fine sense of humor make him a most satisfactory and convincing story-teller.

The material he uses for his "Bakers' Broadcasts," although stranger than fiction, nevertheless, always has a pronounced element of human interest. Unusual facts, of themselves, could be quite uninteresting radio fare. Therefore, Ripley

specializes in incidents with a decidedly appealing and entertaining story behind them. In fact, many of his miraculous events are taken, not from some weird, far-off, unheard-of place, but from our ordinary everyday life.

Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra, with vocalist Shirley Lloyd, give the proper musical balance to the program.

Robert L. Ripley has contributed a new idea in radio entertainment with his stories and dramatizations of amazing happenings and actually presenting the persons involved in these "believe-it-or-nots."

To Robert L. Ripley, Radio Stars Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lois C. Grady

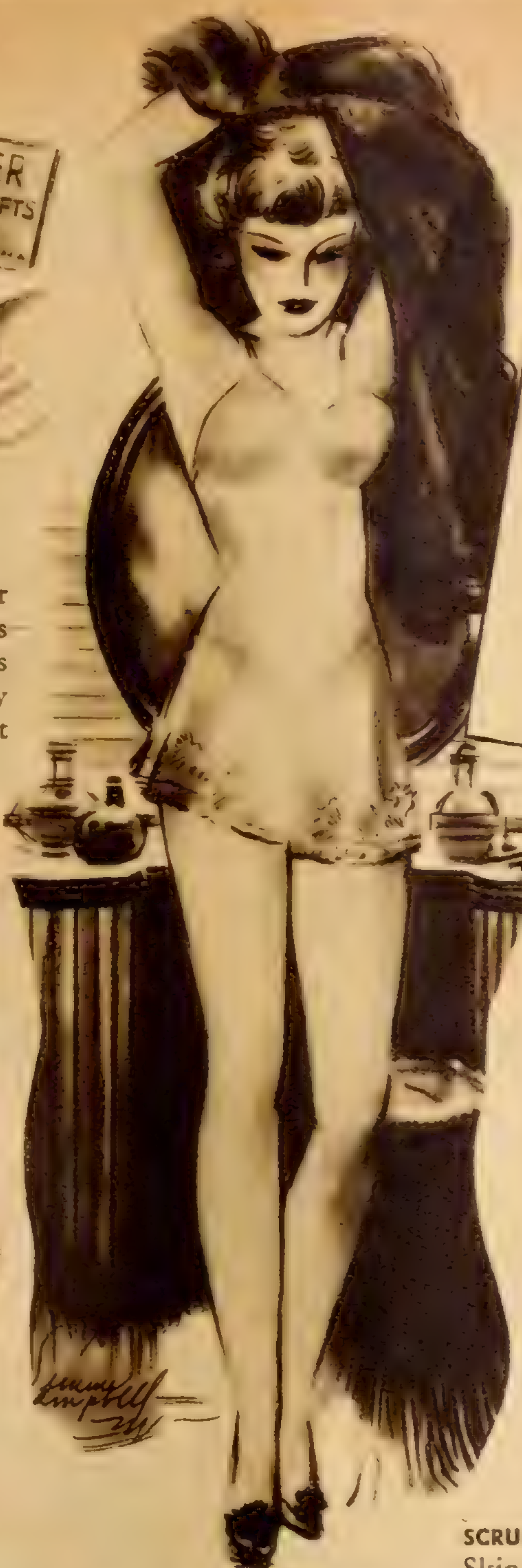
—EDITOR.



(above) "SKIN LIKE SANDPAPER after this snowy trip!" Hinds soaks chapped skin smooth again. Its Vitamin D is *absorbed*—actually seems to fill out skin. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!



SHE NEEDS HELP! Her skin will, too—so chapped! That's when Hinds, with its Vitamin D, feels so good. It comforts chapped skin faster.



PRETTY GIRL, pretty dress. "But with this chapped skin, I'll look a sight!" Smooth your skin with Hinds, the vitamin lotion. Its Vitamin D is actually *absorbed* by skin. Now, more than ever. Hinds creamy softeners soak scuffed, chapped skin soft again. Face and hands bloom out truly smooth—not just slick.

CHAPPED HANDS
FEEL GOOD, LOOK GRAND

Sooner!

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!



SCRUB THE TUB...but save your hands with Hinds. Skin stays smooth—regardless of gritty cleansers, drying soaps. Hinds is creamy...not watery. And now contains Vitamin D that skin actually *absorbs*!

FREE!

The first one-piece dispenser
—with every
50c size



Now...Hinds contains "Sunshine Vitamin" that skin *absorbs*

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. Vitamin D is *absorbed* by the skin and gives it many of the benefits of sunshine. Actually seems to fill out dry skin! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness, aids skin in its fight against cracked knuckles, chapping, tenderness, heat, cold, wind, and housework. Promotes supple, soft skin. Try Hinds, the "sunshine vitamin" lotion. Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does your skin *more* good! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E.S.T. over the WABC—CBS Network.

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

It's My Humble

EXCLUSIVELY PRESENTING THE FIRST OF A SERIES
OF COLUMNS IN WHICH RUDY VALLEE FRANKLY
EXPRESSES HIS PERSONAL VIEWS ON VARIOUS
SUBJECTS AND PERSONALITIES

THIS is the first time that I have had the opportunity to express myself about various subjects, on which I have definite ideas and opinions, and I welcome the chance to do so. Some six years ago I rejected the opportunity to earn some \$50,000 a year by conducting a syndicated newspaper column on the subject of *Advice to the Lovelorn*. The discussion of such a subject was obviously unwise and I rejected the offer. Since then, in various periodicals, I have written articles concerning popular songs, their construction, authorship and chances of becoming hits.

I would like to offer an old maxim for your approval:

Our opinions, no matter how different, should be respected.

In this monthly discussion I am going to air my honest and quite humble ideas and opinions concerning not only the world of radio but almost anything that might come under my ken and observation. It will be a cherished hope that I will be able to say something that will not only be interesting, but possibly helpful.

In this day and age when so-called constitutional freedom of the press does grant that freedom to a few privileged individuals (thus permitting them to take nearly everyone else to task) it is rather a pleasure for once to enjoy that power of con-

demnation and praise which hitherto I have only known as the hapless victim, feeling in most instances the sting of not only unwarranted criticism but more often than that, erroneous reporting.

At the outset let me make one thing quite emphatic. I am not complaining; I have little cause to complain. I have been unusually fortunate, inheriting a healthy, happy constitution, an ability to work and enjoy it and also, I believe, a certain amount of musical talent that has carried me far and I should be the last person to register any complaints, but I may be a bit critical of human nature in general and certain costly apathies that I have encountered in people.

Once up in Minneapolis I was being interviewed by two reporters. (I had, by the way, driven 250 miles that day, to play a one-night dance stand.) And, as usual, because there was a deadline for their articles, they insisted on the interview before I had even alighted from my car, which I had personally driven this distance, and so, tired, dirty, sleepy and hungry, I had to submit to a barrage of questions, among which was this one: "How long do you think you are going to last?"

At that time (1930) I had been, for about a year and a half, earning

about six thousand dollars a week and on this particular tour we were grossing \$18,000 weekly (the depression hadn't reached great depths) and I could see that they wondered how long I would be able to continue. Most of the New York columnists were ribbing me, some quite cruelly, to increase their fan mail at my expense; a great many people were saying that I was just a "flash in the pan"; Broadway said I couldn't last because I hadn't followed the usual way of building up a reputation in road shows and vaudeville and Variety had a way of expressing its bewilderment that I was still pleasing people.

Well, this was my reply to their question:

"Kreisler has gone on through the years playing the violin; Harry Lauder has been making farewell tours for a good many years and is still making them; McCormack goes on giving concerts; Paderewski continues to make tours; Sophie Tucker has been in the business twenty-three years, Jolson twenty years, Cantor twenty years and if I find new songs and develop my orchestra—why can't I go on, too?"

The interviewers quoted me fairly. They seemed to have understood the spirit of the thing. But in newspaper offices there is another fellow whom they call the *Headline*
(Continued on page 100)

Opinion —

by
Rudy Vallee

When it comes to speaking his mind, Rudy Vallee is honest and fearless. He doesn't say what he thinks people want to hear. Consequently what he says is worth hearing!





Eddie Cantor
regards radio
as unrivalled
in scope of
entertainment.



Here is Bobby
Breen, who
shares Eddie's
program and
Eddie's heart.

by
Dorothy Brooks

Eddie Cantor Strikes Back!

He vigorously defends
radio against Robert Mont-
gomery's amazing attack



Sundays, at 8:30 p.m., EST, on CBS network, Eddie broadcasts his program from Hollywood, where he is making a movie.



Eddie with his devoted wife, Ida, whose wise and loyal support gives point to Eddie's work, career and happiness.

GUEST STARS—particularly movie guest stars—have done more to give radio a black eye than all the poor radio shows that ever have been put together!”

Eddie Cantor spoke vibrantly, with heat. In the breakfast-room of his Beverly Hills home he is not the shrill Cantor who clowns for you on Sunday night. He is slim, earnest, speaks in staccato sentences with a singular gift of getting a great deal of pungent emphasis into a word or a phrase.

“Now look. Listen. Let’s take it apart.” He propped a copy of *RADIO STARS* against a marmalade jar. “Here. See what it says here.” He rapped the magazine sharply with slim fingers, and the marmalade jar skidded perilously over the shiny surface of the table. He retrieved it.

“Wait a minute. First let me explain something. Bob Montgomery is one of my closest friends. I respect him a lot. You know Bob just succeeded me as president of the Screen Actors Guild. We’re both devoted to that cause. I just want to make it clear that there isn’t any personal animus between us. Bob’s my friend. But that doesn’t mean we agree on everything. You understand that?”

Eddie picked up the magazine and riffled the pages

nervously. He glanced again at the interview I had shown him, wherein Bob Montgomery made a few remarks on the subject of radio. My job was to have Eddie read the interview, then give me one replying to it. Eddie resumed, while his scanty breakfast grew cold.

“I’ve spent six years in radio. I love it. It’s beside the point that Bob Montgomery happens to be my friend. I feel I have the right to reply to him—or anyone—who criticises radio. Suppose Bob thinks golf is silly and I think it’s a wonderful game? All right. We can differ about that and still be friends, can’t we? Sure. All right, then. Let’s take a look at this.”

He read from the magazine: “Bob says:

‘I think that, with the exception of comparatively few worthwhile programs, radio is bogging itself down in inexcusable mediocrity.’

“Now let’s see. It is? Well, radio is on the air approximately eighteen hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. An average of ten hours a day devoted to fifteen-minute programs, and eight hours of half hour shows gives you—let’s figure.” He pencilled quick figures on the margin of a page. “Gives you 20,400 shows in a year. That’s only the coast to coast shows. Nobody know how many smaller ones there are.

“Well, suppose ninety per cent. of those were positive masterpieces—that would still leave a lot of what Bob calls ‘mediocre’ shows. Naturally. But take all the movies released in a year. What percentage are masterpieces, and what percentage are mediocre—or worse? Or take plays or books, or concerts or short stories. Anything.

“What I’m driving at is that of course there are more mediocre radio shows in a year than there are mediocre movies. That’s because there are more radio shows. And besides, even the very good shows hit a bad program now and then. Often. No genius is capable of putting on fifty-two or even thirty-six (Continued on page 60)



Stage Door Johnnies

THE Stage Door Johnny is a very perplexing animal. Time was, not so long ago, either, when people around the Stem claimed that he was a practically extinct specimen of White Way night-life. With the decline and fall of vaudeville and only a few girly musicals managing to struggle along on the cuff, a decided shortage was noticed of young men eager to pelt leading ladies with posies as they exited into the theatre alley at eleven p.m. Or trade a dozen long-stemmed roses for a smile. No longer could stage doormen pick up an easy ten in tips every night, just for carrying notes up to the chorus girls' dressing-room. And Miss Star had to order her own orchids, or else.

So people said, wasn't it a shame there weren't any Stage Door Johnnies any more, because it sort of took some of the glamour away from the theatre.

Nevertheless the Stage Door Johnny, being a very

perplexing animal, has fooled 'em. He's not extinct, he's merely changed his habitat to Radio City and the CBS Playhouses. All you've got to do is step out of a broadcast some evening to witness the spectacle—the Johnnies are around, yea verily, tenfold as thick as they ever were when Broadway was in its heyday. In fact, they've become as much a part of the radio scene as microphones, since the network lovelies, who chant the blues or stooge or act or even play a trumpet, have as big an audience waiting in the alley these nights as they do inside the studio.

Of course, the Stage Door Johnny, 1937 Model, has evolved into a slightly different species from his forbears of the prosperous 'twenties. He's not exactly the Diamond Jim Brady he used to be, when everybody had jobs and twenty dollars a throw for orchids was merely small change. He usually waits for his lady love with an auto-

Gracie Allen (center) with Shirley Ross and Martha Raye (right) between scenes of Paramount's movie, "The Big Broadcast of 1937."

Fannie Brice, of "The Revue de Paris," and the "Ziegfeld Follies," met a strange Stage Door Johnny!





of Radio

graph book instead of an automobile and his attire is his best business suit instead of top hat, white tie and tails. But he's waiting, legions of him. And there isn't a feminine star who hasn't a pet story to tell about what happened one night after the broadcast.

Of course you remember when Mary Livingstone was writing those goofy poems of hers on the Jack Benny show. One evening after the program was over she was followed out to her car by a blushing young man of about twenty, who pressed a package into her hands.

"Miss Livingstone," he blurted, breathless and very ardent, "they may make fun of your poems on the radio but I can sympathize with you, because I wrote some pretty awful ones, too, before I got good at it and I believe you have the makings of a fine poet and I believe we have a lot in common—so I want to give you this book of my poems I wrote (*Continued on page 96*)

Below (left) Frances Langford of "Hollywood Hotel," Helen Hayes, star of "Bambi" and Priscilla Lane of "The Pennsylvanians."

by Paula Thomas

"Stage Door Johnny"

now haunts Radio

Row, to offer his

tributes to lovely

ladies of the air



In the Radio Spotlight

Voices on the air and
shadows on the screen
but folks like you 'n' me

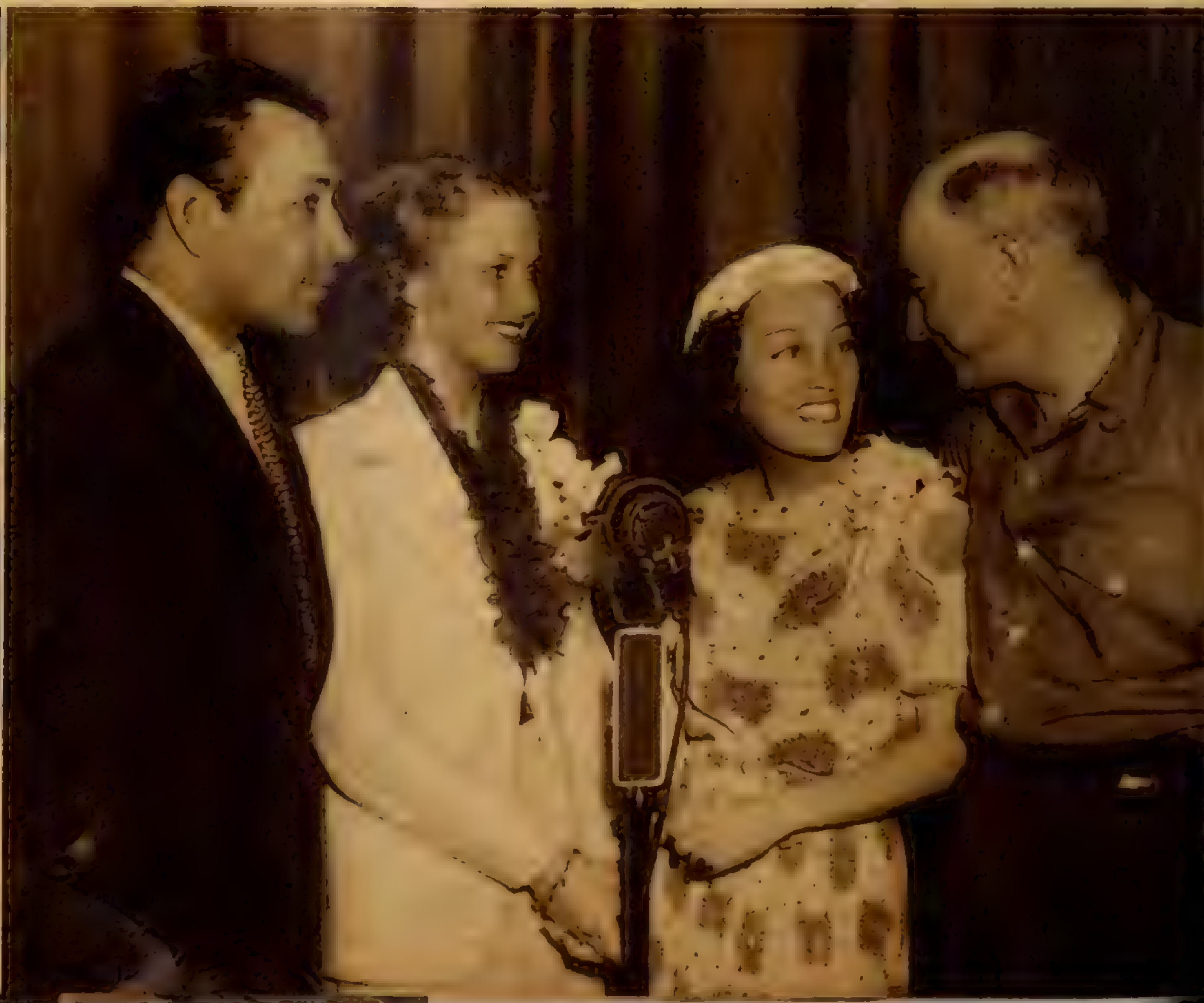
Charles Butterworth of the Astaire show and Eddie Cantor's Bobby Breen indulge in some close harmony. They are making a movie—"Rainbow on the River," for RKO-Radio Pictures.



Ed Wynn can tell the wild-flowers—and what he can tell them! Wynn's new NBC programs are on the required list of most dial twisters.

In the interval of a "Hollywood Hotel" rehearsal, Jane Withers and Frances Langford take a peek at their favorite radio magazine.

Four stars foregather for the Lux Theatre. Left to right, they are: George Raft, June Lang, Gloria Swanson and Cecil DeMille.





Over the top, boy
Ray Heatherton,
popular baritone of
the CBS Chester-
field program,
gives his horse a
morning workout.

Photo by
Len Weissman

Shirley Lloyd,
singing star of
"Bakers' Broadcast,"
is a native of Colorado.

Robert Taylor and
Olivia DeHavilland
rehearse for their
broadcast of "Sat-
urday's Children,"
on CBS network.



"The Gay Desperado" in action! Nino's new romantic movie for United Artists.

Dawn

That's what Nino Martini says, but in his heart is there a fond secret dream?

by Mildred Mastin



Another romantic moment in "The Gay Desperado." Nino sings to Ida Lupino.



One of America's most exciting young bachelors, Nino Martini resents romance.

With Romance!

WHEN Nino Martini returned to New York from Hollywood recently, he stepped out of the train into a mob of clamoring reporters. Each of them was yelling the same question: "*Are you married?*"

Blinded by photographers' flashes, bewildered by the roaring crowd, Nino said: "*What?*"

People were closing in on him, his hat was under his feet, an elbow dug into his stomach.

"*Are you married?*"

Nino dodged a tottering camera. "I don't know!" he shouted.

In the days that followed, Mr. Martini convinced everyone he saw that, besides not knowing, he didn't care to talk about it. For this handsome young hero, with his Valentino eyes and a head full of love songs, is fed up with romance. One of America's most exciting young bachelors, chief attraction in many a maiden's dreams, he does not want to talk about love nor hear it mentioned.

Those nearest and dearest to him wouldn't be surprised, at any broadcast now, to have him insist on title changes, such as, "Joe Sends a Little Gift of Roses," or "Sock Me Tonight." And if he had his way, his next film would be a Western with an all-male cast and nary a skirt on the set.

You can't blame Mr. Martini for rebelling. He's had romance built around him for a long, long time. He's been lathered with it, steeped and drenched in it. And now he's tired of it.

Nino was a born "natural" for the romance build-up. He first saw the light of day in Verona, Italy. Verona, where, according to romantic tradition, the skies are always softly blue above the flower-studded fields; where all women are lovely and all men gallant; the sun always shines; no work is ever done. And everybody plays accordions and dances in the streets. Almost

anybody hailing from Verona is tagged romantic. And if, in addition, the person is a handsome young man, possessed of a golden voice, he can't be anything but romantic.

To make matters worse, Nino, when a child, played in the shadow of the tomb of Romeo and Juliet. When people find that out, Martini is sunk. "How beautiful," they say, "and how tragic! Childhood spent at the tomb of the world's greatest lovers! No wonder he is so sensitive, so understanding—" Then the hostess begs him to sing, *O Sole Mio*. Nobody ever asks him if he went to the ball game or how he's picking 'em for the Derby.

One look into his dark, soft eyes and ladies are prone to swoon—falling carefully in the direction of Martini. One polite smile from his mobile, Latin mouth, and *La Belle* puts a small, white hand on his arm to draw him nearer.

But ladies beware! Martini is fed up. Nino may step to one side when you swoon. And instead of smiling at you, he is likely to laugh out loud.

One mention of romance and it's a sign for Martini to detour!

Ask him, for example, about that rumor of the sloe-eyed beauty waiting for him in Italy and he will tell you about the power of Mussolini. His eyes grow soft and glowing, as he mentions his beloved Italy, his hopes and plans for going back. You whisper—softly so as not to break the spell—something of moonlit skies and emerald seas and he says firmly: "No, I am not afraid to return to my native land. Many people say I will be compelled to join the Italian army, to go to war. What of it? I am not afraid to fight. I am strong—a strong man. One may sing and also be brave. I would be a good soldier!"

But what of the sloe-eyed girl? *Bah!* Women—they are all alike! Nino sighs. (Continued on page 56)

Happy. Though

What is it that saves the Chapman-Swarthout marriage from the usual Hollywood marital debacle?

by
Faith Service

Gladys Swarthout as "Elsa," with Fred MacMurray as "Buzzy," in a scene from their delightful new Paramount movie, "Champagne Waltz."

"I ALWAYS wanted to be a boy," said Gladys Swarthout, slim, dark, soft-voiced, soft-eyed, more feminine than feminine against her high-backed chair beside the whispering flames. The morning sun came in through chintzes, the pale gold sun of California. Winter roses breathed their chilly, fire-warmed breaths about her. Framed pictures of her friends smiled at her—and, in his chair opposite her, her husband smiled at her.

An incongruous statement, seemingly, "*I always wanted to be a boy!*" from this Romantic Lady who, in an age of motor cars and planes and slacks and the idiom called slang, looks as though she might just have stepped from a post-chaise, wearing a chignon and crinolines, looks as though she might have stepped from the gilt frame of an old medallion, looks as though she might be playing a melodeon instead of singing on the radio . . .

But: "I wanted to be a boy," smiled Gladys Swarthout, "because I thought a boy could do more roman-

Married in Hollywood



In the marriage of Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout romance and reality are happily fused. They still find being together the most thrilling thing in the world.



Gladys revels in the California sun. Takes a daily sun-bath after a dip in the pool at her home.

tic things. When I was a small child at home in Deep Water, Missouri, I used to play *Romeo and Juliet*, in the big, dark, cobwebby attic at home. And I always did the part of Romeo. I'd cast some little 'sissy girl' in the rôle of Juliet."

And I was reminded then of how someone had once said to me of Gladys Swarthout: "She has a masculine mind, a masculine determination and vitality, the lusty spirit of Shakespeare himself in the body of his own *Dark Lady of the Sonnets*.

"Perhaps my childish Romeo," Gladys was saying, "was a forerunner of the boys' rôles I later sang at the Met. For I sang all of the boys' rôles, you know. Sadko, Stefano, Frederic in *Mignon*, Siebel in *Faust*, all of them.

"I was always a tomboy. . . ."

"You always were an anomaly," smiled Frank Chapman, "a tomboy with the dreams of a *Faerie Queen*."

"Yes," agreed Gladys, "and when I was a little older I'd make dates with various little lads and, at the last minute, I'd break them. I'd go

home, climb a tree and imagine what the date would have been like if it had been perfect. I think I imagined that I could day-dream it all far more beautifully and romantically and poetically than ever it would have been in reality. It was one of those apple-tree 'dates,'" laughed Gladys, "that gave me this scar on my lip. I was so immersed in my imagining of the lyrical things He would have said to me and I would have said to Him, that I fell kerplunk out of the tree and landed four-square on my face.

"That should have 'learned me,' but it didn't! I even romanticized that. I was a Lovely Lady hurtling from her Tower of Ivory, or something of the sort. I think," said Gladys Swarthout, gently, "that all romantic people have a tendency to avoid life. We know that it can never be as perfect and as poetically passionate as our own imagination can make it. The shadow is, to us, more potent than the substance. Until, one day, the romance and the reality meet and are one, and then. . . ." And

the dark eyes of Gladys Swarthout were on the brilliant blue eyes of her husband. In gratitude. In recognition, perhaps, of a miracle.

"I was always and forever putting myself in the place of others," Gladys went on. "I was seldom, if ever, plain Gladys Swarthout at home in Deep Water or later in Kansas City, with my family. I was Duse. I was Emily Bronte. I was Jenny Lind. I was Alma Gluck. I was Joan of Arc. I was Lily Langtry. I was D'Artagnan—for the dreams of a Romantic laugh away the boundary of sex—I was the young Byron. I was Robin Hood. I was Shelley, whose flaming heart was plucked from the flames.

"My career began, as you may know, with just such a piece of imagining. I went to church one Easter Sunday when I was thirteen. I watched the soprano soloist raise her music high when she sang the high notes, lower it when she sang the low notes. I was bemused. I thought, 'I could do better than that.' I was, in (Continued on page 104)



TO listen to Floyd Gibbons over the air is like taking a hypodermic charged with nitro-glycerine! Words, ideas, laughs, fling out like shrapnel, with a high percentage of "direct hits." His missiles are by turns blunt and sharp. Sometimes he comes crashing through the air with a statement like a bayonet poised; or again, he dashes out in the open with a smoking hand grenade of a news scoop that shocks his audiences nearly out of their seats. He leaves his listeners excited, keyed up, thrilled, as he signs off, their own everyday world a little flat by contrast. They wonder if he is really like that in the flesh—a fearless bull, charging, sometimes ferociously, through all obstacles. Disregarding pointing muskets, exploding bombs, enemy lines, rivers without bridges, trains without rails, and, endowed like a cat with nine lives—seven of which he has already lost—he charges again and again, laughing at warnings, right into the very jaws of death—and always gets the news! What is more he gets it *first!* His one journalistic object in life is to get the news first—a scoop, a beat. Over a long term of years, Floyd Gibbons has demonstrated that he is the greatest "first news" reporter the world has even seen. And he has paid plenty for that reputation! Some day the Fates will get him; they won't stand by forever for such a super-mortal, over-riding peril after peril.

If appearances count for anything, then the radio listeners seem to be about right in their conjectures of the "charging bull." I got the full impact of this as I sat in the New York hotel apartment that he occupies between assignments. It was comfortably and artistically furnished—the walls hung with well-chosen paintings and engravings, battle-scarred mementos and autographed photographs of O. O. McIntyre, of himself and President

Roosevelt as they sat chatting together aboard the train during F. D. R.'s first campaign tour. I had peeped into a little cubbyhole of a room on the side, in a state of newspaper-copy disorder, with a typewriter on which he pounds out his copy in the same rapid, driving manner that he does everything else. When he suddenly rushed into the room I felt like an unprepared matador taken unawares in the bull ring. From his hurry, he stood before me panting for a moment. One hundred and ninety pounds of brawn and muscle; a striking resemblance to a composite of Max Schmeling and Jack Dempsey, accentuated by a nose that had got smashed somewhere on the front line of news gathering. His hair was dark and brushed straight back over his large head, leaving a high, broad forehead sharing his florid complexion; biggish lips, a square jaw and a stubborn chin.

But not these features, nor the livid scar beneath his right jaw—received fighting his way out of a jam—were the marks that fascinated me most. It was his eye—for he has only one eye. Or perhaps it was the empty socket of his left eye that was covered with a piece of white knitted goods that tied up over the top of his head.

Even before he could speak, the dramatic story of that famous scoop, that gouged out an eye and shattered the bones and ripped off the ligaments of a shoulder, flashed through my brain. My mind went back to the World War, which Gibbons had scooped again and again. Then somehow, some way—that he always manages—he sent his newspaper a scoop that was a bombshell. "*America Has Decided to Enter the War!*" It preceded the actual declaration by days, yet he had got authentic inside information that even the King of England scarcely knew. Floyd Gibbons was the first man (Continued on page 102)

Here are some of the exciting adventures never told before, in the hectic career of dynamic war correspondent Floyd Gibbons

Talking Tornado

by Henry Albert Phillips

Floyd Gibbons, famous war correspondent, caught in action as he recounts in his swift, vigorous style some of his unusually thrilling experiences.





Larry Keating of
"Carefree Carnival,"
and Pat Sullivan,
his script holder.

Her voice amazes you!
Thirteen-year-old
Deanna Durbin, of
Eddie Cantor's show.



Reddy Brown and
Millie Lowe Miles, of
"Husbands and Wives,"
rest before broadcast.



"Have a peanut, Joe!"
says Mrs. Joe Penner,
as they are enjoy-
ing a boxing match.

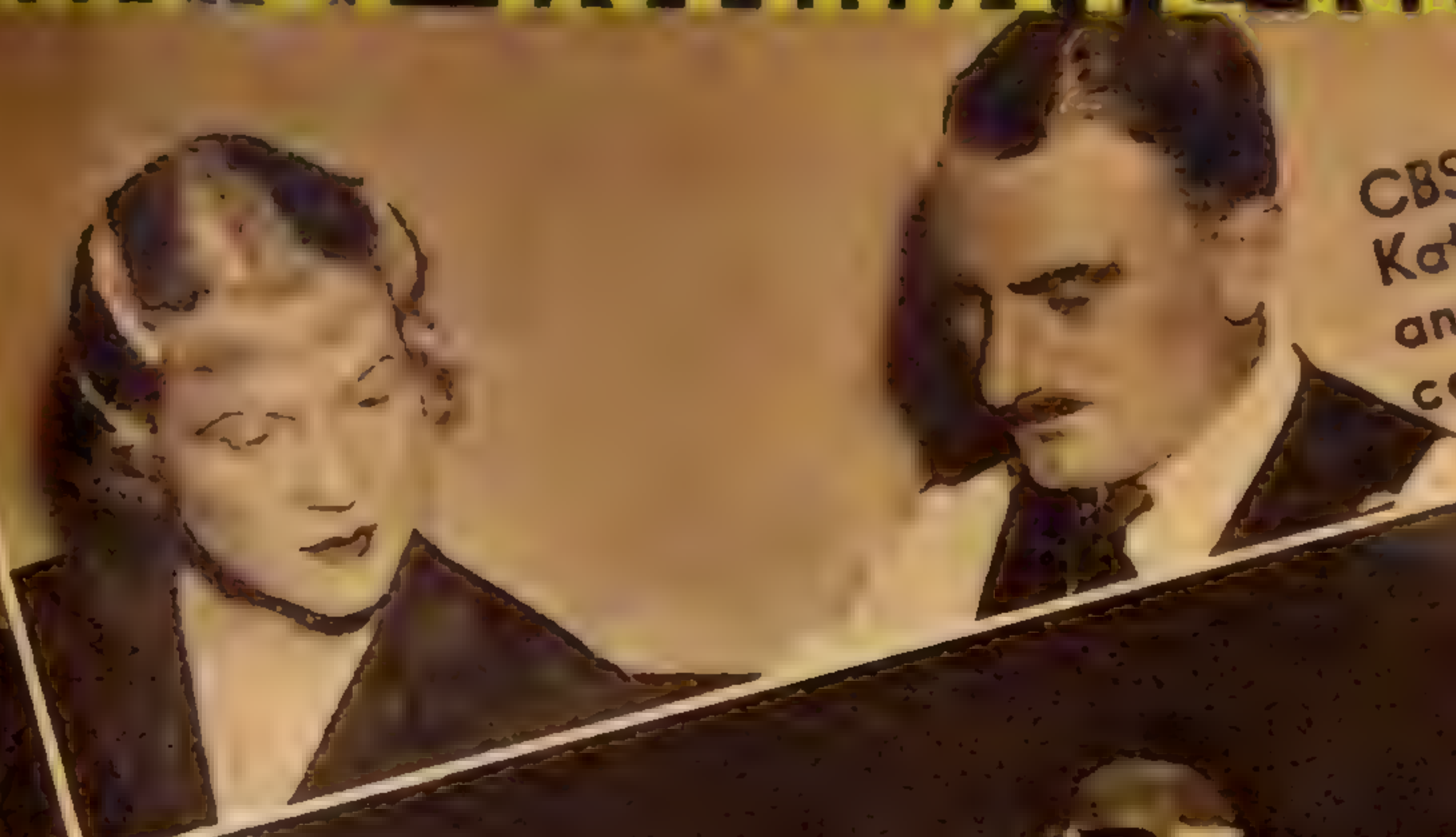


Gertrude Nixson
with Mack Beval and
Harry Jewel (right)





The "Quality Twins,"
Ralph Dunke and
Ed East, rehearse
a new burlesque.



CBS radio reporters,
Katherine Cravens
and Boake Carter,
comparing notes.

Between Broadcasts

What your favorite stars
are up to at odd moments



Willard Farnum (L),
Loretta Poynton,
Col. Roscoe Turner
and Bob Griffin
of "Flying Time."

Featured on a
Ripley program—
Mrs. Anna Mandy
lifts a horse!



ny Goodman of
ever popular
camel caravan,
limbering up.

Orchestra leader
George Olengren
his songstress wife,
lovely Ethel Shutta.



At Home

What it means to be married to
"Baron Münchhausen"—frankly
revealed by "the little woman"

*by Mrs.
Jack Pearl*

Mr. and Mrs. Jack
Pearl find home life
a delight, after
years of trouping.

with the Baron



Dad Pearl lives with Jack and his wife. Mrs. Pearl is a Canadian-born girl and formerly was known on the stage as Winnie Lester. Her real name is Winifred Desborough.



Jack and Cliff Hall, who is his "straight man," go over a script together during their luncheon.

I MARRIED Jack Pearl—the actor—thirteen years ago and I thought I understood what I was in for when I discovered I had fallen in love with the kindest, most considerate man I had ever known. Because we met on the road in a show that starred him and had me in the front-row chorus. I anticipated long years of tramping in new cities, making train schedules, unpacking and repacking trunks in strange hotels, gazing across footlights into faces I'd never seen before in any one of forty-eight different states.

Then my husband became a radio star and I woke up one morning in our own home with the early sun streaming in through wide windows on our own belongings and I realized the great satisfaction of knowing that a month from that morning we'd still be having our second leisurely cup of coffee in the same dining-room. To people like us it's a great thrill—I've heard our friends reiterate our sentiments, people like the Jack Bennys and George Burns and Gracie Allen and dozens of others—that grand feeling of being able to sign a lease on one place and know it isn't just a stopover between engagements, but a home where you really stay and live.

To radio we give our thanks for a definite anchorage, which only people like Jack and myself and our friends, who have found their definite niche in broadcasting, can appreciate.

You can talk all you will about the thrill of tramping, Jack and I have covered more than our share of mileage; you can have the excitement of the road, easy familiarity with trains and boats and planes. But for us, we'll take our home on Central Park West in Manhattan, where our living-room is filled with our things that we like, where Jack and I can be delightfully lazy, where our friends can visit us and where we think we

know what will happen next week and next month.

Many of our old associates of the stage days are now settled in Hollywood and we do miss them. But while they are 3,000 miles away from us they, too, can thank radio for their pleasant family life in California. It was their broadcast popularity, more than all their theatre years, that gave them their enviable spots in the movies.

When Jack went on the air for his first programs in 1932, that was about the time when radio was snatching up all the funny men. It was an entirely new sphere for him. Trained as he had been, through his long career, to watch the reaction of his audiences across the footlights, we had no idea how the unseen millions in their homes would receive him. For weeks the very sight of a microphone gave me cold chills and I know Jack had the same feeling every time he walked into the studio. I recall his coming home that night of his air introduction and looking eagerly at me for my impressions. I don't think I was completely convincing in my reassurance and it was not until many programs later that we were satisfied he had put himself over. His activities as the *Baron Münchhausen* covered such a long period, I think he got a little tired of the fabulous character and he felt that perhaps his public was weary of it, too. I was not at all pleased with the switch he made when he became *Peter Pfeiffer* on the air. I didn't think the material gave him fair advantage but he stuck with the series and, after he concluded that contract, he felt, perhaps, he ought to go back to the theatre. For sixteen months, Jack loafed in various parts of the world; first in Europe, then for weeks in New York, while his fingers grew cramped holding tons of manuscripts, not one of which contained a really good foot- (Continued on page 78)

She Can't Hold Her Beaux!

by
Mary Watkins Reeves



Jane Pickens, star of the "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Saturday Night Party."

TO look at Jane Pickens, you'd certainly never think it. But she can't hold her beaux!

And yet she has everything it usually takes to be a belle—a Park Avenue apartment, a Packard roadster, and a face and figure that magazine covers and audiences have doted on for years. She's starred very brilliantly, from coast-to-coast, on the *Saturday Night Party* broadcasts. Broadway at Fiftieth is about ten thousand watts brighter with her name flung in tall lights across the mammoth marquee of *The Ziegfeld Follies*, and her singing shorts are the irresistible hors d'oeuvres before-the-feature, that movie audiences in hundreds of theatres sit through twice every night and still get a bang out of. And as if those weren't enough, she even has naturally curly hair and the Fashion Academy's title of "Radio's Best Dressed Woman."

All for this to happen—for Helen and Patti, who haven't nearly so impressive a fanfare around them, to swish right past her with the family record for beaux!

"The best thing," says Jane, "is not to love anybody. If I did, I'd be very sure to lose him!"





Radio's favorite harmony trio,
Jane (left) Patti and Helen Pickens.



Jane has everything it takes
to be a belle—except a beau!

Helen has her handsome Latin husband, Patti has her handsome Bob Simmons, and Jane has a right to sing: *I Ain't Got Nobody*.

Which is all wrong, really, if there's supposed to be any justice in this world. She ought to be the ring-leader of the three in *affaires de coeur*, as she's always been in all their other affairs. For anybody who knows the Glamorous Georgians can tell you that Jane practically is the Pickens Trio. It was she who piloted them into radio and she's always directed them. She invented their unique type of crooning harmony, she's always invented the 'hot licks' and 'smears' and 'noodles' in their unique song arrangements. She designs most of their gowns, does most of their worrying, and most energetically attends to the endless details connected with being a trio on the air.

For what? Usually for a glass of warm milk and a good novel in the evenings, while Patti's dancing to Duchin at the Plaza and Helen's hostessing a brilliant dinner party.

Now you—when your Big Moment calls up and wants a date five minutes from now or wants a date for the twentieth of next month at nine-thirty—you can keep your engagements when you make them. At least, you're not going to be held over a week at the Paramount, or have to stay up all night making last-minute song arrangements, or have a last-minute costume fitting when you were supposed to be playing golf with your Thrill, or be scheduled for a benefit on the twentieth of next month at precisely nine-thirty. You're lucky!

Poor Jane Pickens has had to stand up about half of the handsomest eligibles in Manhattan. And the hand-

somer they come the more they hate broken dates—which accounts for a lot of her milk-and-fiction evenings these days. For every step she's taken toward success, she's also taken a good jolt in the heart region because *Work Stifled Romance!* And that's no fun!

The awfulest part of it is, as Jane admits, that this sad state is nobody's fault but her very own. The reason it has happened to her and not to Helen and Patti goes back to the time the trio first landed on the air four years ago. Everybody around Radio Row remembers the way the Pickens gals were rushed right off their custom-made pumps by all the Romeos in sight. A beau-by-beau account of their lives reads like a *Social Register* of show business, Mayfair and the most exclusive men's colleges. They had gorgeous complexions and lots of charm and a stack of Southernisms about them that completely captivated the Yankee males. They'd say 'y'all' and 'right soon' and 'fuh' coat for fur coat and 'rilly' for really and, because it was genuine Georgian and not affected, it went over hugely with everybody, including the dialers. And the first thing the Pickens sisters of Macon, Georgia, knew, their star had zoomed to the very tip top of radio.

Now, in every trio, somebody has to be the manager and, since Jane's were the trained musical brains of the outfit, the job sort of fell to her lot. It had been her idea, anyway, that they try to get on the air. She's always made their arrangements and rehearsed their parts and run things. Of course that took time and work but she didn't mind it. She had a definitely high-tension personality that set her apart from her sisters. Patti and Helen sang for their bread (*Continued on page 70*)

And it's nobody's fault but her own, Jane Pickens admits

Rubinoﬀ's Tragic Love

by George Kent

WOMEN have been kind to Rubinoﬀ. To no man have they shown greater devotion. They have helped him with their sympathy, their love, their understanding. They have sponsored his concerts. They have urged him on to greater achievement.

In return, this great violinist has helped scores of women, young and old, to comfort and success, shown his appreciation in many ways. But he has loved but one. That was fifteen years ago. . . .

To no man have women been more significant—yet he is not married. Why? I asked him and he gave the answer. For the first time, he told the story of his first marriage, the tragedy of the divorce, and the full melancholy tale of the lonely years that followed. For the first time, this charming ogre of the violin, this Simon Legree of orchestra conductors, softened and spoke of love.

He was eighteen, a slim, dark lad playing a fiddle on the dais of Cleveland's Hotel Gillis dining-room. He played before the élite of the midwestern city, played, not for them to dance, but simple airs to make dining more pleasant. And he played with a hungry passion that stirred them strangely.

"One evening, a girl came to the platform," he said to me. "A beautiful girl. . . ."

Rubinoﬀ was at the desk of his office in the tower of the Paramount Building in New York. Dust clouds swirled up from Broadway and the sound of horns drifted up faintly. In his hands were his fiddle—his irreplaceable Stradivarius. He paused, to play a bar or two, a lilting phrase.

"A beautiful girl," he continued, "and she wanted me to play something special for her. The *Humoresque*. I played it for her, to her. Then she asked for more. We talked. We became acquainted. She played the piano. She knew music. She was beautiful. I loved her.

"We went out together. Between concerts, I would steal away to walk with her, to go to a show and hold

Rubinoﬀ, WABC
maestro, heard Sun-
days, 6.30 p. m. E.S.T.



To no man have women been more significant. Yet he is not married. Here is Rubinoff's story

hands with her. Just being with her, talking with her, satisfied my need for companionship. She was four years older than I was—but beautiful. We were very much in love. And then we quarreled.

"It was this way. I had bought her a wrist watch. I had it in my pocket and was going to slip it on, when I noticed that she already had a wrist watch—a new one. Where had it come from? I was young, in love. I was jealous. I jumped to conclusions. And stalked out of the house.

"Weeks went by. I could stand it no longer. I trumped up a little message, saying I was going away forever. It was a lie. I wrote it in the hope of getting her to come around. I gave the messenger fifty cents and sent him off. He wasn't gone more than a minute when the telephone rang. It was Dorothy. She, too, had found it hard to get along alone.

"Wasn't it wonderful—and a little weird—that we both should have weakened and gone to the other at the same time?"

Rubinoff ripped off a wild snatch of a Cossack dance, ending on a note of sadness, infinitely tender.

"Later," he said, "the messenger came back. But I did not let her know that I had made an overture at the same time she had. It did not matter much, because we were married shortly after. Four months to the day after we had met."

Out of his love for and marriage to the girl, Dorothy, Dave Rubinoff drew his greatest inspiration. They had lived together, worked together in an atmosphere of music. They had a little girl, now living with the violinist's parents in Pittsburgh—now nineteen years old.

He taught her music, led her to playing the organ, and one day she surprised him by getting a job as organist in a Cleveland theatre. Both working at their music, both very much in love, it was, for the first few years, an incredibly happy life. It was then that he wrote his songs: *Souvenir*, *Dance of the Russian Peasants*, *Slavonic Fantasy*, and others. This year he is publishing them for the first time. Out of reverence for his great love, he has, till now, kept them as his own, refusing many offers for them.

Then Carling's Restaurant in St. Paul took him from Cleveland and after that to Kansas City where he created a sensation by playing the *Humoresque* with the silent movie of that name. Rubinoff, clad as the character of the screen, played on the stage as the image on the drop faded. The movie ran for eight weeks but Rubinoff stayed on a year.

Conscious of his shortcomings, he sought instruction, began going to New York periodically for lessons. He set to practicing eight and ten hours a day. It was the beginning of his greatness as a virtuoso, but it was the beginning of the end of his married life.

"I loved my fiddle, I also loved her—but she could not understand it," he confided. "She became jealous of my music. She grew to hate it. Nor can I entirely blame her. It is an ordeal to live in the same house with a man practicing the violin, I don't care who the man is. The violin brought us together, it also separated us. We parted as friends and later went through the formality of divorce."

The years immediately after were years of Herculean labor to perfect himself on the (Continued on page 52)

Radio Stars Salutes NBC

on the occasion of
its tenth anniversary



Above: Stars of the program presented by Radio Stars Magazine. Walter O'Keefe (left), Helen and Patti Pickens, Fifi D'Orsay and Jane Pickens with George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Radio Stars. Behind them, Alois Havrilla, Conductor Harold Levey and Conrad Thibault. And below are Walter O'Keefe, Conrad Thibault and Fifi D'Orsay.

Wide World Photos





He Learned About Women From Them

Phil Spitalny
originator and
conductor of
one of radio's
most unique
organizations.

Just what Phil Spitalny's all-
girl orchestra has taught him

MAN can't learn much about women by taking them to luncheon at the Waldorf or for cocktails at the Ritz or dancing at the Rainbow Room. For women on parade don't let a man learn one thing more about themselves than they want him to know.

And men can't learn much about women by marrying them, either. For proof of that, think of any married couple you know and compare the husband's opinion of his wife with that of their friends. Different, isn't it? Haven't you laughed, sometimes, at the glamorous Delilah Dick sees in the mousey little Mary he married, or protested at the shrew John sees in capable Jane?

Men like to brag about understanding women, but for the most part it's just one of their little conceits. The average man has trouble enough trying to figure out one woman without attempting to go any further into the mysteries of the sex.

But when Phil Spitalny talks about women, we might just as well listen to him, for here is a man who knows. Three years of managing a girls' orchestra turned the trick and those thirty lovely young women who have broken theatre records all over the country and are a top-notch radio attraction have given him more knowledge of the sex than one man has a right to have.

Think of it, one man managing thirty women! All of them young and lovely to look at, too, which could well spell trouble in any man's language. And, as if that weren't enough, they're musicians—which means temperament and all the things akin to it, that the average man works overtime trying to shy away from.

But along comes hard-boiled Phil Spitalny, the terror of male musical circles, who boasts that men hate to work for him, and manages that orchestra so well that all the girls in it look on him as (Continued on page 75)

by Elizabeth
B. Petersen

Some of the talented
musicians composing
the Spitalny orchestra,
"The Hour of Charm."



Life Is

Margaret Speaks, Firestone's



Miss Speaks sails for home, aboard the Bremen, after her successful concert tour of Europe.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., entertained Margaret at Criterion Pictures' studio, in Isleworth, near London.



Miss Speaks with her accompanist, Everett Tutchings, en route to London on the Normandie, last Autumn.

Outside the Town Hall of Zurich, Switzerland, where her singing won high praise from a critical audience.



"OURS IS a strange country," said Margaret Speaks. "More than any other, I think, it puts a terrific pressure upon those who entertain it. The price of success, of fame, seems to be your personal privacy. As Bette Davis said, while I was in Paris this summer: 'I'd give half my salary to have a normal life.'"

"Of course, if you're single, like Nelson Eddy, or married to someone in the profession, like Gladys Swarthout, it may be easier to live normally and happily under the limelight. But I imagine many of the movie stars pay a heavy price for their success.

"I'd like to make a movie. I've been asked to. And if I can do it in the East, I'd like to. But I couldn't go out to Hollywood for months while my husband's business keeps him in New York. A normal life for me would certainly be impossible under those conditions.

"But in radio or concert work, you can preserve the privacy of your home life. In radio people don't see you. You're not playing romantic love scenes before their eyes, arousing their curiosity as to whether or not you're really a heart-breaker. And people who read radio magazines don't care whether you're married or single or in love or out of it. Your private life is your own, if it's important to you."

To Margaret Speaks, Firestone's lovely soprano and concert artist, life is important. Not life in the narrow sense of achievement, of the conquest of fame and fortune, but living in its fullest sense, knowing happiness and fulfillment in each day as it comes, not sacrificing today's joy for the mythical rewards of some remote by-and-by. Miss Speaks is an exceptionally able musician and artist—but first of all she is a woman, a wife and mother of a young boy, and she does not mean to lose any of the lovely, enriching experiences that are the right of any woman.

"It's just a business, being a singer," she says. "It's no more important than any other business. If you are a stenographer, you do your work each day and when it's done, you live your own life. If you're a teacher, or a bookkeeper, or a student, or a housewife, you must devote a part of your day to your job—and afterward you do the things you want to do. Why should it be any different for a singer?"

"My husband is a business man, but it doesn't prevent his having a home life. He goes to work at nine-thirty. And so do I. I study and practice. I answer my fan mail personally. I have three singing lessons a week and three or four language lessons—I'm studying French, German, Spanish and Italian. I work until five-thirty every day—except on week-ends. And I'm ready to enjoy the evenings with my husband when he comes home."

But how about the concert engagements, I wondered. Don't they make a serious break in the design for living?

"No more than my husband's business engagements do," said Miss Speaks. "He often has to make a trip to Boston or Pittsburgh or Chicago, to be gone

ONHALL Saal
den 29. Sept.
xtr
nlaß des
ng: Dr
is

TONHALL
Liederabend
Margaret
Am Flügel: Everett Tutchings
Werke von Donaudy, Respighi, Brahms, Wolf, Strauss, Fauré

Worth Living

lovely singing star, has an unusual slant on success

er-night. If I have to be away over-night for a concert, I can be at home the next day. I make all the trips by plane, to shorten the time. I never make any concert engagements for a week-end," she explained. "Those weeks are inviolate. We go out to our country cottage in northern Westchester and we play and garden and walk and see our friends. I have no piano there," she smiled. "One needs to get away from one's work at intervals. "And of course I can't make concert engagements for Mondays," she went on. "Mondays are devoted to the rest-home program.

"So, I can sing concerts only on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights. But that is limited, again, by considerations of time and distance. I would be unable to go to any concert audiences if I crowded my dates together. I want to be at my best whenever and wherever I sing. Neither can I let financial considerations rule my schedule. A special event in my own home might be worth more than all the money in the world to me." This past summer Miss Speaks made her first professional tour abroad, singing concerts and broadcasts in London, Zurich, Basle, Amsterdam and Paris. Her husband accompanied her on this trip, but it was a demanding period, leaving little time for the pleasures of sight-seeing and holidaying. She had only two weeks to prepare for that first London concert and worked and practiced with her accompanist on the boat going over. And as soon as one concert was given, the work of preparing for the next began. (Continued on page 80)

by Nancy
Barrows

Music lovers, here and abroad, delight in the lovely song of Margaret Speaks. And for this young American singer, the song itself, is a song worth singing.





Not for Rosemarie the ardent suitor, the stolen kiss! She was not allowed to have "dates." But one day she had to break the rigid custom!

Rosemarie Breaks the

ROSEMARIE BRANCATO, in case you're not up on this season's crop of new mike celebs, is the biggest singing sensation to hit radio since the night Helen Jepson debuted on the Rudy Vallee show and scored an instantaneous coast-to-coast ten-strike. She's a blonde Italian from Kansas City, Rosemarie, a lyric coloratura soprano, with eyes the color of blue spring flowers, twenty-three birthdays behind her and a spectacular operatic success as *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*.

She got into radio by probably the most interesting route anybody has taken to date; she's starred at the moment on the *Twin Stars* program; recently she even held down the very, very ultra Firestone series. That's not all about her that's different, either. Pretty and famous as she is, she doesn't want a Hollywood contract, nor another mink coat, nor even Robert Taylor. She wants a beau! Just a regular beau, that's all! Now, for the first

time in her life, she's having the fun and dates and parties that other girls have. She hadn't even been kissed, until spring came to Central Park last April!

And of course there's a story about that.

When a poor girl faces poverty to become a singer, she's brave but certainly not unique. But when a rich girl deliberately faces poverty to shape her career, she's daring to be a little different. Rosemarie Brancato had been a rich girl all her life. Her parents came to this country from Sicily and settled in the west, where her father's growing grocery business eventually was to make him one of the wealthiest Italians in Kansas City. Rosemarie, youngest of the seven Brancato bambinos, was raised according to the old-country traditions for girls. Taught to clean, to sew, to draw, to make pies and beds at home and good grades at school. And kept very strictly sheltered at home.

Rosemarie Brancato, radio's newest singing sensation, had to

Now Rosemarie Brancato sings in opera and concert and on the NBC "Twin Stars" program.



by Evelyn Edwards

Custom . .

She didn't know that she had an unusual voice until she got into third-grade public school singing classes. There, above the childish treble of the other girls and boys, her voice began to make clear little tones that sounded like brook water running over pebbles. Her teachers noticed it, with the result that Rosemarie invariably was the singing Cinderella or Goldilocks or angel in the school plays. She loved that. Not so much because it gave her an opportunity to do a solo, but because it meant that one of her older sisters would make her a bright crêpe-paper costume trimmed with tinsel and put up her yellow hair on kid curlers. That was glory! That was being a queen! The singing, she felt with sunny unconsciousness of her talent, was the very slightest part of the thrill.

It was not until her graduation from high school that she really felt a yearning to do something with her voice.

"I was seventeen then," she (Continued on page 72)

defy family custom for her career





Clowning Around

Joe Penner, popular comic of cinema and radio, recently visited Cole Brothers' circus. Above, world-famous clown Walter Goodenough makes Joe up for a similar rôle. Next, the giant and the fat lady give him a scare! Safer, Joe thinks, to be a barker! He can't resist the horse, however, and cowgirl Alice Van!





Ralph's daughter, Claudia Morgan, featured player in the "David Harum" radio serial and a dramatic star on Broadway.

Ralph Morgan, Claudia's adoring Dad, brilliant actor and popular favorite of stage, screen and the radio.



Like Father, Like Daughter

FOND aunts and uncles were gathered at the sides of the cradle in which lay the beautiful baby girl. The same thought was in the minds of all: "Would Claudia Morgan follow in the steps of her famous father?"

The father, however, had no such thought as he gazed with fondness on his daughter. He was too filled with an overwhelming love and pride to think of the future. Ralph Morgan was the star to the outside world, but little Claudia was the star of the Morgan household. And as she grew into girlhood, her blonde beauty opening as a flower, she became more and more the apple of her father's eye. Little Claudia, in turn, idolized her father.

"We lived a wonderful life," she says, recalling those days of her early childhood. "I loved traveling with Mother and Dad. I was so thrilled when people admired him, complimented him, generally fussed over him. I didn't go to school in those days. Private tutors provided my education."

Sophisticated Ralph Morgan became an adoring father as soon as he was with his little girl. "He spoiled me shamefully," she now recalls. In that close companionship with her actor-father, little Claudia came to love the stage and all it stood for. She loved the excitement of it. "But I think I loved it most because it brought Dad adoration from so many people. I was so proud of him myself that I was terribly happy to have others love him."

As the Morgan daughter grew out of little girlhood, Father Ralph began to think of Claudia's future for the first time. "He was afraid the stage would become a habit with me, I think," she seriously tells us. "He didn't want me to choose acting as a career just because I was continually associated with it. He decided that it was time for me to go away to boarding-school." Her face still clouds at the thought of the sad days that followed this decision. Ralph Morgan suddenly changed from the

spoiling father to the stern parent. He never let Claudia know the heartache he suffered with the thought of separation from his little idol. And little Claudia cried day after day. She couldn't understand why her life should suddenly be changed, but finally, after the first shock of disappointment, she accepted it because the love she bore her father was bigger than anything she felt for herself. She knew he was right, no matter how much it hurt her.

But boarding-school did not change Claudia's mind about what she would do when she was grown up. She knew that only one thing would make her happy. To be a success in her father's profession, to justify his pride in her. She had inherited her father's histrionic talents and her heart was set on making the most of those talents. All through her boarding-school days, she appeared in plays. And, because of her ability and her determined ambition, she was always the star. Every course of study she undertook was chosen to further her knowledge of what she knew would be her future.

Ralph Morgan was secretly pleased that his daughter had thus decided her future. Secretly, because he did not want to persuade her. He wanted such a decision to be made by her, and her alone. He sent her happy, encouraging letters, but minus advice. Vacations were happy times for Claudia and Ralph Morgan. The great bond of love was strengthened by their mutual interest in the stage. And the daughter was eager to pick up any and all bits of wisdom dropped by her clever father.

"The greatest thrill I have ever known was in the summer of 1928. Nothing in my life could match the unbounding joy brought to me that Summer. I played my first professional rôle—and opposite Father. It was in summer stock, in a play called *Gypsy April*."

It seems hardly possible that the 1936 Claudia Morgan could have been a professional (Continued on page 58)

By Miriam Gibson

"I have to justify Dad's pride in me," says Claudia Morgan

The Tables Are Turning!

Milton Berle, "The Thief of Bad Gags," claims they're stealing gags from him now!

He wants to lose the gag-bandit reputation, which began as a joke.

Berle loses a pocket-billiards match to Ruth McGinnis, woman champ.



by Jack Hanley

BACK in 1914, the Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated and, at Sarajevo, the first rumblings of the Great War were beginning.

In New York, on 118th Street, a six-year-old boy with a wide grin stood in front of a mirror and made faces at himself, enjoying the process hugely in spite of the fact that his father would fetch him a parental smack for such foolishness.

"I still look in the Mirror," Milton Berle says, "but now it's to see Winchell's column." And he grins appreciatively at his own gag. At least, he swears it's his own gag and it probably is, because, for all the talk about Berle as a gag-thief, there is no question among those who know him that he has a quick and ready wit and an ability to *ad lib* that few comedians can beat. It was Phil Baker who called him the "Thief of Bad Gags," and neither Berle nor the "regulars" who used to patronize the Palace Theatre, in New York, when it was tops in *vodvil*, will forget Milton's first engagement there. His reputation as a "lifter" already had been established and, throughout his run at the Palace, he was the butt of a series of calculated, friendly insults that have become vaudeville history—as all the leading comedians ganged up to make his stay miserable.

George Jessel scrawled over Berle's lobby picture: "The George Jessel No. 2 Company." Al Trahan said Berle stole the show—"one gag at a time." Fanny Ward said she was coming down to have her face lifted, free! And, one memorable afternoon, as the audience was applauding the conclusion of Berle's act, Lou Holtz, George Jessel, Phil Baker, Georgie Price, Jack Osterman, and Al Trahan all stood up in a body (Continued on page 66)

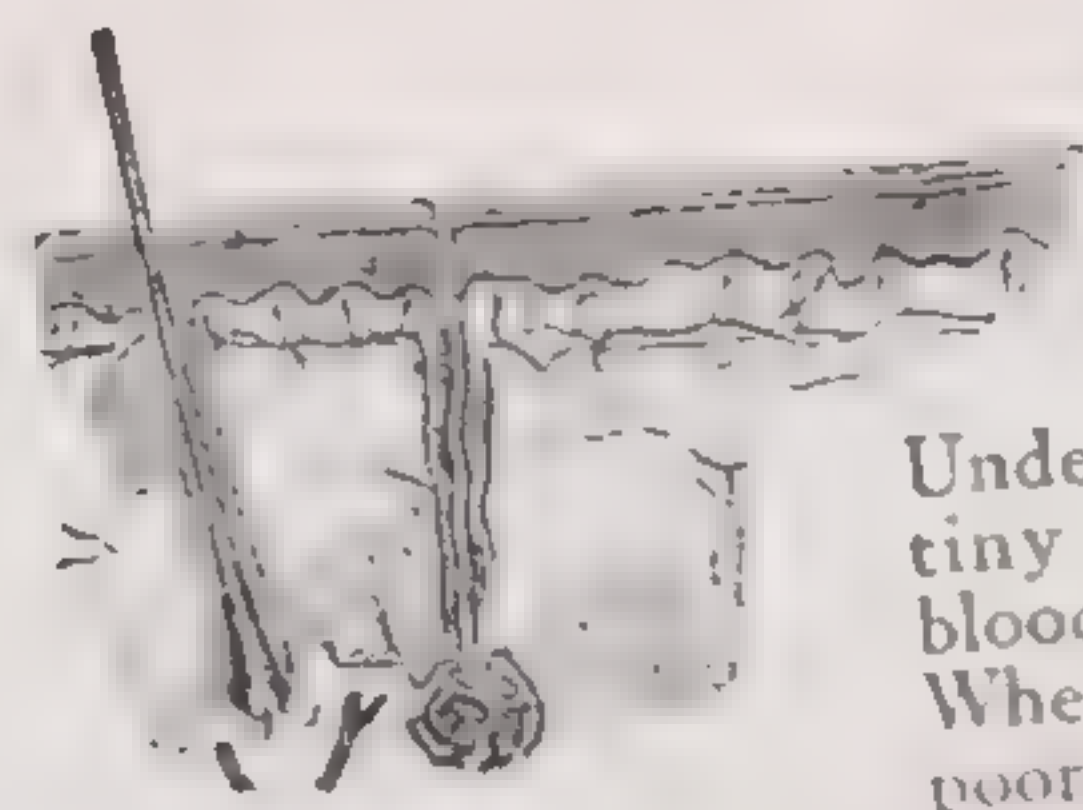
Berle is the wise-cracking type of a comic with a style of his own.



Reduce Pores...*Soften* Lines



WITH THIS ROUSING
UNDER SKIN
TREATMENT



Age signs
begin here

Under your skin are
tiny active glands,
blood vessels, fibres.
When they function
poorly, age signs start!

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. When you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!



Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 9RS-CB, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Why I Require my Fashion Mannequins to wear Woodbury's Facial Powder!

BY
MAGGY ROUFF



The lovely Anne Lecler, one of the mannequins in Maggy Rouff's Paris fashion salon.

A FASHION MODEL must have a lovely complexion as well as a lithe and beautiful figure. So I take the precaution to have all my mannequins use only Woodbury's Facial Powder.

"This powder has *la qualité de soie* . . . it is like silk, and clings to the skin even in the warmth and glare of the spotlight. The shades wed the healthy undertones of the skin, giving the complexion both chic and allure.

"But it is equally important that Woodbury's Powder is germ-free*. For one of my mannequins to appear at a Fashion Opening with a blemish on her face . . . that would be *affaire fatale*. No blemish-germs can be transferred to the skin from this famous powder."

All 6 Woodbury shades are divinely flattering. If you're fair, "Light Rachel" is your shade. "Radiant" is the favorite of medium blondes. "Brunette" is stunning for the darker skin. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.



RUBINOFF'S TRAGIC LOVE

(Continued from page 41)



Steel Magnate Charles M. Schwab, recently a guest on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, tries the piano.

violin, to earn a place for himself among the great. He had little time to think of women. Actually, he was still in love with Dorothy and was until she died, a few years ago.

Rubinoff became a name, nationally known. Soloist for the entire Loew circuit. Later for symphony orchestras. Finally, New York—the big spots. In radio, a headliner. But always alone. There are people about him. Bluff, generous, goodnatured, he gathers them about him. And, for his part, he can't do without them, because he is a lonely man.

Drop into his office around seven as he is going out to dinner. He will say: "Come along, eat with me." In the lobby, he will be greeted by an unemployed musician or two. To them, too, an invitation. Before he reaches the restaurant, there will be a half dozen or more.

Why does Rubinoff gather these people about him? Why does he go seeking crowds? That has become his way of life because he hates the return, late at night, to his lonely suite in the hotel which is his home. No one but his valet awaits him, faithful Al Jones who, as a boy in high school, became fascinated with a Rubinoff lecture and came back stage to ask him for a job. No one but Al.

There have been other women. None so harried by women as Rubinoff, none so helped. Every mail brings him invitations, coquetries, even proposals. He stands at the curb, waiting for a taxi—and women approach him; "Aren't you Mr. Rubinoff?" Ever since he was a boy and his teacher, "Miss Jones," spotted the talent in the boy and helped him to get a start, there have been women in his life, drawn to him by his romantic gift.

Watch him swaying with his violin, his eyes half closed, the instrument pouring forth the utter spirit of unsatisfied yearning and you will understand what women see in Rubinoff. But what do they mean to Rubinoff? There you have the crucial question. So far, except for Dorothy, very little. Acquaintances, friends perhaps—but nothing more. The hour of change, however, is near. He is tired of the soli-

tary life. He is ready to marry again.

"I would marry tomorrow, if I could find the right girl," Rubinoff said.

"And what is your definition of the right girl?"

"She need not be beautiful. I do not require it," he said, "although I would like her to have an attractive figure. She need not have any of the routine virtues. I mean, she does not have to be a good housekeeper. She doesn't have to be a good cook. These things she can learn. Besides, we can eat in restaurants.

"What I want most is a companion—a companion to me, who will share my enthusiasm for good music. Who, at the same time, can turn about the following evening and have as good a time, watching a prizefight. I want one who will share not only my pleasures but my troubles as well, a girl of sound judgment. A girl whose advice would be good and worth taking, who could keep her mouth shut when necessary.

"I know I am asking a great deal, but aren't we all entitled to a little ordinary human happiness? I ask, most of all, a certain indulgence. If I blow up, let her forgive me. If I am talking to a girl in connection with my job, let her understand—and not give way to jealousy. And above all, let her not hate my violin. That I cannot do without. Besides, it is the humble slave that brings in the money needed for life.

"In a word, the girl I would marry should have culture, character and common sense—an attractive, companionable personality in whom I could confide."

There you have Rubinoff, ready to marry once more. But if and when he does find him a bride, let her be sensible and understand that she can never replace the Dorothy who swept the slim, eighteen-year-old boy off his feet, who gave him his greatest inspiration, who fortified him against fifteen years of solitude. In his desk, at home, handy for him to look at, is a letter she wrote him during their courtship. It is the only love letter Rubinoff keeps.



Kay St. Germaine is "Dotty," lovely singing star of "Listen to This," heard Tuesdays on the Mutual network.



Children's Hour

SPECIAL CARE IN EVERYTHING...

FROM SPECIAL TOYS THAT TEACH...TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE...

THAT'S WHY CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY...

SEE THAT TOY?

It's a *special* toy...made to teach children how to think and use their hands. Doctors tell us that practically everything children get today should be made *especially* for them...even their laxative.



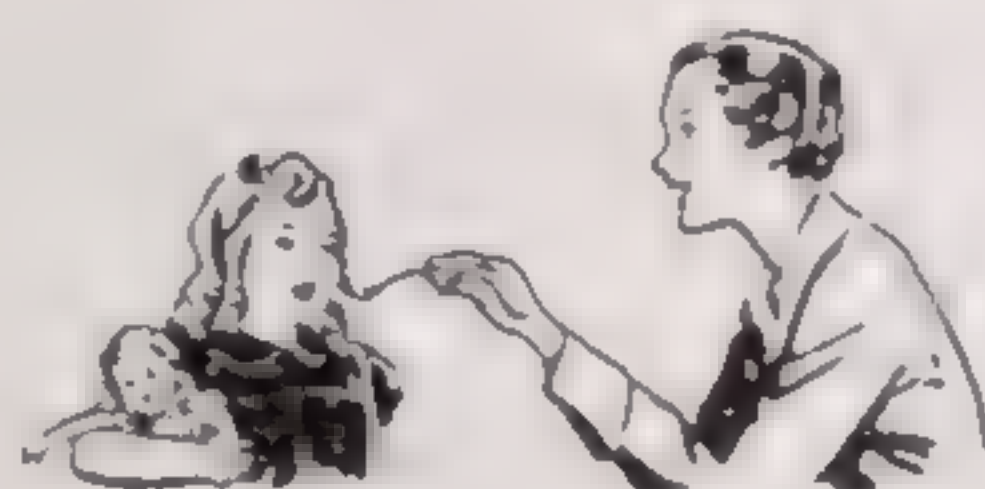
It's common sense, isn't it? For a child's system is tender...too delicate for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative.

So when mothers seek professional advice on this subject, doctors usually prescribe Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made *especially and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently stimulates the natural muscular movement. It clears

away the waste without any harsh irritation, without any violence.

Fletcher's Castoria can never upset a baby's tender stomach. It doesn't rush turbulently through his tiny system. And it won't cause diarrhoea or cramping pains. You see, it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Only the purest of pure ingredients. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.



And important as anything else... Fletcher's Castoria tastes good. Children love it—think it's a treat. Some mothers are inclined to overlook the importance

of pleasant taste in a laxative. They forget that forcing a child to take a bad-tasting medicine can completely and seriously upset his entire nervous system.

So stay on the safe side, as millions of mothers are doing, and keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. You can get it at every drug store in the country. Ask for the Family Size bottle. It lasts longer...and gives you more for your money. The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

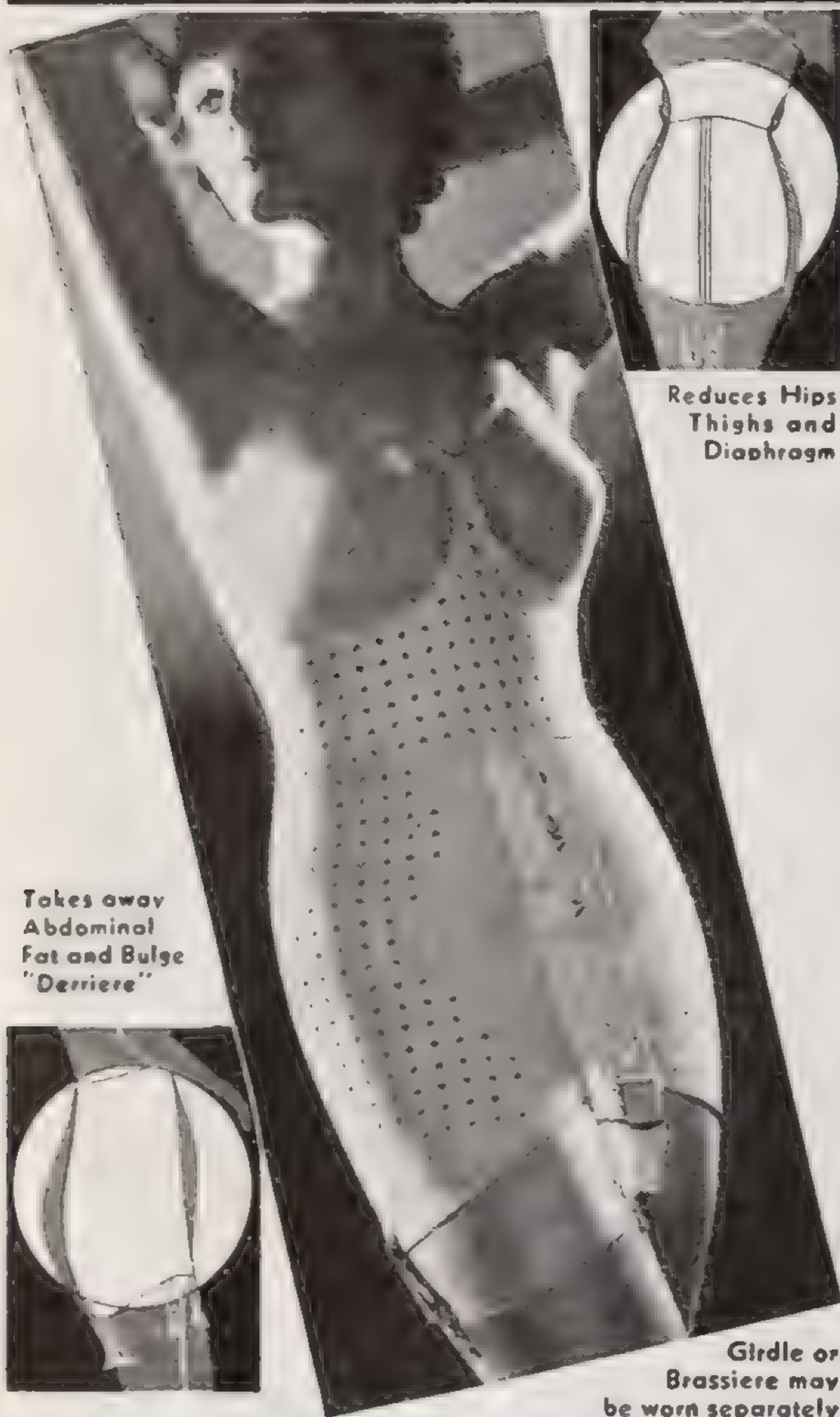
The laxative made *especially* for babies and growing children

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 9)

Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Reduces Hips
Thighs and
Diaphragm

Takes away
Abdominal
Fat and Bulge
"Derriere"

Girdle or
Brassiere may
be worn separately

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

**IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!**

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm... the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

**PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!**

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely... and quickly!

You risk nothing... why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 532, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

when that recipe was offered to you in this magazine some time back, that you missed out on getting a copy. But that will never do, for I wouldn't want to disappoint a single one of you; so I'm going to give you that recipe again, this month. Not here, however, because lots of you don't seem to want to cut up your magazine before the rest of the family have seen it, and it's kind of a nuisance to copy it all down, longhand, isn't it? That's why I've decided it would be better to give you *Grandmother's* famous *Chocolate Cake* recipe in the regular leaflet that *Radio Stars Magazine* offers you every month absolutely free. I'm certainly pleased that through this generous offer I am able to give this recipe again.

But that's not the only "special" thing you'll learn how to make, of course, if you send in the coupon which is always tucked away at the very end of my article. Because this month I decided that if you were so interested in cakes I'd give you not one, but two! And cookies and coffee cake and *Calas*—in fact, both here and in the leaflet, I'm suggesting a number of things to eat that I think you'll all love as much as I do. Most of the recipes in this collection belong to what I call my *Kaffee Klatsch* refreshments.

But maybe I'd better explain that term for the benefit of those who don't speak German. Not that I know anything much about that language myself. But there's one phrase and custom of theirs that I've adopted enthusiastically and that's—yes, you've guessed it—*Kaffee Klatsch*, which I believe is best translated as "Coffee Gossip." (Am I right, linguists?)

Anyway, what it turns out to mean is a rather bounteous version of afternoon tea at which, most likely, at least two cakes make their appearance as well as sandwiches and cookies and coffee!

Of course, many hostesses nowadays already offer coffee as well as tea at the usual tea hour. But generally, whatever the beverage may be, the refreshments are of the "dainty sandwich" and "little cakes" variety. Now I've often suspected that lots of guests don't begin to be satisfied with these samples masquerading as food, and I'll bet, when some of the girls get together for an afternoon of sewing or bridge or just small-talk, they'd welcome more substantial fare with a steaming cup of coffee to go with it. Therefore, these foods I'm suggesting—and for which I'm going to give you recipes in the leaflet—would be just the thing to serve.

Another nice feature about this particular batch of recipes is that they're all double-duty sweets. That is, they can be served at your next afternoon tea and at many other times as well. My *Grandmother's Chocolate Cake*, for instance, is a perfect dessert—with or without fruit or ice cream. The other cake recipe I'm giving you—*Wellesley Fudge Cake* it's called—can be served on many a festive occasion and in several different forms as well. You can bake it in a loaf cake pan as directed in the recipe that I used originally.

Or you can try a couple of other ideas I've tried and have liked immensely. One way is to bake the cakes in cup cake pans and, when cool, spread them with a plain Confectioner's Frosting—you know the kind I mean: 2 tablespoons of boiling water or cream, enough confectioner's sugar to make the frosting of desired consistency, and any flavoring you prefer. Or perhaps best of all, cut a small hole in the top of each cake, insert a marshmallow in each hole and place under broiler flame until marshmallows are puffed and slightly browned. I think we can find a picture to show you how it's done and you can have the recipe to prove to your own sweet self how grand these special little cakes taste.

The cookie recipe I'm offering for your collection is called *Coconut Jumbles*. And are they swell with coffee! And now we come to the *Calas* recipe.

Calas are a traditional New Orleans delicacy which were first introduced into my home by those two cute little dancers, the Preissers. June and Cherry Preisser, who hail from N'Orleans, made their initial bow to the theatre public in my *Swanee Music Review* some years ago. They're stars in the *Ziegfeld Follies* now, but they're still the sweet, unspoiled youngsters that I liked so much when I first met them and that I've gone on being friends with, ever since. We have a standing date for Mondays at my apartment, and on one of those occasions I surprised them by serving the *Calas* that they had been raving about.

"*Calas*," Cherry Preisser told me after exclaiming with pleasure over the surprise I had prepared for them, "*Calas* used to be sold in the French quarter of Louisiana's world-famous city, by negro women in blue dresses, white aprons and gay bandanas, who balanced covered bowls of *Calas* on their heads as they went from door to door. They were generally eaten with the morning *café au lait* and the recipe was one that was cherished and passed on, from one generation to the next."

And that's the recipe that I, in turn, am giving you. *Calas* are made of rice; they're yeast-raised, fried in deep fat and served with a liberal sprinkling of powdered sugar. Let them rise over night for breakfast consumption, or all day if you intend serving them, crisp and hot, as a hearty and unusual *Kaffee Klatsch* refreshment.

Of course, as I've already told you, this and all the other recipes for the good things to eat that I've mentioned already, are in my recipe leaflet... the *Chocolate Cake* of *Grandmother's*, the *Wellesley Fudge Cake* (Loaf, Cup or Marshmallow-topped), the *Coconut Jumbles* and the *Calas*.

Then, I'm also going to give you in the leaflet, the nicest and easiest recipe for *Crumb Cake* that I've ever tried. It takes about ten minutes to mix and twenty-five to bake and turns out to have a distinct orange flavor—both the topping and the cake! As I'm especially fond of oranges—I imagine you are, too—this feature won me completely. This particular recipe is

for those who prefer a real Coffee Cake to anything else you could think of serving.

Probably you have decided by now that no mention of "foods that go with coffee" would be considered complete unless it included a *Hot Cake* recipe. As I'm inclined to agree with you on that score, I'm going to give you my favorite Pancake recipe here. It may be a bit on the sweet side for some; so use a little less sugar than is called for in the recipe, to start out with. You can always add more after tasting the first hot cake.

HOT CAKES

- ½ cup sugar (or less)
- 2 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons melted butter

Sift all dry ingredients together. Beat yolks, add milk and vanilla. Add milk and egg mixture slowly to flour mixture and blend together thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, then gently stir in melted (and cooled) butter. Bake cakes on pre-heated, lightly-greased griddle.

Well, that just about ends this "broadcast" but I think I have room, before signing off, to give you a recipe that was sent to me the other day by a Bandwagon-listener-Cooking School-follower of mine who lives at Jackson Heights, Long Island. It was nice of this Mrs. Keep to make it a *coffee* recipe and I'd be ever so happy to have you all try it out. It's easy, it's good and it comes to you as the special recommendation of yours truly, Catherine Smith, signing off until next month when I expect to give you all sorts of Foods for February Festivities and for other party occasions as well.

COFFEE MARLOW

- ½ cup strong coffee
- 18 marshmallows
- 1 cup (½ pint) whipping cream

Place marshmallows with coffee in top of double boiler and cook over boiling water until marshmallows have melted. Remove from heat, pour into a bowl and cool. When mixture is slightly thickened, add whipped cream and stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into individual molds and chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmold and serve with a garnish of whipped cream sprinkled with a few finely chopped nut meats. Serves 4.

Kate Smith,
Radio Stars Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your recipes for
Cakes, Cookies, Coffee Cake and
Calas.

Name

Street

City State



Here's a *quick, easy meal* the whole family will enjoy *for less than 3¢ a portion*

CHILDREN are fussy about what they eat. Husbands have decided ideas, too. What a relief to find a dish *everybody* likes! And what an *added* blessing when it's something so easily prepared as Franco-American Spaghetti!

No cooking or fussing; just heat and serve. And it's nourishing *plus!* Supplies plenty of protein for building sound bones and tissues, a rich store of carbohydrates for energy. All this—plus wonderful flavor—for less than 3¢ a portion!

Franco-American has a marvelous

sauce...made with cheese...luscious, flavorful tomatoes, a long list of savory spices and seasonings...eleven different ingredients in all. No wonder it's so zestful and appetizing—so different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti!

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DOWN WITH ROMANCE!

(Continued from page 29)



Leo Carrillo's Spanish hacienda was the scene of a recent good will broadcast over NBC to South America. Among those heard were Rochelle Hudson, Francisco J. Clarizza, Margo, Binnie Barnes, Rosita Moreno and Leo Carrillo himself, behind the others.

What about women in Hollywood?

"I had no time for women in Hollywood," he says, impatient with the subject. "The woman I saw the most of out there broke a flower-pot over my head and almost killed me. Who? Ida Lupino. It was not her fault," he explains quickly, "it was a sad mistake which made both of us feel very badly. I saw more of Miss Lupino than anybody else, because we were making a picture together, *The Gay Desperado*. The flower-pot? Oh, yes. She was supposed to snatch up a paper one for a scene in the picture and hit me with it. But, by mistake, she picked up a real one. I was laid out cold."

But, you remind him, there were many other scenes in the picture—love scenes, nights on location beneath a California moon, lovely ladies in the cast. What of these?

He reaches for a photograph. It is not the picture of a movie queen. It's a photograph of a man on horseback. The horse is galloping.

"See that?" Nino demands. "That is me. They want to use a double. I say; 'No!' I can ride like the wind. People think I can only make eyes and sing love songs. I can ride—fight... But when I come back from the Coast, do people ask me about these things, about my work, my art? No. They want only to know about women, love, romance!"

He's pretty bitter about it all.

And yet, mention the name of one woman and his eyes soften, his manner changes.

"Elissa Landi? Ah, yes, she is my favorite!" says he. "She has something that sets her apart. She is beautiful, yes, but it is more than that. I think it must be a quality of mind. She is different from all the others."

But as to the rumors that he and Elissa are to be married, his answer is the same: "I don't know." It's a good answer. It was a good answer when, in confusion, he gave it to the reporters at the train. It stopped them. It stops everybody else.

However, he has very definite ideas on marriage, this handsome young Latin, if you finally pin him down. And if he means what he says, Elissa will have to give up her career and retire from the public eye when he marries her.

Says he: "Two artists in one family? Never! I wouldn't marry a professional woman, unless she gave up her career. A woman's place is with her husband. A marriage cannot last if the wife is here, the husband there."

"Besides, when I marry, I want a home and children. And a wife who is content with a family and home for a career."

Will the lovely Miss Landi be willing to sacrifice a brilliant stage and screen career to become a home-body? Elissa is a successful writer as well as an actress. Does Martini mean she would have to give up both her arts? Of course, a writer, more easily than an actress, can combine her art with home-making. An actress must be where her audience is. A writer's work may be carried on at home. And yet, it is a great deal to ask of a woman:

"Give up the stage, the screen; forget your public, the applause, the excitement of the theatre, now that you are my wife." Few successful actresses have been willing to make that sacrifice.

Another one of Martini's marriage theories and one that indicates that he may be a bachelor for some time yet, is that an artist should not marry while he is on the up-grade to success.

"It is foolish for a singer, an actor, a musician, to marry while he is climbing upward or when he is at the peak of his success," Nino says. "The great artists who have been happiest in marriage have waited to choose a wife until they were just past the height of their success and had turned toward the down-grade."

If Nino really means that, Martini nuptials will have to wait a long time. He is still riding high on the crest of the wave in radio—gathering new laurels and greater popularity this season, on the Chesterfield hour. Out of the studio, he is starring in opera and touring the larger cities for special concerts. Now, with his performance in *The Gay Desperado* listed among the best of the year, he has added movie fame to his honors. Certainly "the downgrade" is nowhere on the horizon for Martini!

"It is a mistake to think that a wife helps you rise to success," he says. "I have seen many artists snatch a wife when they were on the way up and, on reaching the top, discover she wasn't the woman they needed."

"I have seen others, in the flush of great success, marry a woman who had no use for them when their brilliant triumphs were over. It is better to wait. An artist should not marry when he is young, anyhow. He has much to do—so short a time to do it. When his brilliance is a bit dimmed, his years of hard struggles and constant study over, then—ah! It is the time to settle down with a good wife, children, a home. It is a fine thing in any man's life. I am planning on it."

So sincere are his words, so warm and intense his voice, you feel that the girl whom he chooses will probably consider any career well lost for what he offers her.

For, in spite of the fact that Nino resents being typed as romantic and wishes people would ask him about his athletic prowess instead of his love life, Mr. Martini is romantic. He may be sick of moonlight and roses. But he makes any girl think of perfumed gardens and starry skies.

And, he gives himself away. "When I marry I want time—time for a wedding, time to take the girl away to some lovely place—Italy, perhaps—on a beautiful honeymoon. People ask me about marriage now and I laugh. Broadcasts, concert tours, another movie in preparation, the opera season in full swing! What do they think? That I want to be married between performances? Never! Some wedding, eh?"

He frowns suddenly and reaches again for the photograph of himself on the galloping horse. "When I make a motion picture, I don't like the love scenes. No! I like the fights, big fights, the riding and shooting. Why do people always want to talk about love?"

*She had everything
but love*



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THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

LIKE FATHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 49)

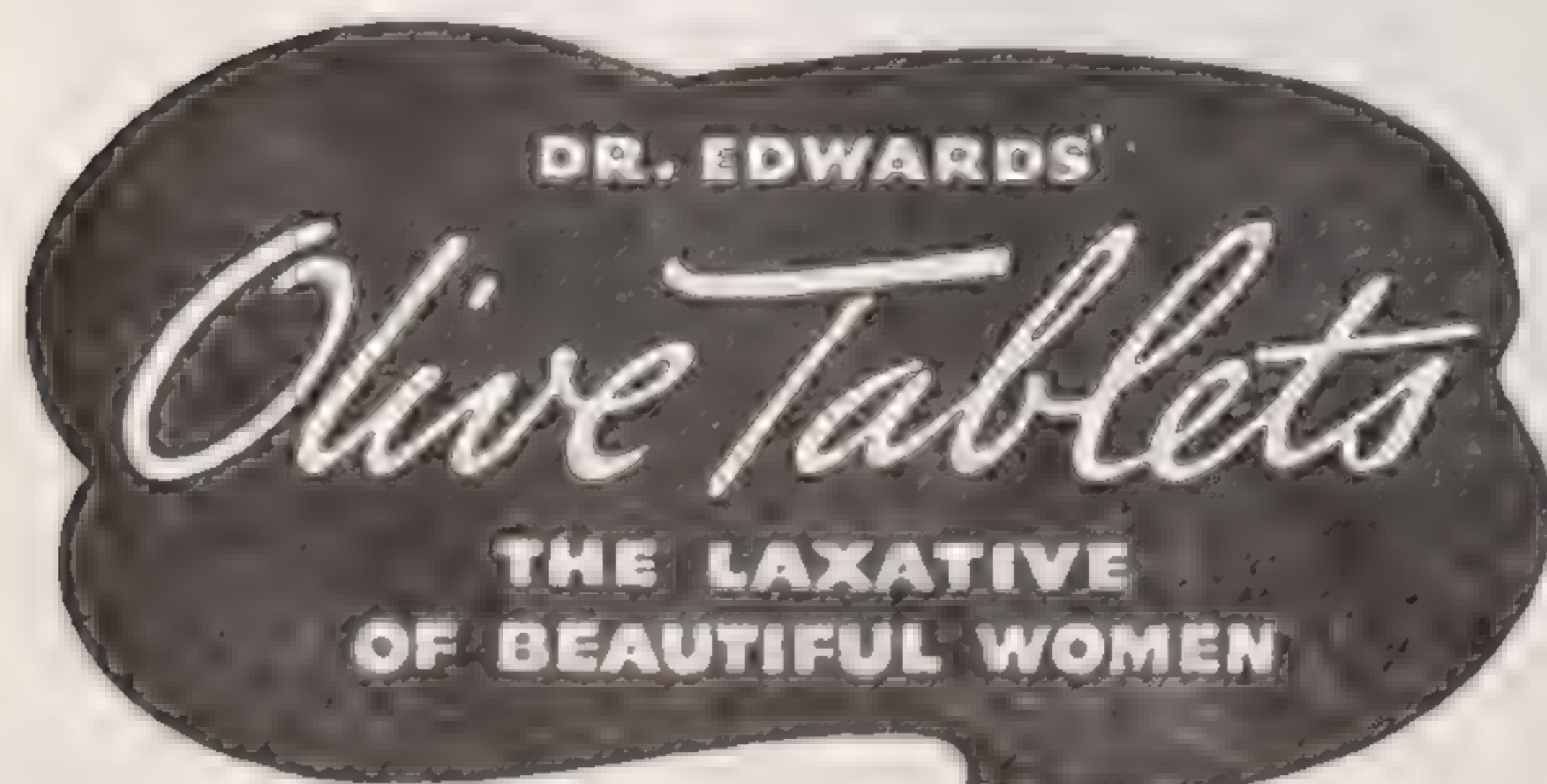


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You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

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before. She is only now in her early twenties, alive, sparkling, energetic and ambitious. She was curled up in the corner of a sofa as she chatted about her driving ambition.

"Nothing will satisfy me until I am a successful actress. It is hard to make people understand my feeling. It is not because I want to see my name in lights. It is not because I want to be considered famous. I shall never be satisfied until Dad can be terribly proud of me. Of course he always is complimenting me, now. But the darling always has spoiled me. He always has lavished so much love on me." Her eyes are bright with the knowledge of that great love. Happiness radiates from her when she talks about Father Ralph. "But I am driven by the thought that I must justify Dad's pride in me."

When Claudia returned to school, the autumn following her professional appearance—she was attending Mrs. Dow's School at Briarcliff, New York—she could scarcely wait to finish. She was so sure that success would be easy for her. Hadn't she made a youthful triumph in *Gypsy April*? But the following year she was to find that life was not without disappointments.

"I began looking for a job as soon as I was graduated. I was filled with ambition. I knew I had ability. And wasn't I the daughter of Ralph Morgan, the famous actor? And wasn't Frank Morgan my uncle? But my pride would not let me trade on their reputations. And Father didn't want to be the means of my stage success."

Claudia can laugh about her experiences now, but it was not so funny in 1929, when she was "pounding the pavements" looking for a job.

"And that is just what I did. I walked from producer to director to agent. The answer was always the same: 'You're too young.' You see, most of the producers and agents had known Dad and Uncle Frank for years. They had known me since I was a baby. I really believe I would have had an easier time had I not been Claudia Morgan. Oh, they were always glad to see me. I would go into their offices—the daughter of Ralph Morgan didn't have to sit around waiting rooms—but that was all it did for me.

"How is Ralph?" they would say. "And Frank? Remember what fun we had two years ago?" And similar conversations. When I asked them about a job, it was quite different." She smiled wryly. "They would laugh, or look embarrassed. But the answer was invariably the same: 'When you are a little older, perhaps.' That was all the encouragement I could get!"

What disappointment for the young ambitious girl who knew she had inherited talents from a famous family! What a blow to the confidence with which she had decided to enter the acting profession! Claudia, however, would not be downed. Each rebuff made her more determined. Her character became stronger with each

failure. She considered changing her name; then determined to succeed *in spite* of her name.

"You see," she explains, "I wanted Dad to be proud of my fight." She would not allow her father or uncle to lend a helping hand. Her uncle couldn't understand this. Her father could. Hadn't he instilled in her mind the desire to succeed on her own? "I think it would have broken Dad's heart if I had assumed another name. He always had taught me that there is only one way to succeed—the right way.

"It was a stranger, one who had not known me when I was a little girl, who gave me my chance. It was a small part in *Top of the Hill*. Both Dad and Uncle Frank came to the opening night. And I was terribly nervous, naturally. So were they, out there in the audience. I found that, the next night, when neither of them were among those watching, my knees behaved much better. Every time Dad comes to see my play, I get an attack of weak knees. I am so terribly anxious to do my best, because he is watching. Dad, too, worries himself sick. It has become so terrific that he doesn't come to see my plays any more. He does his worrying at home and waits for my phone call after the first performance."

Ralph Morgan waits anxiously for those phone calls from his actress-daughter. No matter where he is, Claudia telephones her father after the opening night of a play. Even if he is in California—and she does not reverse the charges.

The little Morgan girl came out victorious in that first chance—given by a stranger. Not only had she done her rôle well, but she knew now that nothing in the world could keep her from reaching her goal. Not even an unfortunate marriage could beat back the spirit of Claudia Morgan.

"But let's not speak of that. It was a mistake of two very young people. A boy and girl who were still in school," she calmly sums it up.

Is she afraid of marriage as a result of this mistake?

"Of course not. When 'Mr. Right' comes along, there will be no doubt. But he must be in the acting profession. Otherwise, how could he understand this driving desire to succeed, this force which makes me go on and on?"

After her first stage chance, she had to look for another job. Did her second rôle come more easily? "The only difference between the first and second attempts to land a job was that I knew enough to stay away from family friends," she laughs in reply.

Her determination has been rewarded, for Claudia Morgan, the charming young woman who looks young enough to be still in school, has had parts in twenty-six plays. After the twenty-fourth rôle, she decided to conquer the radio world. She had a foothold in the theatre, which she would not relinquish, but she wanted to go

on to other fields as well. Surely, she thought, she would not have as much difficulty in breaking into another branch of entertainment.

But she encountered the same attitude on the part of the radio moguls as she had from play producers. It was fine to have Ralph Morgan and his brother Frank on their programs. Sponsors knew that these two well-known members of the Morgan family would sell products. But surely young Claudia was not old enough, not experienced enough for them to take a chance on her work. Whereas father Ralph had fretted about Claudia's repeated failures in getting a stage rôle, he was amused at her radio refusals. He knew that his Claudia would not be beaten. She had handled her previous experiences too successfully to fail now.

"Rudy Vallee finally broke the hoodoo. He gave me an opportunity to guest-star on his program opposite Robert Taylor," she happily tells us. She made such a success of this performance that the Lux people asked her to co-star with her uncle, Frank Morgan, in a performance of *The Queen's Husband*. Through her success on these two programs, she was given parts in two dramatic programs, one of which was *David Harum*.

Claudia Morgan, however, did not rest on her laurels. During last summer, her radio work was intermittent, due to her stage work in stock. In the early autumn of this year, she was given a three-year contract by the Theatre Guild in New York. She had just one week between the end of the summer stock and the beginning

of her new contract. That week was spent in a trip to California to see her father and mother.

"Dad was so happy, so proud that I had accomplished that much!" Claudia says "that much," for she feels that she still has a long way to go. "He was glad that I had done it on my own merits, without help from him or his friends. I haven't done a great deal. I am not a great actress, but it is a step toward the top. The top, to me, is to be a really fine actress. I have no desire to be a great star, to do certain definite rôles. I want to be a success because I can fill any given rôle. I know that Dad will be pleased with me if I can fulfill this ambition." And she is gradually working closer and closer to her goal. Her determination is beginning to show profits. Her fighting spirit is being rewarded.

This winter, Claudia again will be faced with the problem of fitting in her radio work with that of the stage. As this is written she is trying to work out a solution for accepting a program on the air, at the same time she is doing her stage work for the Theatre Guild.

"I particularly want to be able to do the radio program, for it gives such pleasure to Dad. He always listens in from California. And he takes great pride in my work." Claudia becomes so excited talking about all that she wants to do, that the words tumble out quickly. "Dad has taught me so much of what I know. Not only has he given me the inspiration to do fine things on the stage. He has given me ideals—the kind of ideals in life which

really count.

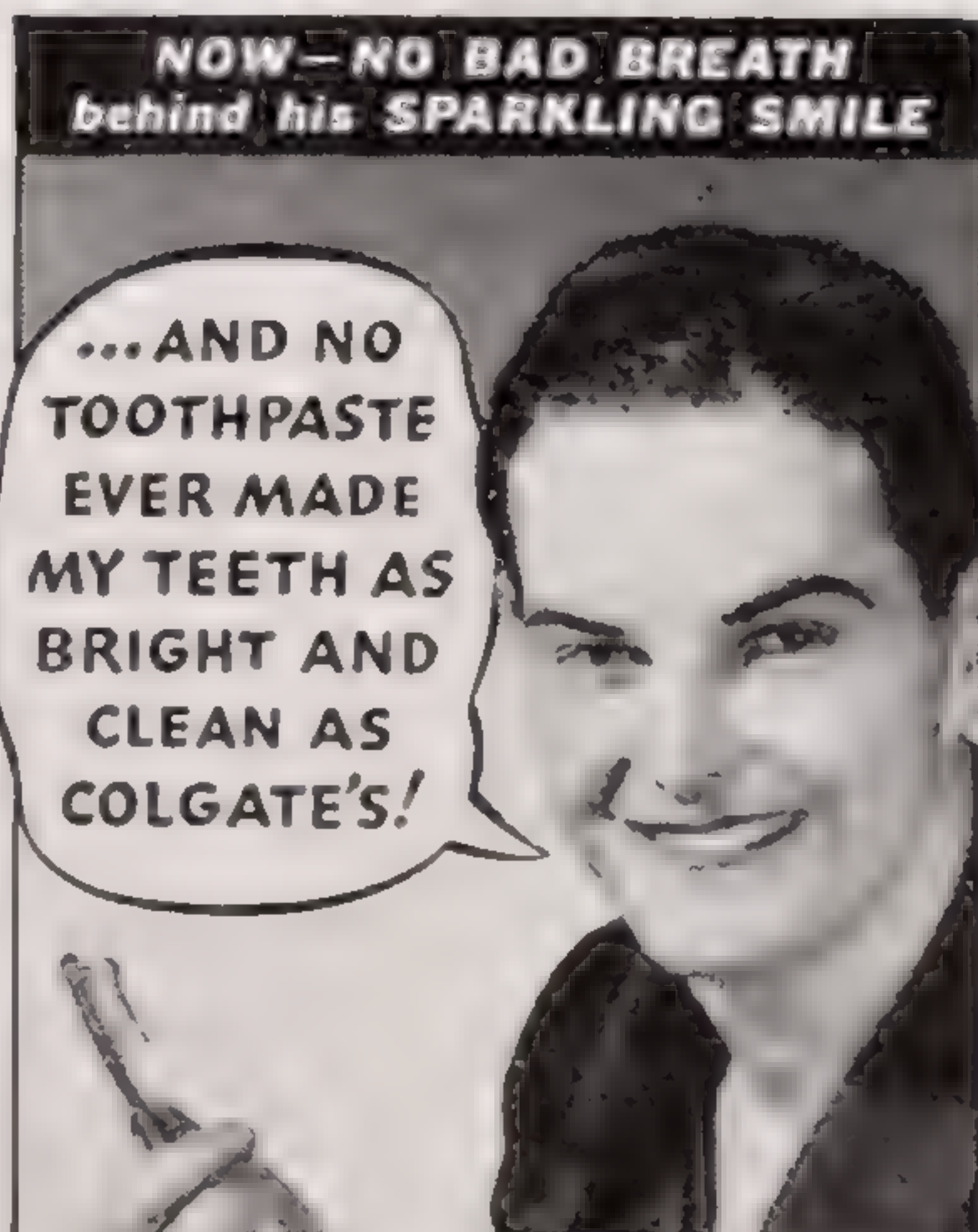
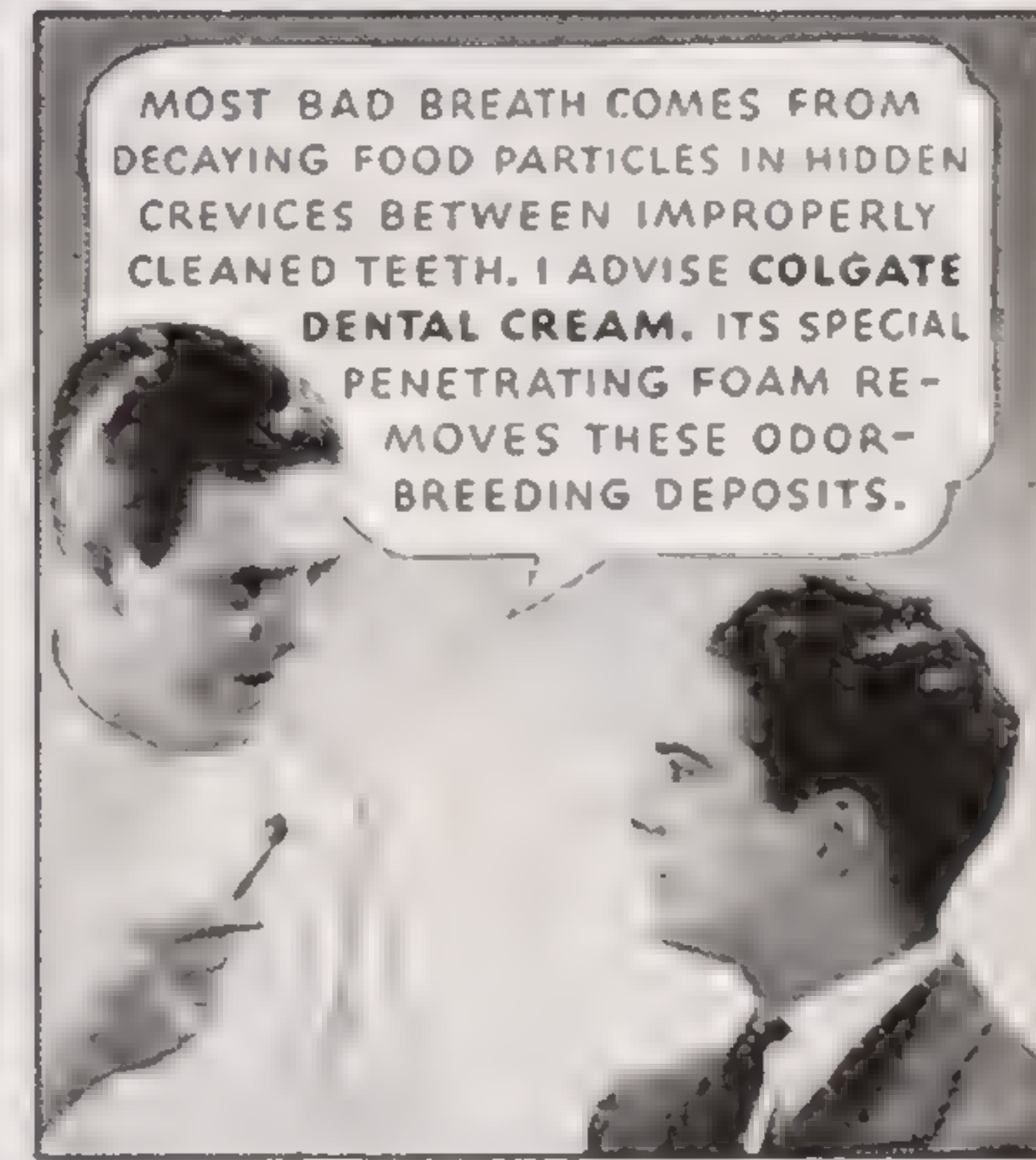
"I remember when he and I were doing *Strange Interlude* together in London. That was in 1931. I had only been on the stage a couple of years. 'Whatever you do, Claudia, do well,' he told me. 'It isn't the amount of work you do, nor the importance of the rôle. It is the quality of acting that really counts. When you yourself know that you have done your best, the glory doesn't make much difference.' And how many times I think of that! How many times I have said that to myself, when I was given one-line bits in the beginning."

And, remembering this, she made a success with her father in London that year. They have not appeared together since that time. "Father says I must go on alone. I must feel that I succeed on my own merits," she tells us.

With such inspiration, is it any wonder that Claudia Morgan has a driving force to get to the top? In spite of being the heiress to the Angostura Bitters fortune, she lives in a small apartment in New York. It is an attractively furnished three-room home. "But I love it," says the daughter of Ralph Morgan. "I love it because it is not pretentious. I love it because it is near the theatrical district." She loves it because it is hers, because it was made possible only through her own efforts.

Let the heiresses, those who live on the efforts of their families, have Park Avenue. Claudia Morgan will succeed on her own. "Otherwise, Dad will be disappointed in me," she says simply.

BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!



MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating foam*, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!



EDDIE CANTOR STRIKES BACK!

(Continued from page 23)



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HALF-WAY CARE
STEAL ANOTHER TOOTH**

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Firm, handsome teeth depend upon two things—cleaning them thoroughly and keeping gums healthy. Even if teeth look white the tooth paste you are using may provide only *half* the care you need. Forhan's ends this half-way care. It whitens teeth and—

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was developed by an eminent dental surgeon especially to give you *double protection*. When you brush your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, rubbing it in gently with the fingers. Note how it stimulates your gums, how it leaves in your mouth a clean, fresh feeling! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Try a tube today.

Also sold in Canada.



**The ORIGINAL
TOOTH PASTE
for the GUMS
and TEETH**
by
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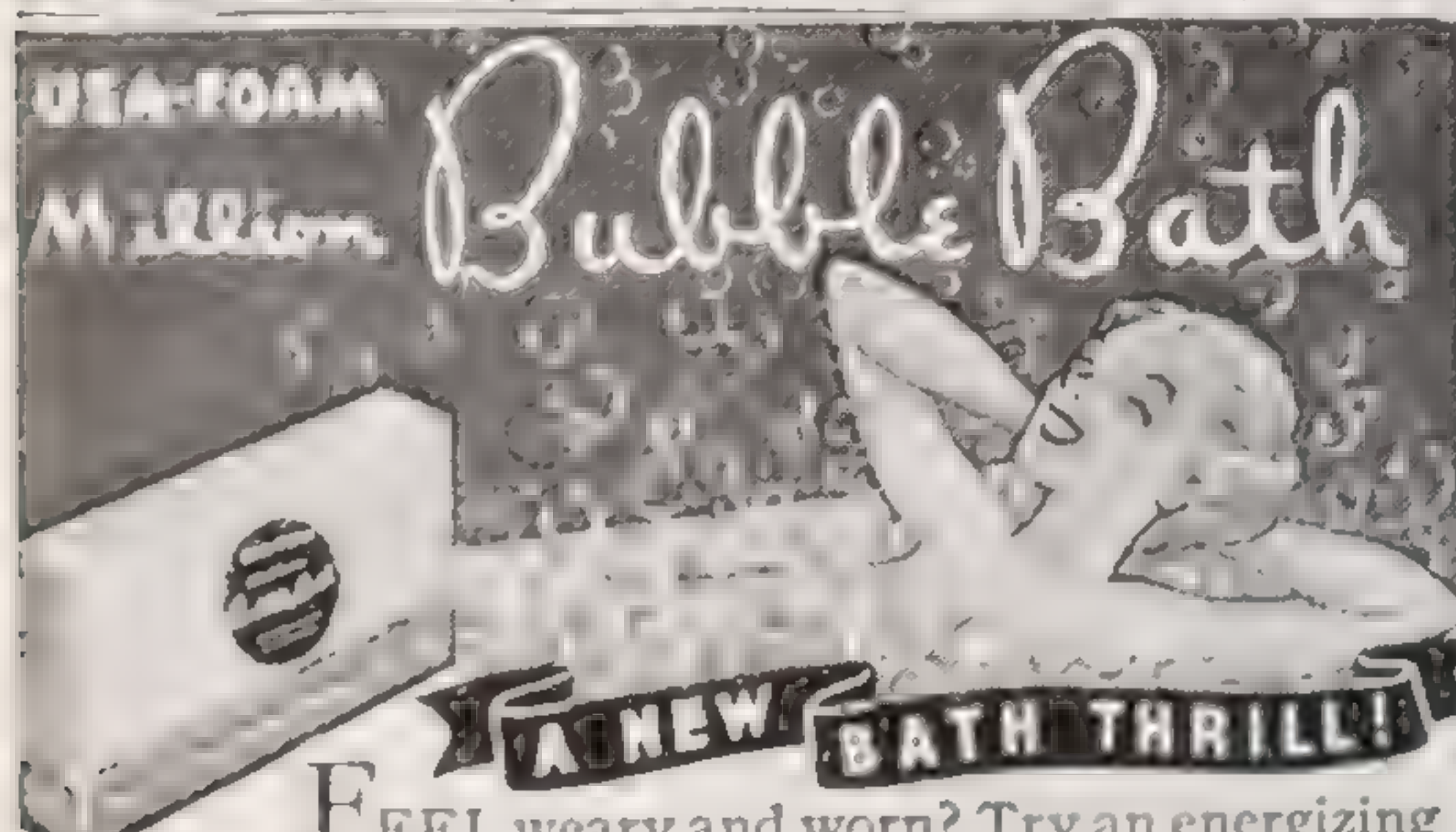
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I'd like to try USA-FOAM MILLION BUBBLE BATH. I enclose 10c (stamps, coin) and 3c stamp for mailing.

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good shows in a year."

He ran his index finger down the page. "Listen:

'The average program, from the sponsor through contact men, advertising agency men and directors of programs, doesn't have a single person of real professional background.'

"Well, so what? Radio is only ten years old, really. All right. A lot of those connected with it had to be in some other profession. Like aviators. Only young aviators grew up in that profession.

"You don't remember. You're too young. But you've heard lots of jokes about the movie industry, haven't you? When it was ten years old, who ran it? Why, there were plumbers, furriers, clothing dealers, carpenters, all sorts of men. But that made no difference. There was a new industry. They were new in it. So they grew up with it and today they are the brains of the industry. It's to their credit that they are.

"Why, as far as that's concerned, in 1776 George Washington's 'background' was more British than American.

"That isn't all, either. Advertising men, contact men—yes, even sponsors, are as necessary to radio as theatre owners, publicity experts and picture salesmen are to the picture industry. But they don't have much to do with the actual radio shows, except in the business management. Criticising them is like criticising a motion picture company for employing accountants who aren't showmen.

"Showmen build most big radio shows. Take Rudy Vallee, Fred Allen, Ed Wynn, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen—take me, even. We've had some theatrical experience and we all build our own programs. The sponsors and the agencies let us. Now how many high-priced picture stars are given a voice in selecting their stories? Only a very few.

"Now here's something else. Bob says: *'There is more unnecessary waste of money and talent in radio than there ever was in pictures.'*

"Now how would Bob know about that? For one thing, there aren't any accurate figures—but did you ever hear of a sponsor who had to offer two features for one to foot the cost of production?"

He started on a second breakfast, then let it, too, grow cold while he went on:

"Yes, here's another thing. Take it from me. I know. There are no radio performers sitting around fifty-two weeks in the year, drawing big salaries for doing nothing. In radio you earn what you get. If your contract is renewed, you know you are selling your sponsor's product. If you don't sell the product, you're out."

Eddie choked over a bit of toast. When he could speak, he held the magazine before me and pointed to a paragraph.

"Read that," he demanded. It said:

'What would you think of a show with a \$14,000-talent bill, exclusive of air time, that didn't have so much as a script ready as late as two hours before a broadcast?'

"Now you know Bob knows better than that," Eddie insisted. "He knows Ziegfeld was a great showman—and he knows Ziegfeld never had a show ready, even when the curtain went up. Take *Whoopee*. That was a success. Well, I'm telling you, we were playing the first act while the finale of the second was being written! Look at the pictures that are a year or so in the making and then have to be half remade before they're released. Of course, in radio, where you have a week at most to set and produce a show, the time of preparation must be short. Lots of stage shows delay their openings. And plenty of pictures postpone their releases, don't they? But did you ever hear of a radio show being cancelled because it wasn't ready to go on? You bet you didn't! Why, here, just recently, when a couple of movie guest stars, about whom a whole radio show revolved, cancelled their appearances at the last moment, the show went on just the same. A swell show, too. I heard it.

"Now then, down here—see?" Eddie pointed to a paragraph emphatically. "Listen to this:

'There's too much of the attitude that only "radio people" understand radio, when there's very little basic difference between the essential principles of entertainment on the air or the screen. I've seen a radio dramatic director toss aside a script that was especially written by one of the best dialogue writers in Hollywood, with the comment: "It isn't radio!"'

"Now Bob's wrong there. All wrong! I've worked on the stage, on the screen and in radio for years. But I think they're all vastly different. They're three different mediums of entertainment, that's all. In pictures a good director can take a personality that screens well and, by constant drilling, make a box-office attraction out of it. I've seen that done. On the other hand, there are fine stage actors and actresses who don't photograph well. And there are fine stage and screen actresses whose personality won't project over the air, where facial expression, gestures, action, or mere beauty are useless.

"All right. Maybe the director did throw away the script and say it wasn't radio. Maybe he was right. Maybe it wasn't. You see? There are plenty of accepted novelists who can't write a screen script, aren't there? Sure there are! Well, just the same way, there are probably plenty of screen writers who can't write a radio script. They could, of course, if they'd apply themselves and devote thought and practice to it. But they couldn't as long as they take the attitude that they are good radio writers because they are good screen writers. You'd hate to be sick and have somebody call in the best veterinary in the world, wouldn't you?"

Eddie read another sentence: *"It's in the field of drama that radio seems to fall particularly short."*

He paused thoughtfully. He tapped meditatively on the table. He sipped absently of his coffee. "H'm. That's cold, too," he said. "But drama—well, what he says is partly true. Drama is the most dif-



Men smoke pipes—or Bob Burns and Bing Crosby get together on a tune at rehearsal for Kraft Music Hall.

ficult type of entertainment for the screen and stage, too, you know. The chief trouble is that what is drama today is just funny tomorrow. Look at the old movies that used to draw buckets of tears. Now people laugh at them. Stock companies play old dramatic hits as burlesques today.

"And don't pictures still turn out good old melodramatic westerns which coin money? Radio has evolved the dramatic serial, hasn't it? Another thing. You never heard anybody hissing a radio, did you?"

Eddie picked up the magazine and waved it for emphasis.

"And that's not the half of it!" he exclaimed. "Who makes picture stars accept guest appearances, anyhow? Why do they make them, if the material is poor? That's their funeral! They don't have to. No. Here's the trouble. They look on radio as a side line where they can pick up some quick, easy money. They don't have to appear in inferior plays. If they do, knowingly, it must be because they're greedy."

"Something else Bob says here:

'Sponsors and agencies spend fortunes hiring big names—and give them nothing to do.'

"Well, no sponsor or agency gives Fred Allen or Jack Benny or Ed Wynn or Burns and Allen or myself anything to do. They hire us, and we have to put on a good show or else they'll fire us and get somebody else.

"Who worries about our material? We do! They don't. And we not only worry about it—we pay for it! Every successful radio performer I ever knew paid out a large part of his or her earnings for material. Take a guest star who gets—say—\$5,000 for a performance. Why can't he take a thousand or two thousand or three thousand—or four thousand, if he has to—and pay for some decent material? Then guest appearances might be worth while, instead of what they usually are—a shame and a disgrace!"

Eddie slapped the magazine upon the table. He leaned over tensely.

"Bob said something about mediocrity," he rapped. "Now listen to me! No medium that could elect a president by the greatest plurality in the history of this country, over and above the opposition of eighty per cent. of the newspapers, can have much mediocrity about it! No matter what every movie star in Hollywood thinks about it, it can't! Can it?"

The defense rested, and Eddie tackled another hot breakfast.



It wasn't the Blizzard
that turned him cold
'twas her red rough hands!

OUR WHOLE DAY WAS SPOILED when Bill saw my red, chapped hands. They did look horrid. I'd tried everything but I couldn't seem to get my hands smooth...

THEN—I HEARD HOW WONDERFULLY Jergens Lotion softens hand skin. I use Jergens all the time now and Bill says, "Put your dear soft hands against my face."



but Jergens brought back Warmth and Romance!

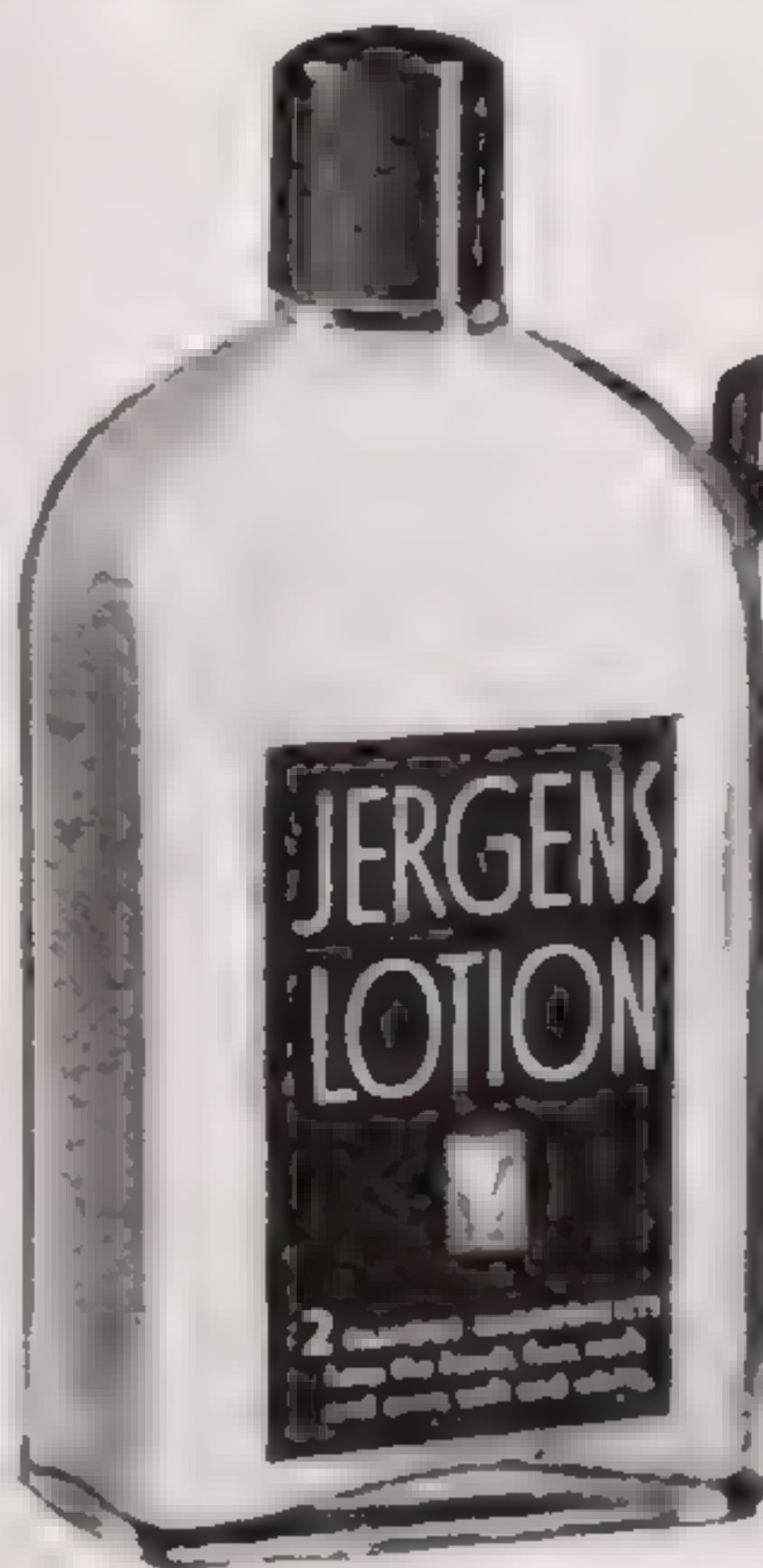
WATER — as well as wind and cold — is hard on your hands. It takes away their special beautifying moisture. Yet women say they wash their hands eight times most days — have them in water eight times more.

No wonder hands tend to crack and chap in winter—look red, feel harsh. But Jergens Lotion heals that chapping and roughness in no time.

Why is Jergens so effective? First, this lotion restores moisture *inside the skin cells*, where hand skin needs it. Tests prove Jergens goes in more thoroughly than any other lotion tested. It leaves no stickiness.

Second, Jergens contains two famous ingredients that doctors use. The first application helps. Use Jergens Lotion for soft hands a man loves. At drug, department, 10¢ stores.

All four sizes — \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ — contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known hand preparations. The \$1.00 size is a bargain!



JERGENS LOTION

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youthful softness of your hands! The Andrew Jergens Co., 1626 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

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TO regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal.

Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat...and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

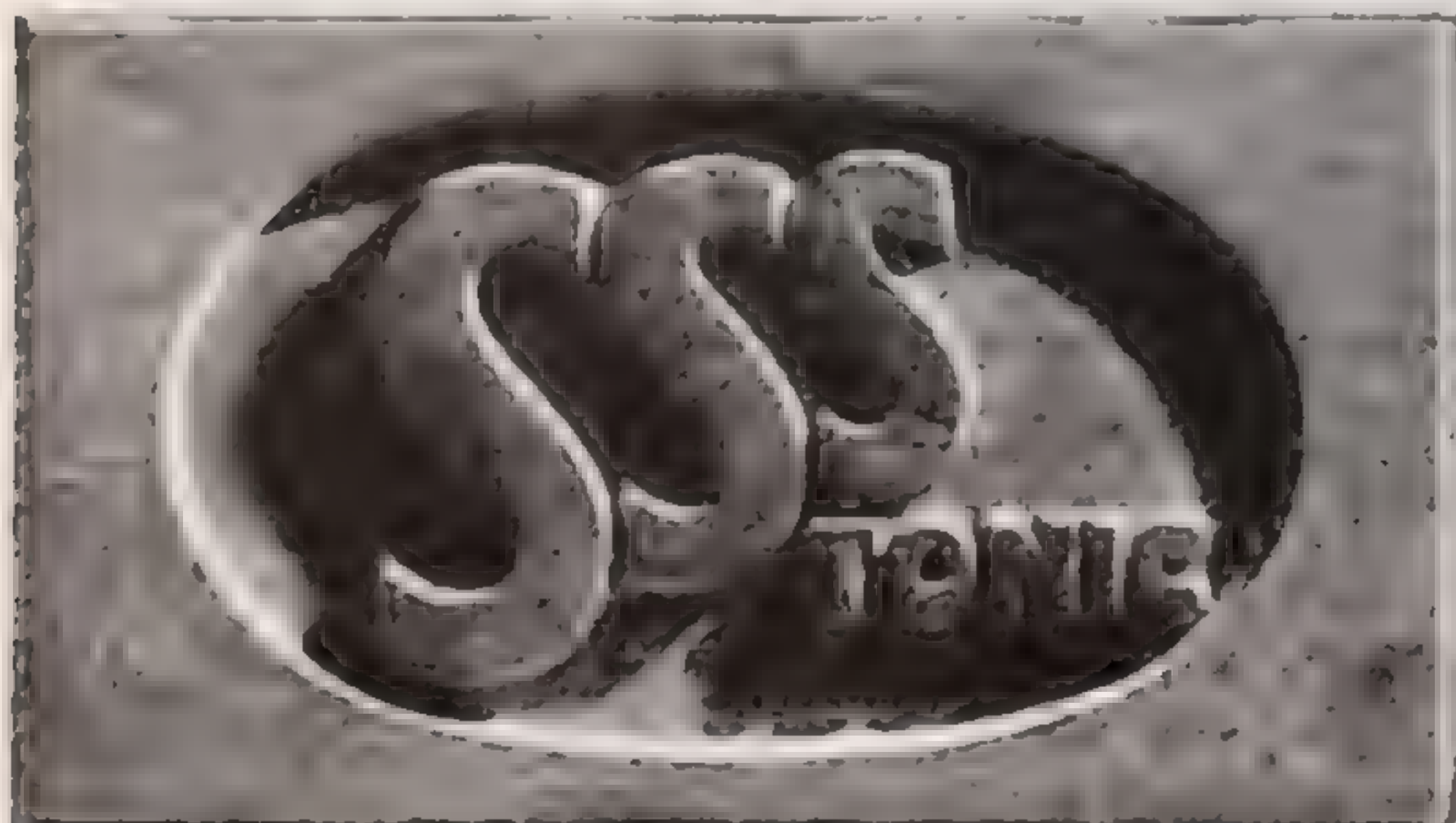
S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells...just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.



NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

And the famous air stars differ in their answers to these interesting questions!



Talk about big feet! This giant shoe, size 42, which Joan Benoit is trying on, was one of hundreds of trophies, received by Major Bowes from his radio audience, on display in the Chrysler Building. This dainty bit of footgear was sent the Major from Nashville, Tennessee.

Do you approve of guest stars from stage and screen appearing frequently before the mike?

Phil Baker: "Yes—if they dignify radio as they do their own respective field."

Ramona: "Anyone who has something really outstanding to give our radio audience and anyone who has entertained theatres of people should be given a chance before the mike."

Jacques Renard: "No—I think that it impairs their rating by appearing too frequently and also spoils the perspective of movie fans by divulging the plots of stories before they are seen."

James Wallington: "Yes—in this way, and only in this way, can there be a personal contact between the millions of listeners, who do not live in one of the foremost metropolitan areas, and the stars. It is good for everyone."

Don Wilson: "Not too frequently. They must not become like a football."

Thornton Fisher: "Yes. Indubitably a guest star is an added attraction for a commercial client. It helps materially in publicizing a program. At the risk of taking it on the chin, I should like to add that frequently the alluring star of stage and screen who possesses visual it proves to lack something when attempting to appeal to a sightless audience."

Henry Busse: "I do. I think that their

appearance on the air is not only a big asset to radio, but of definite value to the stars themselves. Radio is now a big part of show business, and stage and screen stars cannot overlook it."

Vincent Lopez: "Guest stars appearing before the microphone do not interfere, provided the guest star understands mike technique and is as good on the air as in person."

Jimmie Newill: "Yes, because it gives the great mass a more intimate contact with their favorites and affords many their only opportunity of seeing them. It makes them feel they *know* you and helps a star's popularity."

Ozzie Nelson: "Yes, I think they help show radio performers to better advantage."

Jimmy Farrell: "Yes; radio is another medium through which audiences can become even more familiar with those people they love as personalities. One who has talent to entertain should share his gift frequently with those who lack it."

Irene Wicker: "Only if and when the guest stars give as much careful preparation to their appearances as the unheralded but hard working radio troupers, who deserve far more credit for their efforts and talents."

Leo Reisman: "If they have something they can say or do that's entertaining—yes. If not, I am not interested in monkeys in the zoo for themselves alone. I am interested only in what they can do to entertain me."

Helen Jepson: "They frequently provide a delightful change."

Curtis Arnall: "I believe in anyone appearing before the mike who is capable of entertaining a radio audience."

Ann Leaf: "No. Frankly, I believe that radio appearances of stage and screen stars have been the greatest factor in retarding the development of new radio names—especially in the dramatic field. Also, I don't believe that the average screen star wears very well on the air, if heard too often. Naturally, there are exceptions."

Ray Heatherton: "I certainly do. There should be a community of spirit between all fields of artistic endeavor. It also brings artists closer to their public."

Rosemarie Brancato: "There would seem to me to be enough genuine radio talent to make guest stars unnecessary. Young people just starting out on radio careers find it somewhat discouraging when those who have already made their reputations on the stage, screen or in opera are called to appear on major programs."

Major Edward Bowes: "Certainly. Why not? If they have merit they will be the more widely publicized and enjoyed."

Lucy Monroe: "I approve of everything that stimulates interest in broadcasting."

Art Van Harvey: "To my notion, in many cases it is a mistake. Radio is one branch of the amusement business which requires its own technique. Many guest



When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out*! Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores*! Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on

the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (30)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

RADIO STARS

stars fail to register and even detract from a program."

Vaughn De Leath: "Guest appearances have the advantage of giving a touch of something fresh to programs that otherwise might become too stereotyped and set."

Tim Ryan: "Yes, but I do feel that they could be better presented. They should be studied and given more suitable parts instead of being forced, as a rule, to speak drivel."

Billy Jones: "Why not? I believe there is plenty of room on the radio for everyone in the theatrical profession."

Ted Malone: "It's immaterial, as far as I'm concerned."

Andre Kostelanetz: "Splendid idea, but dangerous in wholesale quantity."

Loretta Lee: "Only when they have something really entertaining to offer. When they get on the air, after a big build-up, and exchange a few pleasantries or crack some feeble gags, they not only hurt radio, but their own following as well."

Eddy Duchin: "Yes, it adds novelty and interest very often."

Patti Chapin: "I think it is interesting to hear a stage or screen star over the mike—it adds glamour and the people can visualize how they look while performing, having seen them before."

Milton Berle: "I do. Successful pro-

grams are built on the premise that people should be given what they want. Radio appearances of stage stars provide people in the hinterlands with the opportunity to hear celebrities that otherwise would be only names to them."

What three qualities are most essential in an individual, to assure his success on the air?

Phil Baker: "Personality that projects itself over the air. Good judgment of material and intelligence."

Ramona: "Personality, talent and sponsor."

Jacques Renard: "Ability—contact—good management."

James Wallington: "Showmanship, human characteristics and talent."

Smith Ballew: "Good diction, air personality and a pleasing voice."

Don Wilson: "One must first have something definitely worth while to offer. Second, a pleasing personality. Third, the art of projecting that personality through such an inanimate object as a microphone."

Thornton Fisher: "Personality, because it attracts. Sincerity, because it holds its audience. And, of course, without ability, neither of the first two qualifications are of any use. I place personality first because it has been amply demonstrated that many stars of questionable ability have

attained stellar proportions, because they were possessed of that very tangible thing we call personality."

Henry Busse: "First, ability. Second, personality. Third, willingness to learn and ability to take good advice."

Vincent Lopez: "1. Material. 2. Ability. 3. Right sponsor."

Jimmie Newill: "Talent—personality and ability to project it—ambition and perseverance."

Ozzie Nelson: "1. Complete naturalness and absence of affectation. 2. A distinctive quality, a 'differentness' of some sort. 3. Ambition—willingness to work hard."

Jimmy Farrell: "Talent, intelligent use of that talent, and sincerity."

Lucy Monroe: "Talent, a strong individual personality, and dependability."

Ted Malone: "Ability, opportunity, and personality."

Vaughn De Leath: "Above all, personality! Talent, plus training. And sincerity."

Leo Reisman: "Three? You got to be good—you got to be good—you gotta be good."

Irene Wicker: "Talent, hard work, and a sincere effort for constant improvement."

Ray Heathertons: "Perseverance, for many hard knocks and hopeless days precede success and one must have the cour-

JUNIOR-IF YOU DON'T I'LL SCREAM

SO RUN-DOWN EVERY LITTLE
THING GOT ON HER NERVES



VITAMINS A.B.G and D

RADIO STARS

age to carry on. Sincerity—no artist can go on long without it. He's bound to be found out. Good taste—a true artist is one who will present to his listening audience material which will never offend them or disillusion them as to the performer's finesse."

Ann Leaf: "Talent, personality and luck."

Art Van Harvey: "A pleasing voice that the mike will take to kindly. Second, naturalness, and third, simplicity."

Charlie Barnet: "Microphone personality—originality—and good judgment in not using offensive material."

Tim Ryan: "There are three definite requirements, all of which must combine at all times: First, ability—you must be able to do. Second, personality—necessary to project your ability. Third, material which is good."

Rosemarie Brancato: "Talent, personality and confidence in one's ability."

Andre Kostelanetz: "Individuality, perseverance, luck."

Curtis Arnall: "Good 'sight-reading' ability, perfect rhythm of speech and steady nerves."

Loretta Lee: "1. Distinctive ability. 2. Persistency. 3. Discrimination in radio offering."

Major Edward Bowes: "Sincerity, ability and personality."

Abe Lyman: "Personality, speaking voice and singing voice."

Virginia Verrill: "Quality suitable for the air. Ability to select suitable material. Plenty of rehearsing."

Billy Jones: "Voice—ability—personality."

Eddy Duchin: "I should say—1. Good diction. 2. Presence (or poise.) 3. Talent."

Jessica Dragonette: "Originality, personality and unusual talent."

Milton Berle: "Clean humor, original material and distinctive style of delivery."

Patti Chapin: "Ability, personality and sincerity, proper connections."

When off the air, what form of recreation do you most enjoy?

Phil Baker: "Playing with my children. P.S. I can pick up twelve jacks at a time."

Ramona: "Reading in the winter time or in the rainy season. Horseback riding on beautiful crisp days."

Jacques Renard: "Golf and the movies—especially animated cartoons."

Smith Ballew: "Tennis, fishing, hunting and riding."

Don Wilson: "Sailing and golfing and horseback riding."

Thornton Fisher: "Golf and horses. I don't mean bridle path riding, either. I like a horse that can take high hurdles. A well trained horse is a superb companion."

I'll take these two sports in preference to any others."

Henry Busse: "My favorite off-the-air recreation, weather permitting, is golf. And I also get quite a kick out of a visit to the track, to try and outguess the mutants."

Jimmie Newill: "Golfing, swimming and reading. Also, bowling."

Ozzie Nelson: "Any outdoor athletics."

Jimmy Farrell: "A day of golf, a hearty dinner and an evening of bridge."

Lucy Monroe: "Horseback riding."

Ted Malone: "I expect the answer is reading."

Vaughn De Leath: "Flying, motoring and motion pictures—in the order named."

Leo Reisman: "Learning how to be on the air properly."

Irene Wicker: "Reading—listening to music (directly or over the radio)—outdoor exercise—plays."

Ray Heatherton: "Singing, polo, steeplechase hurdling and water sports. Also, of course, theatre and concerts."

Major Edward Bowes: "Being off the air!"

Helen Jepson: "Time with my little one, Sallie. Going to our place in the country, where we have the start of a small farm, or surf casting."

STOP THAT WHISTLING—)

GE E MA--
WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU--
YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTIN'
ALL UPSET OVER
NOTHING--WHY
CAN'T A FELLOW
WHISTLE IF HE
FEELS LIKE IT?

THAT EVENING I SIMPLY CAN'T PLAY
WITH THAT NOISE GOING
ON--THOSE GIRLS UPSTAIRS MUST BE
TAP-DANCING AGAIN--I'M GOING TO CALL
THE SUPERINTENDENT AND HAVE
IT STOPPED--

BUT, MY DEAR-- IT'S ONLY
NINE OCLOCK--YOU'RE SURELY
NOT GOING TO COMPLAIN
NOW!

ISUPPOSE IT WOULD BE PRETTY MEAN--
BUT HONESTLY--I'M SO TIRED LATELY EVERY-
THING GETS ON
MY NERVES

MY DOCTOR SAYS WHEN YOU FEEL
ALL-IN LIKE THAT IT'S USUALLY BE-
CAUSE YOUR BLOOD IS UNDERFERD. HE TOLD
ME TO TAKE FLEISCH-
MANN'S YEAST--
SAYS IT FEEDS
THE BLOOD

LOOK--LOOK--
I HIT IT!

GE E MA-- I NEVER
THOUGHT YOU'D
BE GOOD LIKE
THAT!

OH BOY--
THAT WAS
SWELL!

DON'T LET UNDERFERD BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING TIRED OUT

THAT tired, nervous feeling at this time of the year usually means your blood is *underferd* and does not carry enough of the right kind of nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with health-building vitamins and other vital food elements. It helps your blood to carry more and better nourishment to your nerve and muscle tissues.

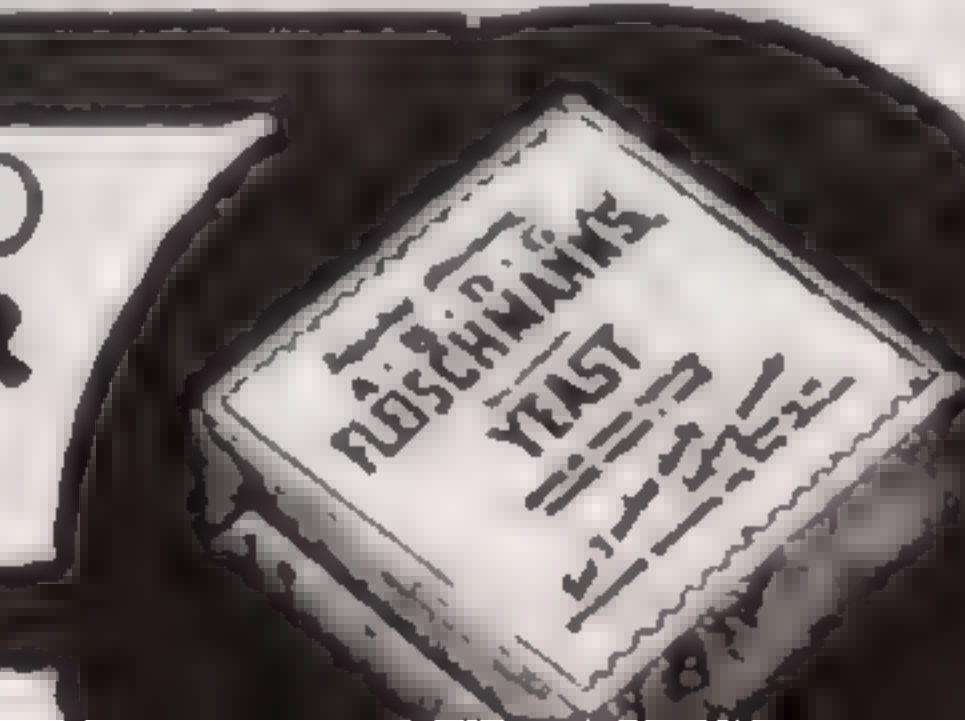
Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day—one cake about ½ hour before meals. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food. What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.



THE TABLES ARE TURNING

(Continued from page 50)

*Fear has
no place in*
**FEMININE
HYGIENE**
if your method is modern

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, greasy, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, safe, effective, and, equally important—dainty!

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snowy-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain the long effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power yet freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

SNOWY WHITE
Each in individual
glass vial



Zonitors
FOR
**FEMININE HYGIENE
GREASELESS**

Zonitors, 3464 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. Send, in plain envelope, free booklet, A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Name.....
Address.....

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PLAYS**

60
YEARS
OF HITS

Musical Comedies, Operettas, Vaudeville Acts, Minstrels, Comedy Songs, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free

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**CLEAR-LOOKING
SKIN FOR
EVERYONE!**

New Cream Hides Blemishes!

NO longer need a conspicuous blemish cause you embarrassment! Now you can instantly conceal a Birthmark, Scar, Burn, Bruise, Pimples, Freckles, Dark Circles Under Eyes or any skin discoloration with "Hide-it". Won't rub off, peel or crack. Perspiration or water won't affect it. Lasts all day until removed. \$1 at Dept. and Drug Stores. 10c size at Ten Cent Stores.

**Hide-it
HIDES BLEMISHES**

LUCKILY I USED HIDE-IT

TRIAL Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept 15-B, Chicago I enclose 10c for trial size "Hide-it" in shade checked:
☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan
Name..... Town.....
Address..... State.....

and took the bows.

It was a thorough Broadway ribbing and and not entirely in fun, but Berle took it, grinning, and helped the story along by kidding himself on his gag-stealing proclivities. There was the time Milton was introduced to the wife of the late Richey Craig, Jr.

"She's so pretty I think I'll steal her, too," Berle said.

"I should say not!" Mrs. Craig snapped. "Do you think I want to hear Richey's gags all over again!"

Another time, when Craig was playing at the Palace, the annunciators at the sides of the stage announced: "Richey Craig, Jr." And out walked Milton Berle! The audience roared at the supposed gag, not knowing that Berle, among other friends of Craig, had been with Richey in his dressing-room, feeding him raw eggs for an attack of what was to be his last illness, and that Berle went on at the last minute to pinch-hit for his friend.

It was through "Richey Craig, Jr." that the whole gag-thief legend started.

"We were sitting in Dave's Blue Room," Berle says, "Richey and I, in 1931—talking and kidding back and forth. A few friends were around also—one of them a columnist. I pulled a gag about something and Richey said: 'That's mine, Berle.' The next gag Craig pulled I claimed—we were ribbing one another. First thing you know, it occurred to me—or to Richey, I forget which—to start a mock feud over stealing gags, so we did it. The columnist picked it up and the story built up from then on."

Now, even while he realizes that the publicity was invaluable and that the gag-bandit reputation kept him in the public eye, Milton Berle would like to lose it. As comedy star of the *Gillette Community Sing*, Berle's rise has been phenomenal, his material and delivery vastly improved over his earlier radio appearances. He's approaching his peak as an entertainer and, not unnaturally, he's beginning to be irked by the "lifter" label that has been so firmly fixed on him.

Standing before the microphone at the CBS Radio Theatre, before an audience of about 1500 and a listening audience of perhaps a million odd, Berle has come a long way from the kid of six who played in church shows and sang in a children's chorus up in Harlem. In 1916 he essayed his first comedy part by entering a Charlie Chaplin impersonation contest, in the Bronx. The moustache was a bit of fur from one of his mother's old coats; his father's trousers and a borrowed cane and derby completed the make-up. A man, impressed with young Berle's act, took him to Mt. Vernon where finals were being run and Berle won. It was a short step from that to playing kid parts in the old movie companies then being produced around New York; Berle worked for the Cosmos, Crystal and Biograph Companies in New York and New Jersey around 1916 and played with Pearl White in *The*

Perils of Pauline, with Eddie Hutchinson in *The Iron Claw*, and many others. He was on the way to being something of a child-wonder, but was hardly the male Shirley Temple of his day. Probably much of his abounding self-confidence and exuberance today traces back to those early beginnings that make Berle, at twenty-eight, a veteran of twenty-two years experience.

There were a few typical Berle slips even then, however. One time young Milton was playing a part that went right through the picture. There was about one week more to shoot, when he arrived at the studio one morning looking strangely altered. The director looked at him and said:

"What've you done to yourself?"

"I got a haircut," Milton said proudly. (They had to retake all his previous scenes!)

Another time, Milton was playing a poor, ragged waif. After he had been working awhile, Berle went around the studio showing off a startlingly large diamond ring he had bought. It wasn't a particularly good diamond, but it was big. A director had been admiring it absent-mindedly, when he suddenly grabbed Berle.

"How long have you been wearing that?" he snapped.

"Oh—a week or so," Milton said proudly.

The director dashed for the projection-room and had some of the last rushes run off. There was young Berle, ragged, dirty—and proudly waving a huge diamond ring!

One other angle about Berle that has received as much publicity as his alleged gag-stealing is his mother. It's quite true that Milton and his Mom have been unusually close. From the earliest beginnings, Mrs. Berlinger—which was the family's real name—encouraged Milton, believed in him and left her home to travel all over the country with him. But she didn't think for him, nor did she play a very active part in managing his affairs. They say Milton couldn't have inherited his gag-lifting tricks, because when he was starting in show business Ma Berle was a store detective in Gimbel Brothers' store and in Wanamakers. When Milton went into vaudeville, Ma went along and she sat out in the audience for every show, four and five times a day, every day in the week. And, good, bad or indifferent, Mom would laugh heartily at all of Milton's gags. She has a hearty, infectious laugh and, more often than not, her laugh would start the audience laughing—which was the idea. And, as far as a comedian is concerned, whether the audience laughed with her, or at Milton, as long as they laughed, it was all right. She saw to it that they laughed. Anyone who has sat through the same act even three times will acknowledge that that's real mother love!

Milton's devotion to her is not a publicity story. Even today, he carries a joint account with his mother and his first con-

consideration is for her. He's no sissy—he likes girls and goes out with one or another as fancy dictates, but he doesn't get tangled up and if he were going to buy diamond bracelets, he'd be apt to get them for his mother first. Ma Berle wouldn't mind if he fell in love and got married; he just hasn't happened to, so far.

While his mother inspired him, stooged for him and helped him build up confidence in himself, it was a manager named Sam Baerwitz who played a great part in Berle's professional life. After Berle's early efforts in vaudeville, Baerwitz handled his act, coached him, fought for bookings for him and believed in him. Milton had not done comedy at first, as a kid actor. He'd worked with Mabel Normand in a picture when he was eleven; in 1920 he played in a revival of *Floradora* in the children's sextette—with him were Ben Grauer, now the radio announcer, Helen Chandler and Marguerite Churchill, who have since made their marks on the stage, and the late Junior Durkin.

He did an act with Elizabeth Kennedy for four years. They were known as the *Child Wonders*. Milton says they were terrific and when they split up in 1924 he was at the gawky stage.

"After that," as Berle tells it, "I did a single. I was the first master of ceremonies to work with all the acts on the bill, for Loew—only they didn't call them that—they called me an 'announcer.' I'd come out with the different acts and clown with them."

It was around this time that the Keith office refused to book Berle, claiming that he was not big-time material and adding that they didn't think he ever would be. But, in spite of rebuffs, Baerwitz kept plugging for Berle and Berle kept working. He did singles, he did master of ceremonies in various "flash acts"—singing and dancing tabloid revues—that Baerwitz put out and finally the day came when Berle, known by this time as the greatest gag-lifter on the circuit, was considered for the Palace Theatre, the vaudeville actor's Valhalla.

"Lou Holtz, Frank Fay, Bill Gaxton and Richey Craig had all had runs, M. C.-ing at the Palace," Milton says. "They were looking for someone to follow them and they picked me. I was scared silly—it was all I could do to walk out on to the stage at the opening show."

But Berle discovered that even the Palace audience would laugh at his stuff—so, with characteristic gusto, he sailed in—gagged, kidded, wisecracked back at his kidding contemporaries—and ran for four weeks. It was a tough talent lineup to work against, too. Fifi D'Orsay, Beatrice Lillie, George Olsen, Bobby May, Al Siegal and other headliners were on the bill; many of them big names when Berle was a child. And Berle, without a chance to break in his stuff on Broadway, opened cold—and killed them.

The gags that were pulled on him at that Palace engagement clinched his reputation as a gag-bandit. It didn't hurt him, however. He played sixteen weeks in the *Vanities of 1932*; six weeks at the Palace, Chicago, and appeared many times on the *Vallee Varieties* radio show, as well as eight weeks on the *Old Gold* program, with Harry Richman and Waring's *Pennsylvanians*.

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Priscilla Lane and Johnny Davis go into their new dance while performing for Fred Waring's Noveleers, comedy musical group with the Pennsylvanians.

"I wasn't so hot," he says, "in those first appearances. I had bad luck with my material and too little time to work. I hadn't learned a radio style or microphone technique. It wasn't until I made one of several repeat appearances with Vallee, in 1936, that I thought I really *had* something. I changed my style—worked slower and made gags less important. It was after I'd filled in two weeks for Fannie Brice, on the *Ziegfeld Follies of the Air*, that I did an audition for Gillette, with Jack Oakie and Cliff Edwards. I'm not crowing—but I got the show.

"I know all this publicity about gag-stealing helped build me up. But as a matter of fact I spend plenty of money on

material—all new, special stuff . . . look!" Berle went to a large file and pulled out folder after folder. "Here you are—here's stuff Wilkie Mahoney wrote for me . . . and Irving Brecher, who writes my present show with me . . . all listed, every date I ever played, practically.

"I write a good part of my own stuff, too. It was on my program that this burlesquing of popular plays and pictures started. We did *Romeo and Gillette* by William Shavebeard, long ago. Back in September I took a girl from the audience to use in the *Berlettes* skit, because it fitted in with the *Community Sing* idea. About a month later O'Keefe did it. A long time ago I did *Last of the Mohicans*

and, a few weeks later, someone else did it. I did *Anthony Adverse* and, a few nights later, Jack Benny did it. I don't say they stole it—coincidences happen. There was the time I had that gag: 'I got my Southern accent drinking out of a Dixie cup,' in the script. Before I could use it, four other comedians had used the gag in one week!"

It's true, of course, that it's hardly possible to be completely original in gag comedy. All gags are adaptations of old comedy ideas and, times without number, comedy writers have duplicated, unintentionally, one another's ideas. And it's also true that an old vaudeville standard crack used to be: "Let's go down to the Palace and get some new material." Anyway, Berle's justification came in court, when Ross & Edwards sued him for using a bit of stage business they claimed as theirs.

The judge asked: "When was the first time you saw Ross & Edwards' act?"

Berle replied: "When Jans and Whalen did it!" He added that Jans & Whalen got it from Kramer & Boyle, who got it from Clarke & Hamilton. Berle, incidentally, proved his point and won out.

Berle is tremendously enthusiastic about himself, his work, and his program. He punctuates his conversation by poking his finger at you to make a point, or with the exclamation: "Y'hear?" in a rising inflection. Though primarily a stage performer, used to an audience, he aims his radio show at the home listener and thinks that the faults on his earlier radio appearances were due to playing to the studio audience too much. He *ad libs* a great deal, even on the air and he says you can't be too smart for a radio audience—a performer needn't "play down" to them.

Without the dry wit of Fred Allen, or the pleasant suavity of Jack Benny, Berle has a style of his own. He is the wise-cracking type of comic, willing to be, or to make someone else be, ridiculous for laughs. He grins in a puppy-like, engaging way and goes through his routine with the zest of one who enjoys it. He doesn't win an audience so much through the appeal of his personality as because he does manage to be funny. He's a big fellow, a half inch short of six feet. Amiable, Berle never walks into fights. In an argument with Harry Jans (of Jans & Whalen), a long time ago, Berle avoided bringing it into a socking match. It was not long afterward that he met Tony Canzoneri, one of his best friends today, and Tony began boxing with him almost every day. So Berle probably could give a good account of himself now.

Just before the writer left, Berle played a transcription of one of his past shows. It was one of his burlesques of *Good Will Court* and it was funny. Berle was a good audience. Throughout he chuckled at gag lines; punched his knee and kept up a running fire of: "Terrific." "You get it?" "Y'hear?" It was as impersonal an appreciation as though he had been listening to someone else. They had to stop burlesquing that program, however. And a few nights later, your reporter, dialing in a Mutual Network station heard the *Crosley Follies* doing *Good For Nothing Court*—a burlesque of the same program. So maybe Berle has something to be sore about!

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SHE CAN'T HOLD HER BEAUX!

(Continued from page 39)

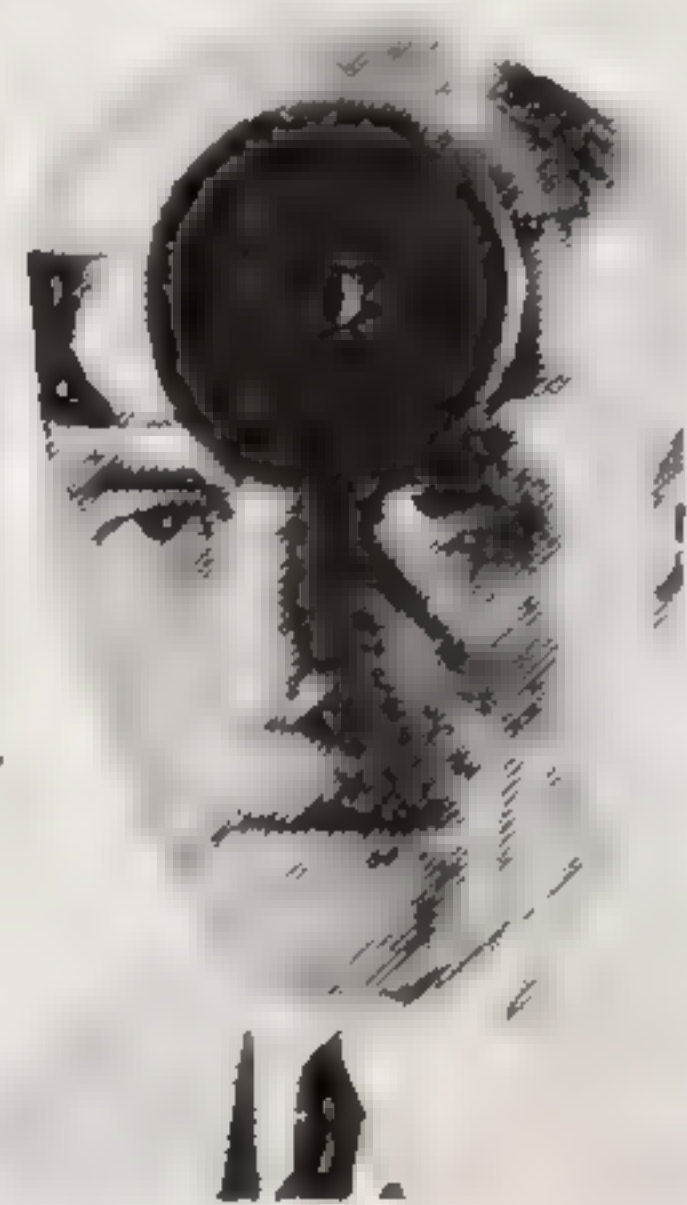


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and butter and sang hard, but they also knew how to take it easy in their time off and have fun and be calm.

But not Jane. She was never happy unless she was breathlessly busy, agitating over six things at once, rushing around all day from appointment to appointment, or getting another scholarship at the Juilliard School. She crammed in singing and language and dramatic and dancing lessons, for the future when she'd be a star on her own. Of course, she was frazzled to a nub when night came, but what if the others *were* gaily surging out on a double date? Jane would don her pajamas and spend the evening at the piano arranging two choruses of *St. Louis Blues* and get a kick out of it. She was pretty sure she was having a swell time.

Until her first big New York romance went blotto. He was a very athletic and blonde young artist, with an Oxford accent and illustrations in all the best magazines. He liked tall girls and music and Jane—and he had practically convinced her that two careers in the same East River duplex would be a delightful idea. That is, he convinced her whenever he had a chance. If they sat at home, Jane invariably got six urgent business telephone calls right in the middle of his most serious conversations. If they went out, they were rarely alone because it was always to a broadcast or a night club opening or some play Jane simply had to see in connection with her dramatic lessons. Half the time, when he arrived for a date, she'd come home an hour late, supperless and apologetic and too exhausted to budge off the divan all evening. But he was in love and sweet about it.

But gradually that sort of thing began to hurt his pride. One night, when she had an engagement with him for eight o'clock, Jane was detained at her music teacher's. A little after ten she rushed home to find a box of wilted tuberose on the foyer table; across the box top had been penned a terse: "*If we were married it would always be like this.*" And she never again saw the man who wrote the words.

For a while she nursed a badly broken heart but she was only twenty and there were scads of other beaux on her telephone every night and Jane decided not to be disillusioned just because one man had failed to understand. So, for her next romance, after she had properly recovered from her first, she tumbled for a young doctor who was busy enough himself to realize what the demands of a career could be.

Of course, he was entirely sympathetic the night she had to break a dinner engagement with him to get some important song arrangements finished by the next morning. How was she to know that a Hollywood agent, in town for only a few hours between planes, would telephone and urge the Pickens Sisters to meet him in the offices of the Capitol Theatre at eight o'clock for a hurried business talk? Since Jane always handled things of that kind, she slipped on her cape and dashed over

to the theatre in a taxi. And the next morning her broken-dinner-date read this little item in a newspaper gossip column: "*Random Snapshots—Jane Pickens, resplendent in silver fox, emerging from the Capitol last eve with Mr. Blank of the Cinema City.*" The young doctor didn't even ask for an explanation. Three days later he sailed to study in Vienna and he's never even sent a post card.

"I finally realized," said Jane, "that I had to decide between two things, between romance and devoting all my energies to making a real career for myself. One invariably suffered from the other and I couldn't have both. So I decided—well, I *thought* I decided—on the career."

And out to Hollywood went the Pickens three, to sing for the sound tracks. *Sittin' Pretty* was the picture and production was delayed on it several times, which left the girls with all kinds of leisure to have fun. Week after week they hadn't a thing to do, while their salary checks came in regularly just the same, so Helen and Patti took full advantage of a vacation in the California sunshine. Not Jane, though. Typically, she went and got herself enrolled in the best Los Angeles musical and dramatic schools, loaded herself down with teachers and tutors and even another course in dress designing!

Romance was too much in the air, however, for her to stick entirely to the career business. Patti was being beamed around from breakfast to bedtime. Helen had met and become engaged to Salvatore Curioni and when Jane was introduced to a certain attractive young advertising executive, her heart, despite everything, promptly turned turtle.

For six weeks they kept company and when her birthday was about to roll around, her best beau wanted to have a party for her. He scheduled it for the night of her birthday and had invited sixty guests, when she discovered, two days beforehand, that she was expected to sing at a school recital that evening. So he postponed it until another night, when she was positively *sure* she'd be free, notified all his guests and changed his plans and was very understanding.

Then what should happen, the very afternoon of the party, but that the Pickens' should get a studio call. They were to report to the lot at once to have their costumes fitted for the next morning's shooting. Jane had gone off to take her French lesson, Helen and Patti couldn't reach her by phone, so they had to go without her. And when she came home at dinner-time, she found she'd have to rush right out to the studio and have her costumes fitted that night.

"Don't call the party off," she telephoned her host in explanation, "I'll try my best to hurry and I may be a little late—but I'll be there!"

So the party went ahead, very much dampened by the absence of its honor guest. And Jane Pickens learned that night that the last thing in the world that

can be hurried is a fitting. There were four costumes, and she stood still and straight for six hours, while a seamstress basted and pinned and snipped away the evening. When she finally got to the party, it was after midnight, the birthday candles were puddles of pink wax, most of the guests had gone home and she was so tired she couldn't even be apologetic.

Somehow the advertising executive never quite got over that. He dated Jane a few times more, then drifted away.

It was almost two years before she allowed herself to fall in love again. On a trip to Bermuda, she forgot, for the third time, her decision to stick to business and leave romance alone. He was a senior at one of the big New England universities, he had made quite a name for himself in football and he scored an even bigger touchdown with Jane. All winter he drove to New York, every single weekend, to see her and when spring holidays came he invited her up to that biggest event of all collegiate years—the fraternity house parties. Jane was thrilled to death, because only *best girls* get bids to house party week. She even turned down a radio guest-appearance offer in order to go. She bought a lot of new gowns and made her pullman reservations.

And then, at the very last minute, she was held over a week at the Paramount Theatre, where she'd been appearing in the stage show. Whether she liked it or not—and she didn't like it—she had to go on playing four-a-day, house party or no house party. Her young man definitely didn't like it, either. Maybe he realized that this was the first of a series of in-

evitable disappointments when a fellow loved a girl in show business; maybe he had boasted to his frat brothers of inviting a radio star to the dances and had been mercilessly kidded when she didn't show up. At any rate, the incident served to cool his ardor.

And that was soon the end of that.

"So I decided," Jane told me, "that I might as well reap *some* benefit from the time I'd taken away from fun and devoted to work. I thought I was finally prepared to become a star on my own. I put my voice under the training of Madame Schoen-Rene, a famous and wonderful teacher and, got down to real business.

"It wasn't very long until the phone rang one day and an agent asked me if I wanted to try out for the singing lead in the *Follies*. I didn't have any idea I'd really get it. When I sang two numbers and Mr. Lee Shubert offered me the part right away, I almost died with excitement. I'm playing eight performances a week and doing a broadcast every Saturday night and I'm still keeping up with my dramatic and music lessons, too. It's practically working me to death, but I love it!"

So these days, with the trio vacationing from the air, things aren't the way they used to be around the Pickens' apartment, when all three of the girls had strings of top hats in tow every night of the week. Helen is engrossed in the affairs of being a young society matron; Patti's doing the town with fiancé Bob Simmons—and Jane's just a hard-working girl, chanting *Midnight Blue* and *Island of the West Indies* at the Winter Garden every night and

coming home very gladly, after a rushed and fatiguing day, to the pleasant prospect of an early bedtime.

Which is sort of a shame, because the prettiest Pickens, as she's often been called, has all the things that go with romance. She's tall and trim, with a clear-eyed look of distinction about her that's often more charming than mere beauty. She has a simple, wholesome mouth and a perennially fluffy bob and stunning clothes and her skin's the color of delicate bisque porcelain. Added to all of which is the outstanding fact that she can cook Georgia batter bread that's too good to be eaten without prayer.

"'Course it's all my fault," she confessed, "that I'm living like a hermit these days. I asked for it and I guess I'm getting it. I've got an awful bug in me that drives me on to accomplish things. I've always been that way. I guess—I guess, actually, I'd rather be busy than beamed. No, not really that—but you see, it isn't fair to love a man and subordinate him entirely to your work. It isn't fair to you or to him.

"Love takes time, lots of time . . . So, for a while, anyway, until I get my fill of ambition, the best thing is not to love anybody. If I did, it would turn out as it has so many other times—I'd lose him."

"Would you really say," I asked, "that Jane Pickens can't hold her beaux?"

She slowly drew a pointed fingernail across the pillow of the divan. "Say," she said seriously after a moment, "that for all her bright talk about a career, Jane Pickens sometimes secretly regrets that she hasn't a beau to hold."



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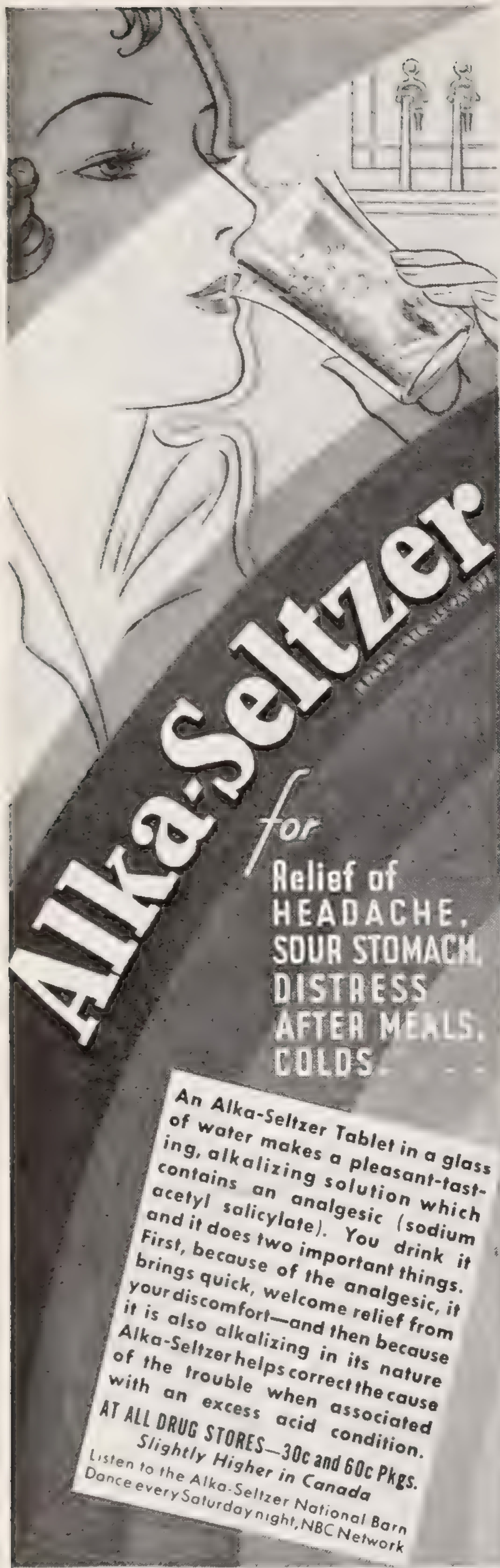
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(Continued from page 47)



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explained to me, "and I faced a definite crisis in my life. You see, the old-country Italian families never send their girls away from home. Not even to college. As soon as a girl completes what education she can get in her own town, she's expected to marry and settle down and have children.

"That's what my parents intended for me. Honestly, I couldn't bear the thought! Why, I'd never been allowed to have a date in my life! I'd never been near any boys but my brothers. That's another part of the old-country tradition, too; a nice Italian girl doesn't go out at night as American girls do. She stays at home until some young Italian in the neighborhood decides he'd like to marry her. Then he asks his father to ask her father for her hand and if her father thinks it's a good match, he goes right ahead and arranges it. The girl doesn't have much say-so in the matter; she simply does what her family want her to do.

"I was only seventeen and I didn't want to settle down! I wasn't in love with anybody and all my American girl friends were getting jobs and travelling and going to dances and having so much fun. I envied them to death! I was crazy to go away and study singing, to work, to do something besides sit at home—but my family wouldn't hear of it.

"I felt," she told me, "those long, endless days and nights when I did nothing but paint china and moon around the house—I felt much like the *Lady of Shalott*, who looked into the mirror while the cavalcade was going past on the highway. I simply had to do things. And I wanted to do them with my voice."

It was in the midst of this that Papa Brancato died and his last wish, expressed to his wife, was that Rosemarie should be allowed to keep on with her music. When one of her former high school teachers, shifting from Kansas City to the faculty of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, offered to look out for Rosemarie if she were allowed to study there, Mrs. Brancato gave in. So her baby, with trunks of clothes and bright eyes and high hopes, went away.

"I had everything but fun during my four years in college," Rosemarie said to me. "I had money to spend and encouragement and I even got a scholarship, my second year, for winning the New York State Atwater Kent audition. But, in the first place, I had to work harder than I'd ever dreamed hard work could be. You see, I didn't even know how to read music very well and I landed up there with a whole school full of child prodigies, who'd been studying music all their lives. They could recite circles around me. I got an awful inferiority complex and lots of times I cried and hated college, but it was still better than being at home doing nothing.

"The second thing that kept me from having fun was—well, I guess you'd call it the boy question. I knew my family trusted me to behave the same away from home as I'd always been taught—and I wouldn't betray their trust by having any dates. Not that I had many chances; I

studied every night, usually because there was nothing else to do. But if a boy even looked at me, I'd blush. I couldn't even talk to a boy. Honestly, I didn't know how. I hadn't the easy camaraderie that the other girls had with men and I was so self-conscious when I was around them that they shied away and stayed away.

"I was such an innocent child at eighteen. Mother had been a practicing obstetrician in Kansas City. She had graduated from the University at Palermo, Italy, while she was waiting for my father to make good in America and come back and marry her, and whenever she'd take her little black bag and leave the house to bring some neighborhood baby into the world, she'd tell me she was going to market and buy the baby and carry it to its mother. I believed that until my second year in college! Can you imagine it? I'd always been kept that sheltered from life."

For a graduation present from college, Rosemarie's mother and brothers and sisters gave her six hundred dollars. She could use it to study for a little while in New York, they said—to sort of put the whipped cream topping on her Eastman education—but if she wanted to study over a period of years, she couldn't do it in Manhattan. New York was no place for a young single girl to be on her own. She must go to Italy; if she would do that, she could attend school there under the finest teachers for as long as she liked.

After a few months in New York, however, Rosemarie balked at the prospect of going to Italy. For the first time in her life she bucked against her family's orders.

"I felt," she explained to me, "that I could get as fine training in New York as I could abroad. I knew it. And besides, there's a movement in Italy now to give all the singing jobs to the native-born singers. I didn't want my music to be pleasure alone—I wanted a chance to work with it and I realized that my chances for work were greater in New York than anywhere else in the world."

So she did a rather unusual thing for a rich girl. She stuck to New York, even after her family had stopped her allowance and refused her any further aid. With only a hundred dollars between herself and defeat, she got a job in an East Side Settlement-House; she moved into a dismal attic apartment with the only friends she had in the city, two girls who had gone to college with her. Then she set out to find her place in the music world.

The whole thing was far more grim than she had expected it to be. She worked from two in the afternoon until ten at night at the Settlement-House, a haven to which ragged little East Side urchins scurried for games and milk and crackers and shower baths. It was her job to see that the big boys didn't pick on the little boys, that they got clean behind the ears and didn't walk out with the Settlement's toys and baseballs under their shirts. For her efforts, which left her frazzled at the end of the day, she made fifty dollars a month and suppers. Just try to live on fifty dollars a month in New York!

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This is not Frankenstein, so calm your fears. It's Phil Spitalny, maestro of radio's most unusual orchestra. The band is composed of thirty beautiful women musicians, all of whom are willing worshippers at Phil's feet. Program is heard over NBC, Mondays.

Nights, when she went home, she did the marketing, cooking and cleaning for the apartment. That knocked off a slice of the rent she had to pay. But mornings—mornings were what she lived for. From nine until one she attended Estelle Liebling's famous radio class, learning mike technique and voice and operatic rôles and stage presence. Miss Liebling, who has brought to fame such musical stars as Jessica Dragonette, Jeritza, Galli-Curci and Vivienne Segal, performed a master stroke when she took Rosemarie Brancato under her wing without a cent's payment in return.

For, one day in Chicago, Marion Talley caught a cold that prevented her scheduled appearance with the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Jeritza, who had heard a shy little Italian girl singing at Miss Liebling's and had not forgotten her, suggested: "Send for Rosemarie Brancato in New York at once! The child has a lyric coloratura soprano that is positively sensational!"

Rosemarie got the message, the chance she had waited and worked for so hard, on a Friday night. She performed the almost impossible feat of memorizing the whole rôle of *Gilda* in *Rigoletto* during a single week-end. All Sunday night she lay awake with excitement in a berth on the Twentieth Century. All of Monday she memorized more music score and stage directions under the excruciating pressure of simply *having* to make good. And that night she stepped on to the stage in her Juliet-like costume of white and gold, with her long yellow hair brushed demurely down her back, and a steady heart, and sang *Gilda*.

Raved is the only word for what the critics did. They dusted off their finest stock of seldom-used adjectives to praise her voice, to call it "marvelously pure and of ravishing timbre." Not since the sensational début of Galli-Curci in the same



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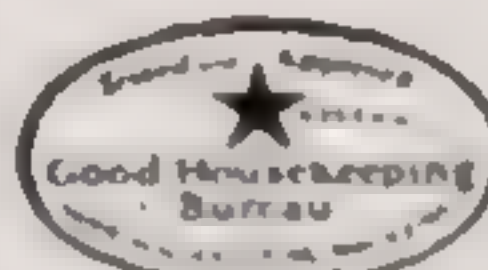
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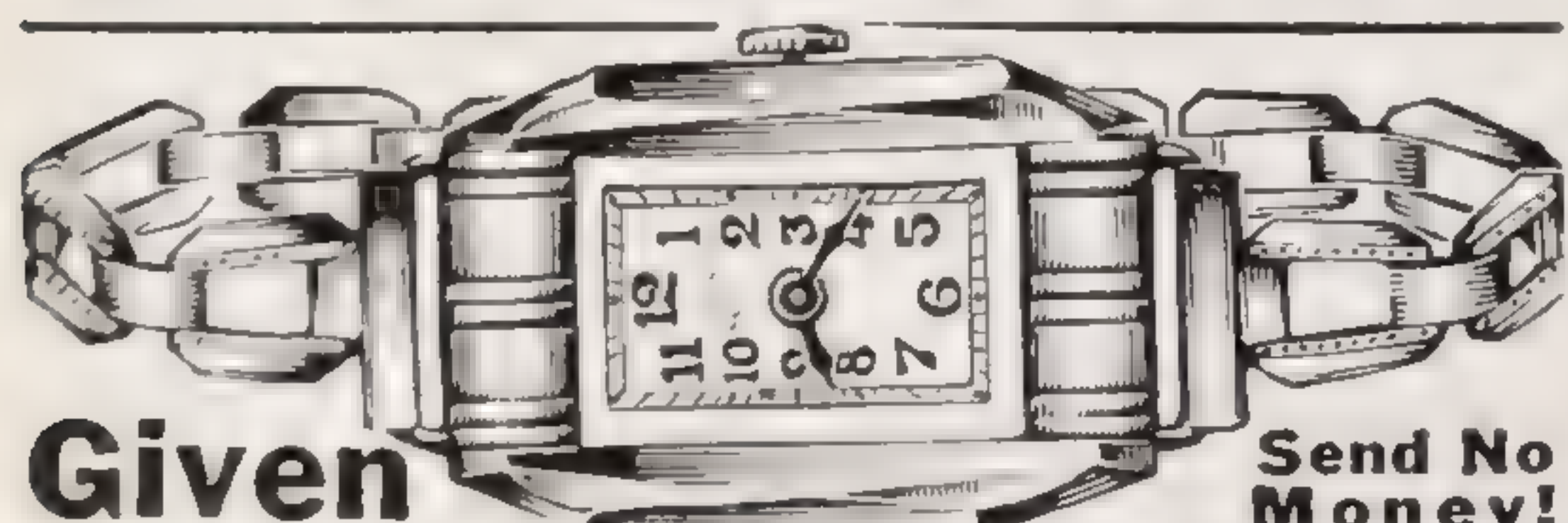
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rôle, they said, had such a pandemonium of applause greeted a new opera star in Chicago. In the music world, Miss Brancato had made her mark.

The nicest surprise, though, came to Rosemarie long before the morning papers were on the newsstands. Answering a quiet knock on her dressing-room door, after the performance, she opened it to see her mother and her six brothers and sisters standing in the hallway. Somehow the announcement of her coming début had got a one-inch write-up on the back page of a Kansas City newspaper. The family had seen it and had driven all night for two nights to sit secretly in the audience at *Rigoletto*. Her music, the thing that had separated her from her own people, had also, at last, reconciled them to her again. From that time on she had their sanction and their support in her career.

Of course something had to happen when she made her first triumphant return to her home town. On the way to the performance a car door was accidentally slammed against her head, which not only made her ill for a week but rendered her absolutely voiceless for several months. She got over that, though, with the help of several specialists and a rest cure. And she not only has played Kansas City since, via radio, but she has gone back three times in opera and concert and every time the house has sold standing-room.

It was inevitable that radio would come to Rosemarie. Several months before she got her first opera chance, she went down to Radio City one day to help out a trio of her friends who needed a soprano for an audition. An advertising agency executive singled out her voice from among the others, asked her to do a solo, took her name and address—and promised to telephone if his firm ever could use her.

Two years later, to the very month, he called. He didn't say the usual: "Please report for an audition." He said: "Please report for program rehearsal on Thursday." Rosemarie débuted immediately on *Echoes of New York Town*.

"After that," she said to me, "I began to believe in lucky omens and Santa Claus and guardian angels! It's still too good to be true!"

I sat with this bright new star at luncheon the other day. Hers is the peculiarly startling combination of dark olive skin and blonde hair, with long straight black lashes that sometimes make her look much more Oriental than Italian. She's a tiny little thing, about five-feet-two, with a size fourteen figure and a very pronounced cupid's bow mouth that many a Hollywood queen would like to have been born with. She wears simple ingenue dresses, topped by Peter Pan collars, "because I have to keep my throat protected and I don't like scarves," and her hair is wound coronet-fashion about her head.

Her greatest extravagance is evening clothes—a new gown for every broadcast—but she has worn the same pair of walking oxfords practically every day for the past three years. And she never puts on a hat. You simply couldn't get a hat on Rosemarie Brancato for anything short of luncheon at the Waldorf or a snow-storm.

She lives alone in a small, beautifully decorated apartment in the Fifties. She cooks her own breakfasts, answers her

own fan mail and vocalizes every morning for two hours, while she throws the windows wide and cleans house. Much of which, you'll have to admit, isn't a bit like most of radio's orchids.

"The only trouble with singing for your bread and butter is that you have to be such a sissy about your throat," she laughed. "I can hardly ever go dancing because I have to stay out of drafts and not get overheated and not take cold and all that. I love to dance. I think it's marvelous fun. I think it's grand to have young men take you to movies and parties and for long walks in the country on week-end afternoons. I've only just started going out like that, so it's sort of extra glamorous to me.

"You see," she said shyly, "I'm not ashamed to admit it, but—well—I was never even kissed until last April!"

She twisted the big onyx beads at her neck and added quietly: "I would have hated it if it had been someone I didn't like an awful lot. But, fortunately, I did like him.

"Some day, two or three years from now, I want to marry. I think it would be lovely to have somebody you loved to lean on, instead of depending on yourself for everything and being alone most of the time. I know too well what that's like! There've been so many times when I wanted a beau so badly! Like the night I débuted on the air, or like—well, you know how it is when you ride up Fifth Avenue on an August day and you see the store windows already full of dark fall clothes and it makes you feel sort of strangely sad because summer's going away so fast. You can't explain it but you want somebody to tell it to, somebody who'll understand and say something. For so long I hadn't a soul. It was like living on a desert island, thinking I heard footsteps when I didn't.

"I never intend to let singing become the only important thing in my life. I saw something the other day, along that line, that simply crushed me. I saw a woman who, a few years ago, used to be one of the topmost-stars on the air, trying to go up to Radio City and the attendants in the downstairs lobby wouldn't let her on the elevator. She wasn't recognized and she hadn't a pass so they sent her away. Her face was—oh, pathetically stricken! I could have wept. That's so true, about really such an empty thing, when you come down. You can't depend on a career.

"And fame," Rosemarie Brancato added with the wisdom of few young folk, "is really such an empty thing when you come right down to it."

She's a charming girl, this Kansas City singing star, and I think much of her difference from the rest of the air's stellar youngsters is due to the fact that her whole concern, her full interest and her hobbies, are all musical. Unlike her sister stars, she hasn't read John O'Hara's latest novel, or seen Hattie Carnegie's winter collection, or been to the *Follies* or aboard the *Normandie* or heard Dwight Fiske's newest parody, but she can tell you fascinating things you never knew before about voices, about the opera season she plays in Cincinnati every summer and the sights she's seen and the people she's met in the eighty cities in which she has appeared in concert.

So again Rosemarie breaks the custom!

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN FROM THEM

(Continued from page 43)

the best friend they have in the world.

"I like women better than I like men," Phil Spitalny says gravely. "I prefer them to men as friends. They are softer, kinder and, though this goes against all precedent, I insist they are more loyal. I know for a fact that every girl in my orchestra would be loyal to me, no matter what sacrifice it might mean to her personally or for her career.

"I know that not one of those girls would double-cross me, no matter what rewards would be the result of it for them. I wouldn't say that about any man who has worked for me. I wouldn't say it about just any woman, either. But I do say it about the women I know, the girls in my outfit.

"You see, those girls are hand-picked. They represent the highest level of their sex. The superior woman. Travelling around the country as I have done, having had to interview so many women, as I have had to do, I know that, for all the differences in women, in personality and looks and charm, there still remain but two kinds of women. The good and the bad. And the superior type is in the majority.

"Talent has nothing to do with the type of woman a girl is. Success has nothing to do with it, either. Motherhood, which sentimentalists believe automatically makes a saint of any woman, has nothing to do with it.

"It's the secret thing in her heart that decides which kind of woman she is going to be. If she's on the level, no sacrifice is too difficult for a woman to make, no hardship too hard to endure, no pain too great to be borne. She reaches heights no man could dream of attaining.

"And women who are on the level demand that the men they deal with be on the level, too.

"I have to earn the honesty of those girls in my orchestra by being honest with them. If they ever lost their implicit faith in me, it would be just too bad as far as the future of my orchestra was concerned. I never have told any one of those girls a lie, even a white one, and I never have acted one. I never have given one of them a compliment I didn't mean wholly and sincerely.

"Women, despite the prevalent belief to the contrary, don't want empty flattery. They resent a compliment they know to be undeserved.

"Women have more courage than men and I include both types of women in this statement. That's the reason they rise higher or fall lower. For if a woman is not on the level, she's far worse than any man could be.

"Their sensibilities are keener. They are pitched to a higher key. That makes for understanding. It makes for greatness, too, and for genius.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization.

Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.

They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a *cold treatment*! A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the

system must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.

First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are *cold tablets*! They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects

They open the bowels, an acknowledgedly wise step in treating a cold.

They combat the infection in the system.

They relieve the headache and fever.

They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

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RADIO NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.

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"This generation has seen women begin to come into prominence. It's been a difficult thing for men to take. After all, they were used to being the big shots in the business and professional world. It never had occurred to them that women, whom they always had looked upon as tender, sheltered creatures, dependent upon them for everything, could make their own way in the world. In some cases, go much further than they had gone.

"When women started making their way in the world, proving the things they could do, it was a bitter pill for men to swallow.

"But I wasn't surprised. I know this is a woman's world, just as I know it always has been, today and yesterday, and will be tomorrow.

"The world is just beginning to realize it. That's the reason women are having difficulty today in proving the stuff they are made of. Men are still fighting to hold their supremacy. A woman has to have ten times as much talent as a man, to achieve the same success. She has to work ten times as hard to make the same amount of money.

"That's the reason I feel that my orchestra is the best orchestra on the air today. Because women haven't had the same chances as men to find their places in the musical world, I have a far greater choice in selecting my musicians than the conductor of a male orchestra has.

"You see, every one of my girls is absolutely tops in her line. If they had happened to be born men, each one of them would have been a featured musician in a male orchestra. That's how good each one is, individually. But because they didn't have the opportunities men have, they didn't get that chance. So when I got my idea for an all-girl orchestra, all those superlatively fine musicians who didn't have a chance in a man's world were getting an opportunity for the first time to show the world what they could do. And I was able to pick the very best.

"Why, I interviewed twelve hundred and forty-one musicians, and all of them far above the average, to get the thirty playing for me today. What conductor of a man's orchestra would have that opportunity of getting such a surplus of talent?"

Phil Spitalny did not always understand women as well as he does now, in spite of the admiration and the respect he always had for the sex as a whole. For, three years ago, when he organized his orchestra, he did exactly what the average man would have done and inserted an iron-bound clause in their contracts forbidding them to marry for two years.

You see, he wasn't managing that band for fun. It was his business and he wasn't going to have a girl he had worked with and trained to be an indispensable part of his unit, walk out because some man she happened to fall in love with wanted her to marry him. No, sir! His orchestra wasn't going to suffer because one girl in it was thinking of what her husband wanted for dinner, or brooding over words they'd had at breakfast that morning or being disturbed by some trivial clouding of her matrimonial sky.

Now, after three years, he has lifted that clause from his contracts and, by doing it, Spitalny shows just how much he

has learned about women in those three years.

For he's found out that a woman can take love in her stride as well as a man can and keep it separate and apart from her professional life. He's also discovered that when a woman achieves financial and artistic security it's harder for love to get a foothold in her heart.

Maybe the world has moved on since Byron wrote:

*"Love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."*

Maybe it hasn't changed. Maybe women today are the same as they were back in the eighteenth century. After all, even if Byron was one of the world's greatest poets, he was only a man. And the chances are that, for all his vaunted love affairs, he knew as little about women as do the great lovers of today.

For love doesn't teach a man anything about a woman. Really to learn something about women, a man has to work with them as Phil Spitalny has done. Has to like them instead of love them, as Phil Spitalny does.

"Women have a much greater capacity for work than men have," Phil Spitalny insists. "Men hated to work for me because they found me too hard a taskmaster. They resented the fact that I called many more rehearsals than other conductors did. That I kept them at those rehearsals until every man was playing exactly as I wanted him to play.

"But the girls in my orchestra like to work for me, for the very reason the men didn't. They like a hard taskmaster. The more rigid a man is with a woman, the better she likes it and the more respect she has for him. That's another thing those girls have taught me. Women don't like to be able to twist a man around their whims.

"When I get after the girls in my orchestra, they like it. They know that the hard pace I'm putting them through is making still better musicians of them. They're more ambitious as a sex than men. More determined to achieve absolute perfection.

"Look at Evelyn here, my first violinist and manager of the orchestra. She's only twenty-two years old but she could out-think and out-smart any man, any day. Sometimes I laugh and say to her: 'Evelyn, you're twice as old as I am!' And I think, 'and twice as smart, too.' But I don't tell her that. After all, those women are so clever, it doesn't do to tell them too much. Especially since they probably know it, anyway!

"Evelyn's father died when she was eight months old and that child had to make a living for her mother and grandmother and herself when she was eight years old. Evelyn's mother knew that daughter of hers was destined to be a musician and she laughs now when she tells people that her daughter became a violinist because the apartment was too small to make room for a piano and she thought the 'cello unladylike and knew the neighbors would hate the piccolo, so the violin was the only thing left.

"But don't let that laugh of hers, telling about it, fool you. It wasn't as easy as it sounds and Evelyn, today, has schol-

RADIO STARS

arships and gold medals to prove just how great her talent is and how hard she worked to develop it. And the National Arts Club thought so much of her ability that they gave her a three-thousand-dollar violin.

"Evelyn has to keep that violin locked up in a special cabinet she has had made for it at home, because she's got a cat, so well loved that it is thoroughly spoiled and the violin is the only thing kept sacred from it.

"The other day when we arrived in New York to start our new radio contract, I noticed that one of the bags piled up with our luggage on the station looked as if it belonged to a little chorus girl who had been stranded in California and had had to walk back to New York, trailing her bag behind her over rocky roads. Come to find out, it belonged to Evelyn, or rather to Evelyn's cat, for he was responsible for all the scratches!

"Throw that out," I told her, for I insist that the external appearance of my band must be kept up always. And she obeyed, though I could see she hated to, even after I had given her a new one to take its place. For all those scratches had been such a vivid reminder of that little animal she missed so sorely when she had to be away from him on tour.

"Then there's Maxine, our soloist. Gifted with that rare voice for a woman, a true baritone, and having such a natural, fine talent that she found success without ever having had a singing lesson in her life! What she has done is to turn the usual process around. She is taking lessons now that she is on the top.

"Do you know a man who would do it? I don't, either!

"Another thing that makes me marvel about women is the way they stick together and the way they help each other. Men don't do that. The way our organization pulls together is a delight to see. They've banded together, and the girls who can cook have organized cooking clubs to teach the others, and the ones who can sew are the heads of the sewing class and they have their own literary society and circulating library, with the girls taking their turns in buying a book each month and making a community thing of it.

"But, alas, great as women are, even the greatest among them have their little foibles and they run in as true a pattern as their virtues do. And I've discovered about them, too, you may be sure!

"I've found out that when a woman gives a man a tie, she wants him to prefer it to any other tie he has and show that preference by wearing it before he does any other. On my birthday last week every one of those girls gave me a tie! Each of them in my favorite red and, to the eternal credit of all those girls, every tie was a little masterpiece of good taste. But I was caught in a quandary that made me realize how afraid we men are of women, at heart, for although I looked longingly at those ties every morning and wanted to wear one of them, I sighed wistfully and went to the rack and picked out one of my old ones, instead.

"For I knew those girls were watching to see which tie I wore first and I knew that however I made my choice I was go-

ing to have twenty-nine girls down on me because I had picked the one they didn't give me. Now there's a man-sized problem to worry over and don't underestimate it, either!

"Finally I went to them and told them just how I felt and how I was aching to wear all those ties but didn't dare. Then again I was embarrassed by my masculine inferiority for those girls shouted almost in unison: 'Why can't we blindfold you and let you make your choice that way? Then none of us will feel slighted!'

"It was just as easy as that. But it took a woman to think of it!"

That's the reason for the perfect accord that makes the Spitalny Broadcast, *The Hour of Charm*, which you hear on Monday afternoons at four, a thing of unity and joy for all who listen. Thirty-one reasons, to be exact. Thirty clever young women and one man who understands them.

A man who has made women his business and paid them the greatest compliment any man could by looking upon them as individuals and not as *women*. And thirty women who appreciate the compliment he has paid them.

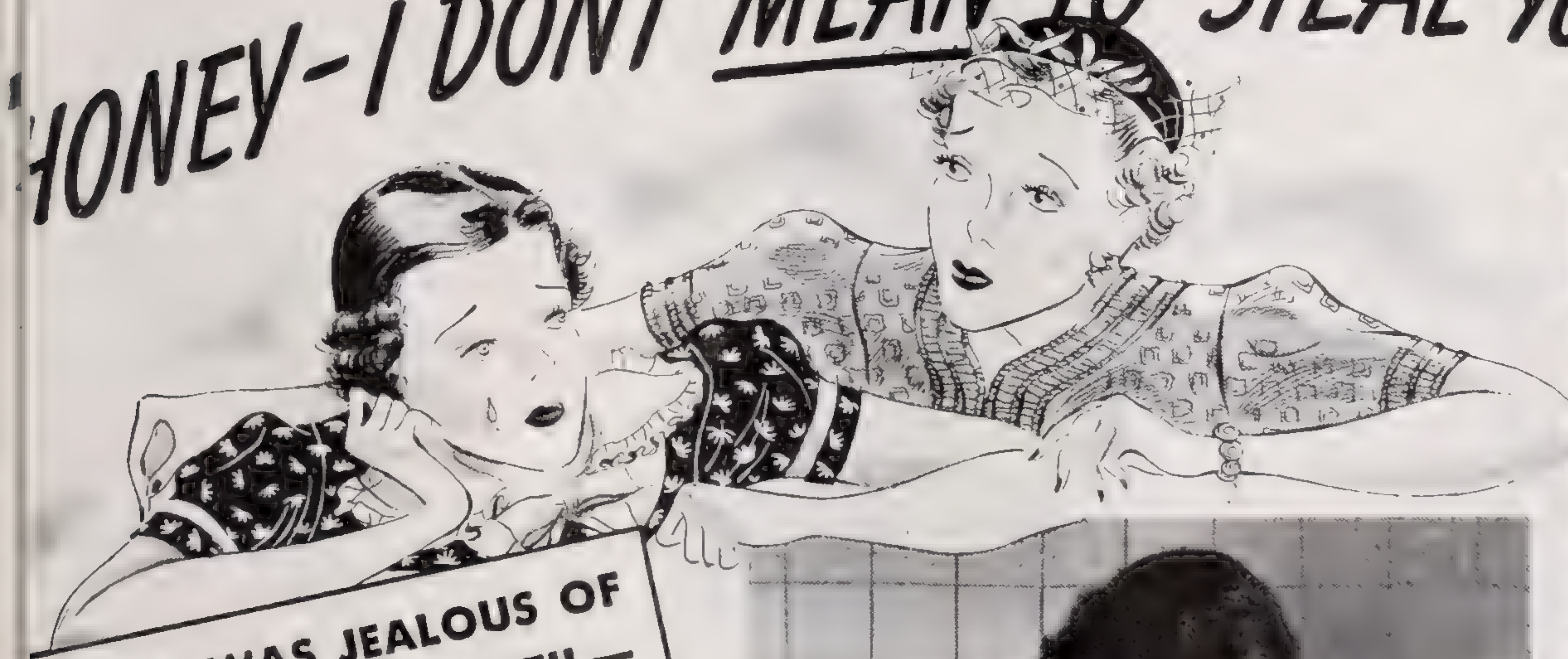
"Thirty women, what a headache!" A henpecked husband might say.

"Thirty beautiful girls working for him and he calls that a job!" The male flirt would laugh.

But, and haven't you read this before, a man doesn't learn about women by taking them to cocktails or marrying them.

Phil Spitalny who knows, only laughs and says it's a woman's world and he's glad he's hopped on the bandwagon.

HONEY-I DON'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"



HELEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER ROOMMATE UNTIL—

HELEN, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. SEE HERE, DON'T GET MAD IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL...

BUT YOU DO MAKE MY MEN— THEY DATE ME BECAUSE. THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU



I'M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR, TOO



SOON HELEN HAD DATES GALORE!

OH, SAY— CAN'T I SEE YOU BEFORE NEXT WEEK?

SORRY, JIM, I'VE PROMISED BOB AND DAVE AND STEVE ALL MY DATES TILL THEN!

ONCE you get the Lux habit you need never worry about OFFENDING. Lux takes away perspiration odor completely—without cake-soap rubbing or the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

LUX

Removes perspiration odor—saves colors

AT HOME WITH THE BARON

(Continued from page 37)



The man behind the grim look is Benny Rubin, ringmaster of the "Original Amateur Night," heard Sundays on the Mutual network.

lights parts for him.

I thought he was staying away from the public too long and it made me sick to hear about and think about the two or three excellent radio offers he was turning down. But I let him find out for himself and when, a few months ago, he was convinced that the Baron rôle was still popular and he would revive it on the radio, I was very much pleased. Jack isn't happy unless he's working, and even through the pleasant months while we sunned ourselves on the Florida sands, I realized that he was longing for the freezing cold of New York and a job to be done.

What a satisfaction it was for us to come home and to get Jack back to work after all our wanderings! Radio, of course, has completely changed our mode of living. By the time he became a broadcast entertainer, our marriage was nine years old and I had settled into the definite routine of following him around the country. Even when he was only appearing for one night in a neighboring city, I accompanied him. And on his tours, I always shared the inconveniences of the road and the pleasure of his companionship.

In the theatre years our day usually started at noon but now Jack's regime has become so revolutionized that we've had a pretty well-filled morning of activity by the time luncheon arrives. We have a ten-room apartment facing Central Park, but that is not as imposing as it sounds because his family, including two young nephews, make their home with us. Jack wakes between seven and eight o'clock and puts on some old clothes for his morning exercise—twice around the park reservoir. He returns, has a cold shower and, in his lounging pajamas, has breakfast with me. The days are taken up with appointments and with rehearsals for his broadcasts and by dinner time he's back home, comfortably relaxing. The only thing he ever asks of me is that I be there when he returns late each afternoon—he likes to find me waiting for him. His idea of a good time is sitting around the living-room in a robe and old slippers, playing backgammon with Bugs Baer or talking with some of his theatrical and radio friends. He's the most difficult man in the world to get out for a social evening, but when he arrives at the party he usually has more fun than anyone else.

Right now I want to break down and confess Jack's worst weakness—money burns in his pockets! He can leave our home at ten in the morning and by eleven, if he had three hundred dollars when he started out, he'd be broke. He'd borrow money to lend it to somebody else. You can't trust him with a weekly allowance because it would all disappear on the first day. So I give him a certain amount each morning, knowing full well that he won't have a dime left in three hours. I'm the treasurer of Pearl and Co.! Long ago we decided that was the only way to do, if we wanted to have comfortable security for our old age. Jack turns over all his salary checks to me and I see to it that every month so much goes into savings,

so that years from now we'll have all those things we enjoy in the present.

Jack loathes shopping and to get him into a department store is a miracle I haven't yet accomplished. When I think he needs some new clothes, I call up his tailor, select the materials and eventually manage to get Jack into the place for fittings. I even buy his shoes for him, but that's not as difficult as it sounds because he always wears the same last and his feet haven't grown in the past several years—neither has his head, fortunately!

On my birthdays, or on holidays, Jack always asks me what I want and then tells me to go ahead and get it—whether it's a fur coat or a bracelet. He knows I won't be unduly extravagant.

This attitude of Jack's has its disadvantage, of course. For instance, he wouldn't know whether I was wearing last year's wardrobe or not. And every wife likes her husband to admire a new dress or hat before some outsider makes a complimentary remark. If Jack happens to hear any one remark on what I'm wearing, he'll say, in a surprised voice: "Oh, is that new?"

I suppose I'll have to confess it—Jack Pearl isn't gay at the breakfast table, sparkling at luncheon and exuberant at dinner. He's serious, away from his public. I think most comedians are—anyhow that's what their wives tell me. And from what I've seen in our living-room, when all the radio funny men get together, it isn't an hilarious, scintillating occasion with the puns riding high. They eat sandwiches and become absorbed over the card table, like any bunch of clerks. But, after all, this story concerns Jack and me—he knows I'm writing it and he's so curious—but I won't let him see it, because this is a story by Mrs., not Mr., Pearl, and he might want to make some changes!

Finding me so happy in the rôle of the home-loving little woman is a joke on me, I think, because in my very young years I ran away from the placid, dull security of home life. Hamilton, Ontario,

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Nancy E—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support... not much money to depend upon... unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:



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This school for 38 years has been training men and women, 18 to 60, at home and in their spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is endorsed by physicians. Complete nurse's equipment is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of the hundreds of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how you can become self-supporting as a nurse.

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name.....

City.....State.....Age.....

was the place I deserted when I headed for New York, with visions of being a shining star in the theatre. The only work I could obtain at first was that of telephone operator, then I finally secured a chorus job in Eddie Cantor's *Midnight Rounders*.

In 1922 I joined the *Whirl of New York*, in which Jack Pearl was starred and which, at the time of my insignificant annexation, was playing Detroit. You know how chorus-girls exchange confidences in the dressing-rooms, and I hadn't been a member of the company three days when I was convinced that Pearl was a woman hater. He never dated up any of the girls—wasn't interested in them at all—whereas the leading romantic figure of the production was a real Romeo.

Imagine my surprise when, during an evening performance, Jack spoke to me in the wings and asked me to have supper with him. I had admired him timidly from afar and I was thrilled with the invitation. He was entertaining, as I remember; told me amusing stories, recalled many incidents of his own life, but I believed he was just filling up a few lonely hours. That appointment was followed by a number of others on the tour—but he never flattered me, never sent flowers or presents and not once did he tell me that he liked me.

When he finally left the company to open in *The Dancing Girl*, on the day of his departure he gave me his picture and said he'd be seeing me—nothing more. However, he wrote me letters, called me on long distance and finally secured a chorus place for me in the New York pro-

duction of his show. I wanted him to be serious, but how could I tell? Not by him! I was encouraged by the fact that he brought his family backstage to meet me. One night, at dinner in his parents' home, he told them calmly that we were going to be married. That was the first inkling that I had of the engagement. He had forgot to propose to me!

I was a bride, with a veil and all the trimmings—the wedding took place in his family's apartment and for some time afterward I continued working in his shows. Seasons on the road, intervals in New York, from one engagement to the next, until I got used to the thought that we'd grow old trudging along with suitcases in our hands.

It was during this period that I first longed for a real home and all the permanency that goes with it. Jack felt as I did but it was not until radio adopted him for one of its own that our hope was realized. He went for real home life all the way—his family moved in with us and the association has been perfect—not the slightest hint of that in-law business which gives the funny men material for their gags.

The interlude when we went to Hollywood for Jack to play in the movie, *Meet the Baron*, was most unsatisfactory. We never believed it was the vehicle for him and Jack was as disappointed as I was in the picture. That's why I want him to go back there some day and redeem himself. But I believe, definitely, that Jack's real place is in radio and I am never so happy as when he comes home with a contract

all signed. I can relax then in the knowledge that our luggage can gather dust in the basement, that we won't be dashing off some place. During the period last year when he was bitten by the stage bug again and I had to watch him turn down several radio offers, I was a little rebellious but I never have tried to force him to my way of thinking. I knew that when he was ready he would go back on the air and now that my hope has been realized, I'm satisfied.

People often ask me if the fabricating character of *The Baron* doesn't sometimes project itself into Jack's conversations away from the mike. Reluctantly I must admit that it does! Sometimes he comes home from a program and tries to pull some of that *Baron* business on me, but I just give him that stop-quick look and he's unassuming Jack Pearl again!

Jack has taken marriage so seriously—in fact he's the most easily pleased, undemanding man any woman could find—I've never had any cause to be jealous and I know I've never given him any uneasiness, either. I don't get those silly crushes on idols that some women do, because I know I've got the grandest husband in the world and why should I admire second-best when I've got the blue ribbon myself! I can say to Jack: "I think Frank Parker's voice is grand and the way he sang those songs tonight!" Jack agrees with me readily, as he knows I'm admiring a fine talent impersonally and that all the Parkers and the Vallees and the Crosbys in the world could never have any emotional lure for Mrs. Jack Pearl.

Skin Flaky?

HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

A dermatologist explains

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."



WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?

**Melt it Smooth
... Instantly!**




How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can melt them off!

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

For powder base— Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight— To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

8-Piece Package Pond's, Dept. 9RS-VB Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

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LIFE IS WORTH LIVING

(Continued from page 45)



Rosario Bourdon (left) with Margaret Speaks and Ross Graham, who recently appeared as guest artists at The Ambassador, at Atlantic City.

European audiences, Miss Speaks found, are different from American audiences. Here the attitude is receptive. The singer feels the response. Knows immediately if they like her. But abroad there is an almost frightening reserve. Regardless of applause, you cannot always discover whether or not you are pleasing them.

"During one concert," said Miss Speaks, "I felt sure that they didn't like me. I knew that I had failed. But afterward—they told me that no other American singer had so delighted them!"

We know that she did delight them, for the European press reported her concerts in enthusiastic terms. Critics in famous musical centers extolled the quality of her voice, the excellence of her technique, her clear diction and artistic sense of phrasing. And her youth and simplicity charmed her audiences.

Is Miss Speaks temperamental, I wondered? Has she any of the characteristic prima donna complex? She doesn't, to be sure, seem that sort of person. She is so frank and forthright and unassuming as she talks with you. So honest and sound in her sense of values.

"But," she laughs, "I was brought up in radio, not on the stage. There's no place for temperament in radio. When the light flashes on, you sing! There are no alibis. If you have a cold, or are troubled or tired, it doesn't matter. If something has gone wrong during rehearsal, or you are nervous about your song—when you stand before the microphone, it is forgotten. The program goes on at a certain moment—and you go with it!"

With long years of such training, it is easy to understand why Margaret Speaks feels that temperament has no more place in the business of singing than in the business of bookkeeping or bus driving or selling lingerie.

"You have a job to do, and you do it," she says. "That's all there is to it."

Which, no doubt, is the reason why musicians love to work with Miss Speaks. The music is the important thing at the moment. How she may happen to feel is, to her, of no importance at all at such a

time. Nor does she think of herself as more important than any other member of the organization. Director, pianist, violinist, soloist, all work together to give the music its perfect form.

She is "a good trouper," too, this young singer. Nothing disconcerts her, once she is on the stage. Those little unforeseen occurrences which so easily might shatter the mood of artist and audience have no power to upset a program for her.

Recently, during a concert, flowers were handed up to Miss Speaks. She took them in her arms and, believing them just bouquets, laid them down upon the piano. Unfortunately they were in water-filled vases! The water streamed over the piano, over Miss Speaks, over the baritone who was singing with her. The baritone looked aghast. The audience laughed. But Miss Speaks calmly began her next song, her clear, rich voice compelling quiet with its lovely music.

I saw Miss Speaks one day last winter, just before she started on her first plane trip to the Coast, to sing with Nelson Eddy on the Firestone program. At that time she had been in the air but once, when Lindbergh had taken her up for a short flight. She was then not at all sure that she would enjoy flying. But since then she has crossed this continent by plane innumerable times and in Europe made all her travels by air.

"I was on a train but once," she said. "That was when I took the boat train to the boat bringing me home. At first, when people talked about the dangers of flying, dwelling on tragic plane accidents, I felt a little nervous. But I realized that that was my job—I had to do it. I couldn't keep my engagements any other way. And I really love it now."

A logical person, this young singer. One who shapes her life to its essential circumstances and shapes circumstances to a pattern of life that seems good to her. A systematic person, too. Keeping her engagements and her home with an equal passion of devotion.

At their country home, where they spend their cherished week-ends, Miss Speaks



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keeps the house with meticulous care, cooking, cleaning, gardening, even as you and I, less gifted souls. Here, too, she and her husband take an active interest in local politics, attending town meetings, valuing civic responsibilities as well as the casual pleasures of country life.

She is fond of sports, particularly of swimming in summer, skating in winter and table tennis any time at all. She is fond of books, too. Not of fiction so much as serious books, science or philosophy, that open new doors to understanding.

Her husband rallies her on her passion for cleaning. "She loves to turn everything out," he declares. "We have no maid in the country. Margaret likes to do the things herself—it's easier than finding someone to do them the way she likes them done. She does the cooking, too—and is constantly enlarging her repertoire in that, as in her singing. I usually do the dish-washing. Then we go for a walk, or do some gardening. There's always something to do . . . Margaret is always working—even when she's playing. She's really a terrific worker!"

But it's easy to see that they both value and zealously maintain the balance between work and life. And living is the important thing. Living and loving. Not just sharing a few world-weary hours when nerves are taut and tempers easily torn. Growing and understanding. Enlarging and enriching life in every experience.

"We plan to retire some day," Miss Speaks says. "And there are many things we can enjoy then, however old we may be. We can travel around the world, for example. But there are some things we can do now, that we couldn't do when we're older. And we don't want to miss any of them if we can help it. Walking in the rain, for instance—that's fun now! It might be dangerous at fifty!"

It's rather unusual, and rather fine, this carefully thought out, jealously guarded scheme of living. It's inspiring, too. It makes us feel that we, too, though our job may be more prosaic than singing lovely songs to the wide, wide world, can make life rich, however hard we work.

It's not so easy as it may sound, either. It's not "done with mirrors!" It's done with devotion, with intelligence. If we want a thing enough, we can have it. It's knowing whether or not what we want is worth what it may cost us. And, if it is, paying the price and taking it home.

Margaret Speaks wants to sing. Singing has been her special gift since she was a small child. Her uncle, Oley Speaks, is the noted composer. All her family are gifted musicians. And every season we are aware, whether we hear Miss Speaks in concert or on the radio, of the increasing beauty and richness of her voice.

But she also wants to live—and finds each season making life a lovelier thing, rich and full and satisfying, with no aching regrets for lost joys she might have known.

Often we hear people complain how life has cheated them. Life never will cheat Margaret Speaks—because she doesn't cheat life. Not for music, not for money, not for any future fame or rich material rewards will she sacrifice the little homely everyday joys that make life, for her, worth living.

Which is, in the fullest sense of the word, success.

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-instantly their skin felt soft and smooth as velvet

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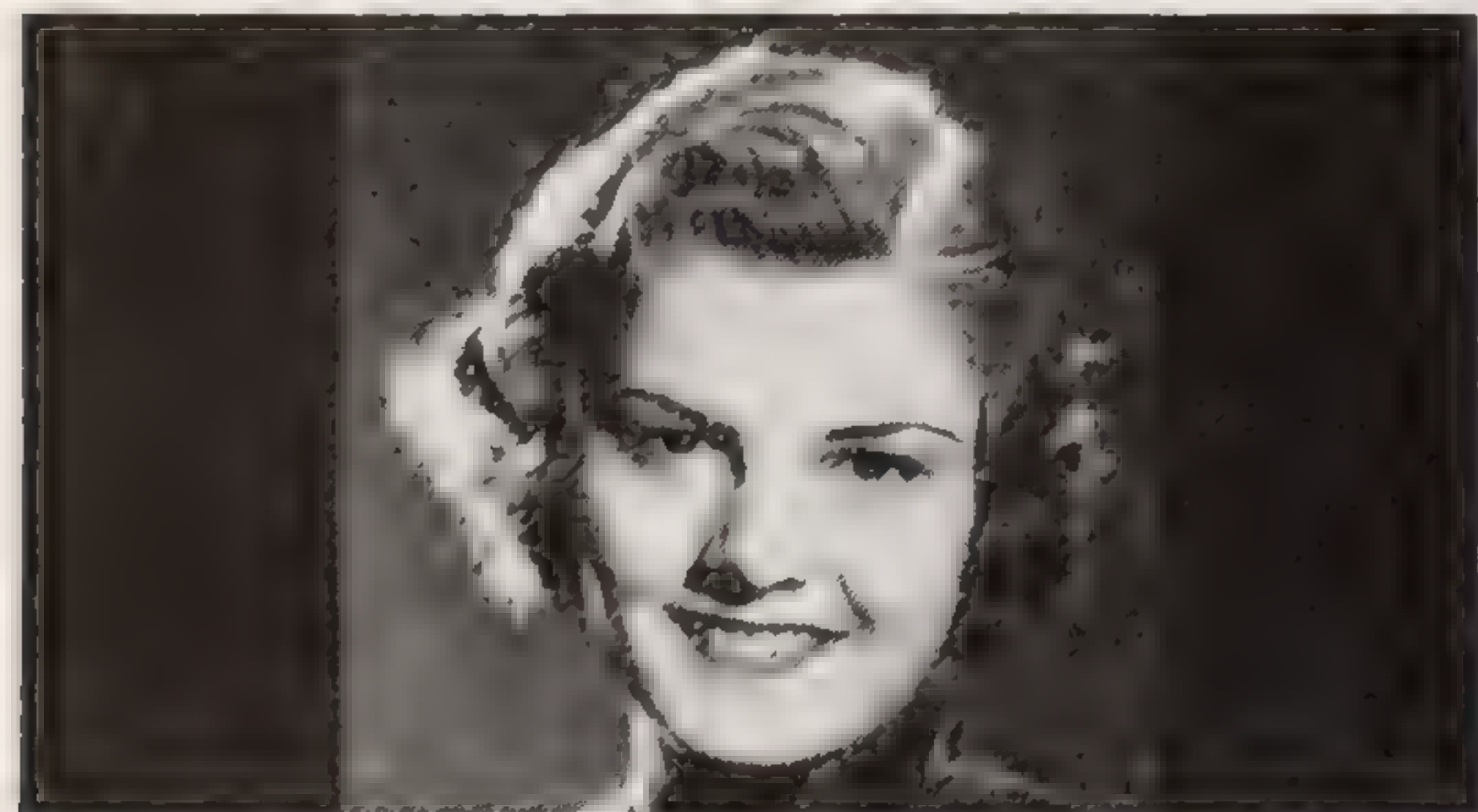
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 14)

complexion, or slimming down lazy hips that don't fit the new princess-line dresses. No, it's the week-by-week effort that counts.

Here the New Year is staring you right in the face. What are you going to do about it, and yourself? Why not work out a weekly schedule of beauty and give it a try-out for a month? You may find yourself so attached to your schedule, and your improved face by the end of the month, that you will make a weekly program your habit as the year grows older, and you grow younger. It's easy, once you get started.

Saturday wore the reputation, back in the "good old days," of being the red-letter day of the week—the date for the Saturday night bath. I think Saturday (or Sunday, if you prefer it) should continue to be a very special red-letter bath day. Naturally, of course, every day is bath day to the well-groomed woman, but when I say a special bath day, I mean one that has all the "extras" to make it a real beauty bath. You can clean up a lot of your beauty chores in connection with your beauty bath.

First of all, before you step into the tub, slather a lavish amount of your cleansing cream over your face and neck. The warm moisture from your bath will help your skin to absorb the cream, and it will penetrate the pores. Draw your water for your bath. Have it pleasantly warm, and pour in a tablespoonful or so of perfumed water-softener (the kind that comes in powder form). This helps you to combine a real beauty treatment with your bath, because the softened water will cleanse so much more thoroughly than hard water, and will leave your skin silky-soft. This particular water softener I have in mind gives you a daintily delicate all-over fragrance as well.

A fragrant soap is nice to use, too, and it's especially important to have a soap that makes a beautiful sudsy lather. I especially recommend a bath brush for your beauty bath treatment, also, to stimulate the circulation, and remove dead skin. We discussed the ugly condition of goose pimples last month. Remember that a good circulation treatment with a bath brush will do wonders toward clearing up that condition, both on the arms and legs. I have found a foot brush to be a grand help to keeping feet in condition and getting the circulation stirring in those "cakes of ice." For calluses, have a bit of toilet pumice stone on your soap-dish, and use it gently but firmly. Scaly, rough elbows will also respond to pumice-stone treatments.

One of the smartest bath-beauty aids I know is a bath tray that you can hook right over the rim of the tub, and on which you can arrange your manicure aids, your cleansing tissues, your creams, and so on. A girl I know, who dotes on soaking in the tub, uses her tray as a book rest. She takes two small saucers, or bowls, and pours a little warm oil in the bottom of each; then, head in her hands, she props her elbows in their respective portions of oil and lets the oil soak in "good and

proper." The halves of lemons are also good for "propping-up" elbow treatments. The lemon juice acts as a bleach and softener. Maybe if you have a clever carpenter husband, he could make you a bathtub tray. Then you could combine your beauty bath with a hand (and elbow) beauty treatment. Your hands would already be soaked and scrubbed in preparation for a decorative manicure, and you could have your manicure aids all systematically laid out on the tray.

When you are part way through your bath, remove your cream with cleansing tissues. Then wash your face with soap and water and a heavy crash wash-cloth or complexion brush. Rinse thoroughly with generous splashes of cold water at the finish. The ideal way to wind up your bath is with a tepid shower. We won't say "cold" because we hate cold showers, too!

After you step out of the tub, give yourself a body massage with a fragrant skin lotion. There is a fine skin lotion that is made now with the same fragrance as that of one of your favorite soaps. You can get the two of them boxed in an introductory set at a very low price. And you'll have a symphony of bath fragrance. The lotion is a perfect one for body, hand, and leg massage. It is creamy but not sticky, and its healing ingredients are perfect for chapped, dry skin. Concentrate particularly on your legs and arms. Certainly there is nothing very alluring about rough, red skin showing through sheer chiffon hose.

It is nice to alternate the use of a skin lotion with that of a liquid invigorator for body rubs. When you're feeling tired and listless, this fresh, tangy, zippy liquid, applied vigorously all over the body, acts as a regular pep cocktail. Incidentally, I'm making you a free gift offer of this skin invigorator, so that you can test its vim, vigor, and vitality-producing qualities yourself. It has the additional quality of being a very efficient cleanser, too.

Saturday is generally shopping day, as well as bath day, and sometimes it is cleaning day, too. Be systematic about your cosmetic shopping, just as you are about marketing for the family meals. You probably have a shopping list hanging up in the kitchen on which you jot down items you want to re-order. Have a little list also in your bathroom or in your dressing-table drawer, on which you can jot down your cosmetic needs. Remember that it is always the safest economy to buy cosmetics of well-known brand names; products that are backed up by the reputation of a reliable, trustworthy firm. If you are inspired to try out new make-up, get several small size items in different shades, so that you can actually experiment scientifically to find out which shades are most flattering to you. Make an appointment for a manicure, along with your shopping tour, if you possibly can; otherwise schedule it for after your beauty bath.

A very clever business girl, who often

RADIO STARS

confides in me any time-saving beauty schemes she works out, tells me that she has to devote all of her Saturday mornings to cleansing and straightening up her small apartment. So she does her beauty work in combination with her housework. To start off the morning, she dusts . . . her hair. Yes, she cleanses her hair by brushing it thoroughly. She takes a piece of cheesecloth and presses it down hard on the bristles of the brush until the cloth is at the very base of the bristles, with the bristles poking through, thus serving as a catch-all for the dust she brushes out of her hair. Have you ever thought what a grand *cleansing* process brushing is? After the brushing, she gives her hair and scalp a vigorous oil massage. She prefers a combination of olive oil and castor oil, because her hair tends to extreme dryness. Next she ties a towel around her head, Turkish fashion, so that the oil can soak in while she is working. Her hands are still oily from her massage, so she adds more oil to them for good measure, giving them their share of massage, too, and then pops on a pair of cotton work gloves. There she is, all set for her morning of housework, and getting set for her afternoon matinee date, too. When her house is spic and span, she falls to work on giving her oily hair a thorough shampoo. She rinses and rinses at least five times, and finishes with a vegetable brightening rinse, which brings out all the lovely tints in her hair.

Put *your* shampoo on a regular schedule, whether you do it on Saturday or some other day of the week. If your hair is

oily, shampoo it once every week; if it is dry or normal, once every two weeks is probably often enough. Brushing should be done, not only in connection with an oil treatment or a shampoo, but for the sake of cleansing and polishing, every night. Four weeks of conscientious, nightly brushing will make hair gleam like a golden wedding.

Monday is proverbially scheduled as wash-day on the weekly program, although, if you're a business girl, Sunday may have to be your wash-day, and it takes but a little extra time to pay particular pampering care to your lingerie. Use the fine soap flakes that are as gentle as they are generous in the suds they produce. Use a tint in the rinse water if your lingerie is faded. By all means renew shoulder straps that are frayed or dejected looking. And oh, by all means, wash your girdle. It is amazing the number of fastidious girls, who wouldn't think of going without a daily bath, but who will wear a girdle a couple of weeks without washing it.

Tuesday can be mending and ironing day, or just call it good grooming day. The rest of the week is pretty much up to you, but there are, of course, certain things that should be followed out every day of the week. Five minutes a day, dedicated to brushing the hair and massaging the scalp, will help to keep any crowning glory in glossy, well-groomed condition. If your hair is inclined to be oily, use a tonic in connection with your brushing; if your hair is inclined to be dry, use a bit of reconditioning pomade or oil.

Your skin must be cleansed thoroughly

every night. Cleanliness is the first law of a beautiful complexion. All dermatologists agree on that point. Cleansing with cream, and then with soap and water, is generally the preferable method for the nightly routine. For quick clean-ups and for removing make-up during the day, a liquid cleanser is your best bet. In fact, I believe wholeheartedly that a good liquid cleanser should be used once a day, both to cleanse and tone the skin. The skin invigorator, which I have talked about before, is a wholehearted help to removing stale make-up, imbedded soil, and oily secretions from the pores. We all know that pore-clogging leads to those ugly evils of enlarged pores, whiteheads and blackheads. Moreover, this particular cleanser neutralizes the alkali which all water contains, in varying amounts, of course. This is but another quality which helps it to counteract pore-clogging. I am going to give you a sample of the product to enable you to try it out yourself. The sample contains enough for a whole week of treatments!

Mary Biddle,
Radio Stars Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your gift offer of the Skin Cleanser.

Name

Street

City State

Please enclose a three cent stamp to cover cost of mailing.

EYES that talk...can say Come Hither!



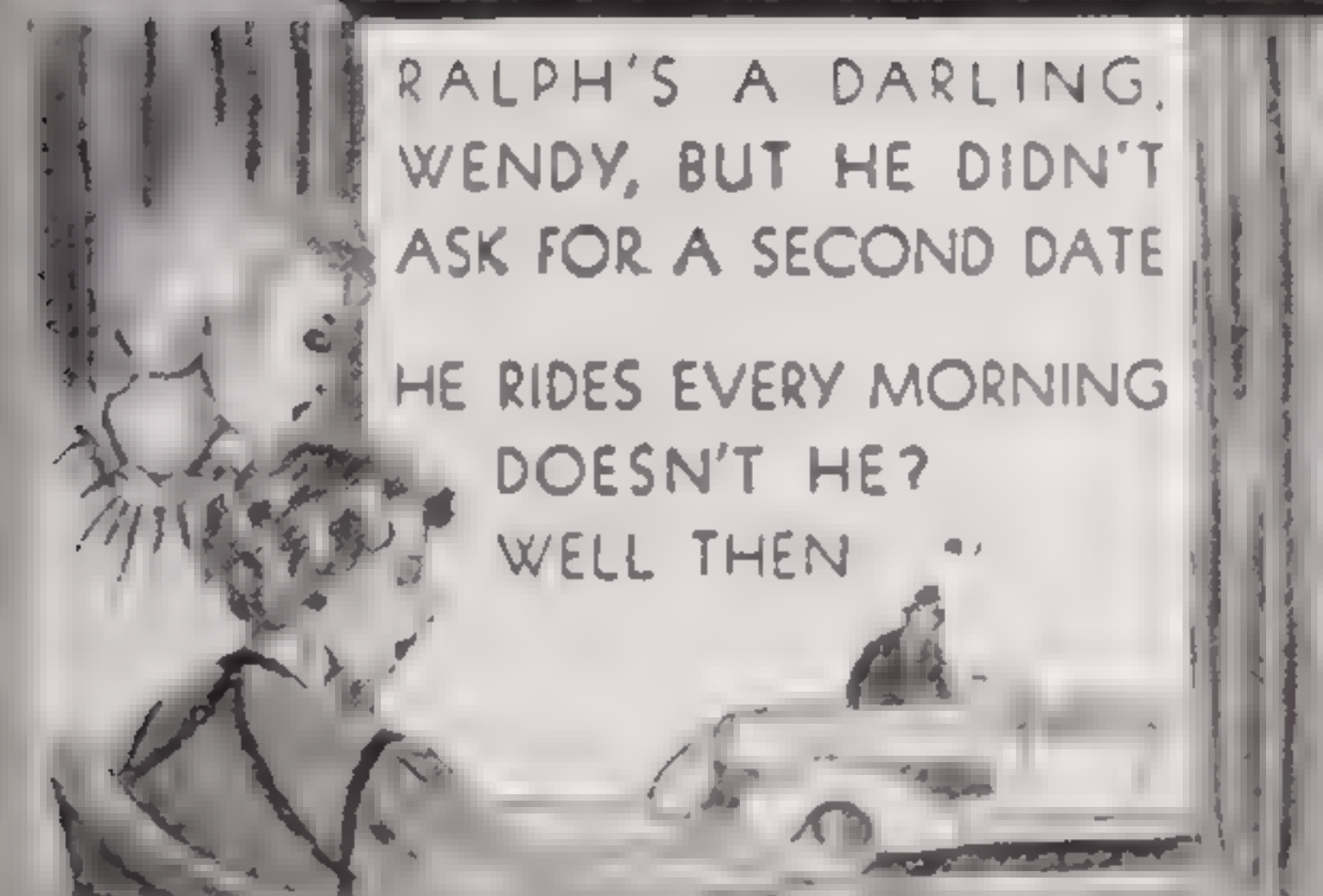
Eyes that talk leave little unsaid . . . and generally

see romance straight ahead. If your eyes are not quite as thrilling as they can be—if they do not stir the pulses as they should—then try WINX mascara—just once. You'll be amazed at results. One application and lashes appear longer, more luxuriant, sweeping and silky, and WINX keeps lashes soft, too! WINX is harmless, will not smart and it's streak-proof and tear-proof. Get acquainted with this marvelous mascara today. On sale at department, drug and 5 and 10 cent stores. In three flattering shades . . . Blue . Black . Brown and in three convenient forms . . . Cake . Liquid . Creamy.

Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh "made-up" look. To eliminate any appearance of hardness—WINX has made its colors to blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Blue Mascara blends perfectly with WINX Blue Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of "natural" eye make-up.

WINX

Eye Beautifiers



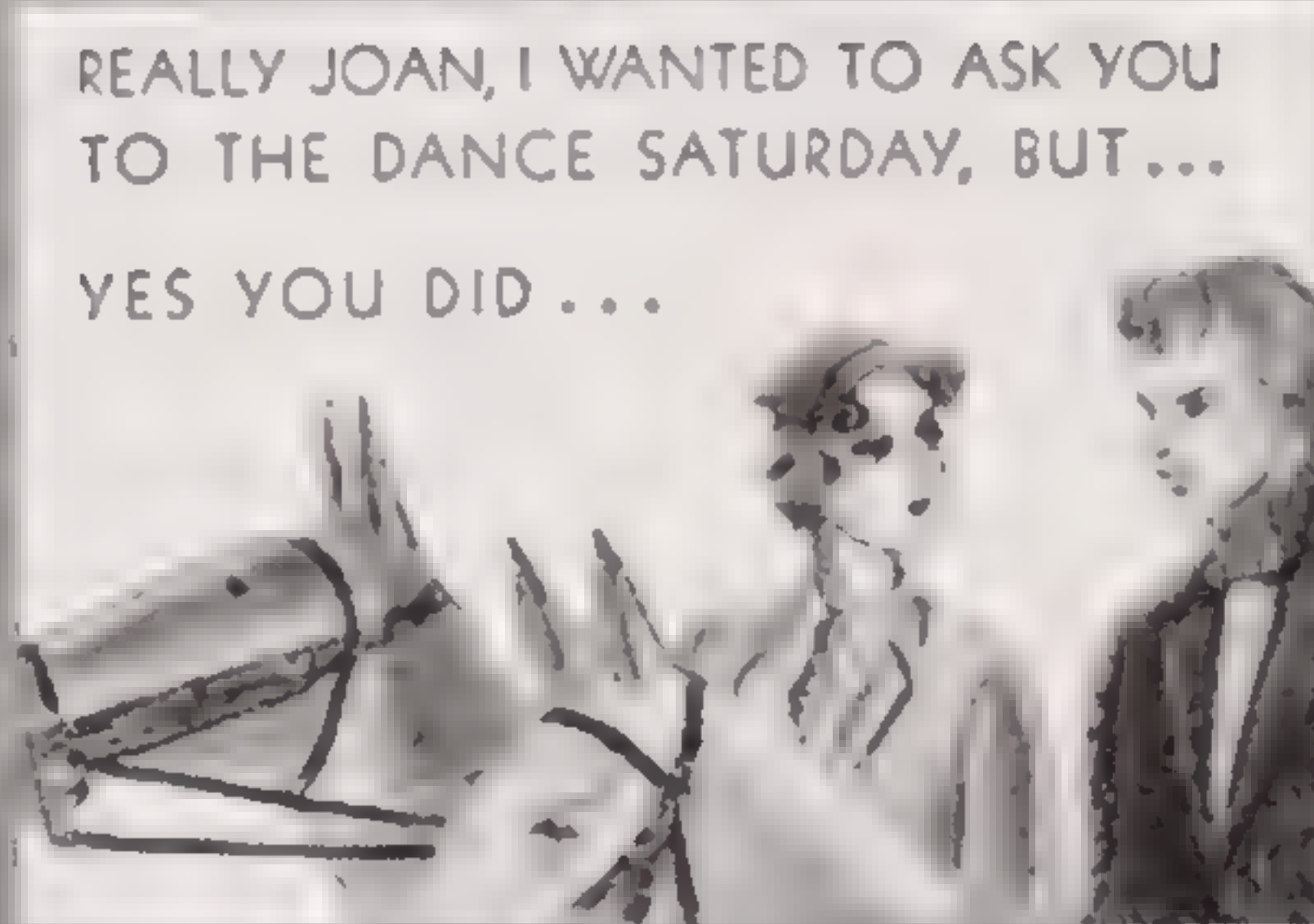
RALPH'S A DARLING,
WENDY, BUT HE DIDN'T
ASK FOR A SECOND DATE
HE RIDES EVERY MORNING
DOESN'T HE?
WELL THEN



WITH YOUR BROWN HAIR AND GRAY
EYES, WINX SPECIFIES GRAY EYE
SHADOW AND BLACK MASCARA FOR
DAYTIME WEAR, SO



WHY WENDY,
IT'S ALMOST TOO
GOOD TO BELIEVE!
AND THE SURPRISING
THING IS THAT WINX
DOES NOT GIVE MY
EYES THAT ARTIFICIAL
MADE-UP LOOK . . .



REALLY JOAN, I WANTED TO ASK YOU
TO THE DANCE SATURDAY, BUT...
YES YOU DID . . .



JOAN YOUR EYES WON ME
THE FIRST TIME WE MET
(TO HERSELF)
NOT THE FIRST
TIME . . . BUT
FROM THEN ON
... THANKS TO
WINX!

SAVAGE

FACE POWDER



The fineness of texture that lets Savage cling so endlessly, also makes the skin appear more truly poreless... smoother... ever so much smoother to see... and to touch!

Four Lovely Shades. 10c and 20c at All Ten Cent Stores

He Got \$1000 for ONE OLD COIN

B. Max Mehl paid Mr. Brownlee of Georgia \$1000.00 for this coin that he found while digging—
DO YOU WANT BIG MONEY for OLD COINS-BILLS-STAMPS?
POST YOURSELF! ... IT PAYS!
I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J. D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740

for a few old coins. I will pay highest cash prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.
I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME!
1894 'S' Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to
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Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

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Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture. Sticky mucus is loosened and easily expelled. Irritation goes away—coughing is relieved. Try Pertussin at our expense. Use coupon below.

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30¢ Prescription FREE
Seck & Kade, Inc., Dept. W-4, 440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of Pertussin FREE... by return mail.

Name _____

Address _____

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 17)

peril might have sent them to bed hysterical. Mrs. Lord steeled herself to calm and said casually: "Yes, I couldn't say"—or equivalent words.

After that, it's hard to blame the London correspondent for thinking the whole SOS affair was just a stunt. Still, what else could Mrs. Lord have done?

THE OLD GAZOOK

Graham McNamee was talking about Ed Wynn one night, affectionately and a little defiantly. "Yes, I know," Graham said. "Ed talks about himself. He complains about people taking money away from him. He says he's a poor man and then goes away on yacht trips. I know all that, but when you really get close to Ed Wynn, you accept all that as part of him and you still are fond of the guy. I'm crazy about the old gazook. To me he's one of the great guys."

That summarizes what all Ed's friends think about the old gazook. You get very fond of all those egotisms and eccentricities of his. Especially such things as the compliment he pays to Eddie Cantor. Ed hates to concede anyone is better than himself, but I have heard him tell this in conversation and in after-the-broadcast speeches dozens of times:

"You people," this story of Ed's goes, "should really give Eddie Cantor much more credit than you give me. I came from a good family in Philadelphia and had a good education. I had every chance. Look at poor Eddie. What chance did he have? Where did he come from? He came from the gutter!"

Ed shakes his head in wonderment over the achievements of this little guttersnipe. Then, if Ed's on the stage, the famous giggle will ring out, to set things off in high spirits again.

ED STARTED IT

Lou Holtz once shared a dressing-room with Ed for a whole season and he got well enough acquainted to like the guy, too. There's one story about Ed that he relishes, though.

"Ed always says," says Lou, "that he was the one who started the idea of kidding the commercial announcements. That was back on his old Texaco program. I'll bet anything Ed had no idea of kidding commercials when he started it."

"He just heard the sponsor getting forty seconds on the air all to himself and Ed couldn't stand it. So he stuck some of his own remarks in."

ANYWAY, IT'S A GOOD GAG!

These comedians always tell outrageous stories about one another—to each other, too, when they meet. They don't mind the joke being on them, if it's a good gag. Anyway, they pretend they don't.

Sid Silvers, who starts his first big

radio program this winter, once worked in a vaudeville act with Phil Baker. For years they toured, Phil as the star on the stage, fumbling with his accordion, exchanging insolent banter with a very fresh young man sitting in an upper box. The fresh young man was Sid Silvers.

"We used to get great notices on that act," Sid recalls. "I'll never forget one town, though, where the critic came back to see me. 'You have a great act there,' he told me. 'Novel, working from a box like that. But why do you bother with that man on the stage playing the accordion?'"

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Just as an idea of how these comedians love getting the proper effect in front of an audience (radio or otherwise), there was a Broadway banquet a few years back, when Al Jolson and Georgie Jessel were in the midst of their bitter feud. Al got up to speak and, in the course of his remarks, referred to that very good pal, Georgie Jessel. The crowd knew about the feud and, sensing a reconciliation of two favorites, roared approval.

Georgie Jessel, good showman that he is, rose from his seat and walked over toward Al. Rapturously, the two enemies embraced.

People in the nearby chairs, however, might have heard Jessel's undertone to Al: "You know this doesn't go, you mugg!"

Al's head was out of sight behind Georgie's. Pleased with what he had done, he grinned. "I know it doesn't go. But I certainly picked the spot, didn't I?"

HMMMM!

But getting away from these comedians—if you are curious about RCA's television experiments with the new transmitter in the New York Empire State Building, you can get a vague idea with your short-wave set. You can hear the talk part of the programs, at least, on 52 megacycles. You can, that is, if your set goes up that high. The pictures are broadcast on 49.75 megacycles, but on a short-wave set the pictures just produce a meaningless hummm.

EDDIE, TAKE A BOW!

After all these years in show business, Eddie Cantor still hasn't learned that thing that most actors learn first—a good bow in appreciation of applause. Eddie bows deeply but it looks very awkward, as though he weren't used to it. Still, with these master showmen, you can't be sure. Maybe he has decided that's the best kind of bow.

CUE FOR A LAUGH

I was telling some stories about various comedians, a couple of paragraphs back, and it reminded me how few funny stories there are about Gracie Allen. She's a little homebody, laughs at jokes if she hears them, doesn't tell many herself, unless they

be about her two children. She loves shopping, but she's had to give it up almost entirely because clerks laugh at her as soon as they hear that unmistakable voice.

"I went into a store to get a rolling-pin," her typical experience runs, "and when I asked for it, the girls all started laughing. 'She wants a rolling-pin!' and they'd giggle and giggle. What's so funny about that?"

FAME VERSUS COMFORT

Fame, in radio as well as in the movies, has its drawbacks. One of these is the matter of dress. You and I expect radio's headliners to look their very best at all times and they must live up to our expectations.

Only within their own homes or in rehearsal studios can they be less than perfectly dressed and comfortable. And they usually do it with a vengeance.

When vocalizing at home, Jane Pickens wears pajamas and no slippers at all. Helen Marshall, *Fireside Recitals* soprano, practices in a well-worn negligée which she brought with her from Joplin, Missouri, her home town. Bernice Claire, *Melodiana* warbler, putters around the house in a simple house dress and comfortable mules. Winter or summer, Edith Dick, *Hit Parade* vocalist, wears shorts and manish blouses.

At studio rehearsals, Al Goodman strips to his shirt, casts aside his street shoes, and dons a comfortable pair of pumps.

The Landt Trio and White, when they settle down to a lengthy rehearsal, get into flimsy summer togs.

In a studio rehearsal, Jan Peerce wears his jacket, but always leaves his shirt collar open. And Don Bestor, no matter how much clothing he may shed, will never discard his spats!

HE LIKES THEM

Fred Waring always has a big tin of graham crackers on a little table alongside his desk. His idea of lunch usually is a bowl of milk with a handful of crackers out of that can. It's not doctor's orders. Fred's stomach probably is better equipped than your own for a filet mignon in the middle of the day. Fred simply has a curious taste for graham crackers.

SCOOPS

Maybe you do or maybe you don't think of radio for news. Gather around with the announcers some night and they talk about their big scoops just as lustily as any crowd of newspapermen. Dirigible disasters, they insist, always drop things right in their lap.

When the Macon crashed into the Pacific, one of them tells you, an RCA operator just happened to be listening in on the SOS band and heard the balloon's distress signal. Of course, he called the affiliate company, NBC, and NBC men swung into action on long-distance phones and quickly assembled the story from here and there and the United States Navy. That was when the radio stations and newspapers had just concluded the Press-

Radio Bureau pact, which specified that no radio station should broadcast any news which had not come from the bureau. The press associations, unwarned by any lucky listening to an SOS call, did not have the story and would not confirm it to the Press-Radio Bureau. So there were the NBC men with one of the biggest (and luckiest) news beats of years burning their hands and they couldn't broadcast it. The networks were almost ready to go off the air for the night, too.

With the clocks ticking off fatal minutes, the news associations were told just who had the information. Finally the news was verified, release was given and the bulletin got on the air.

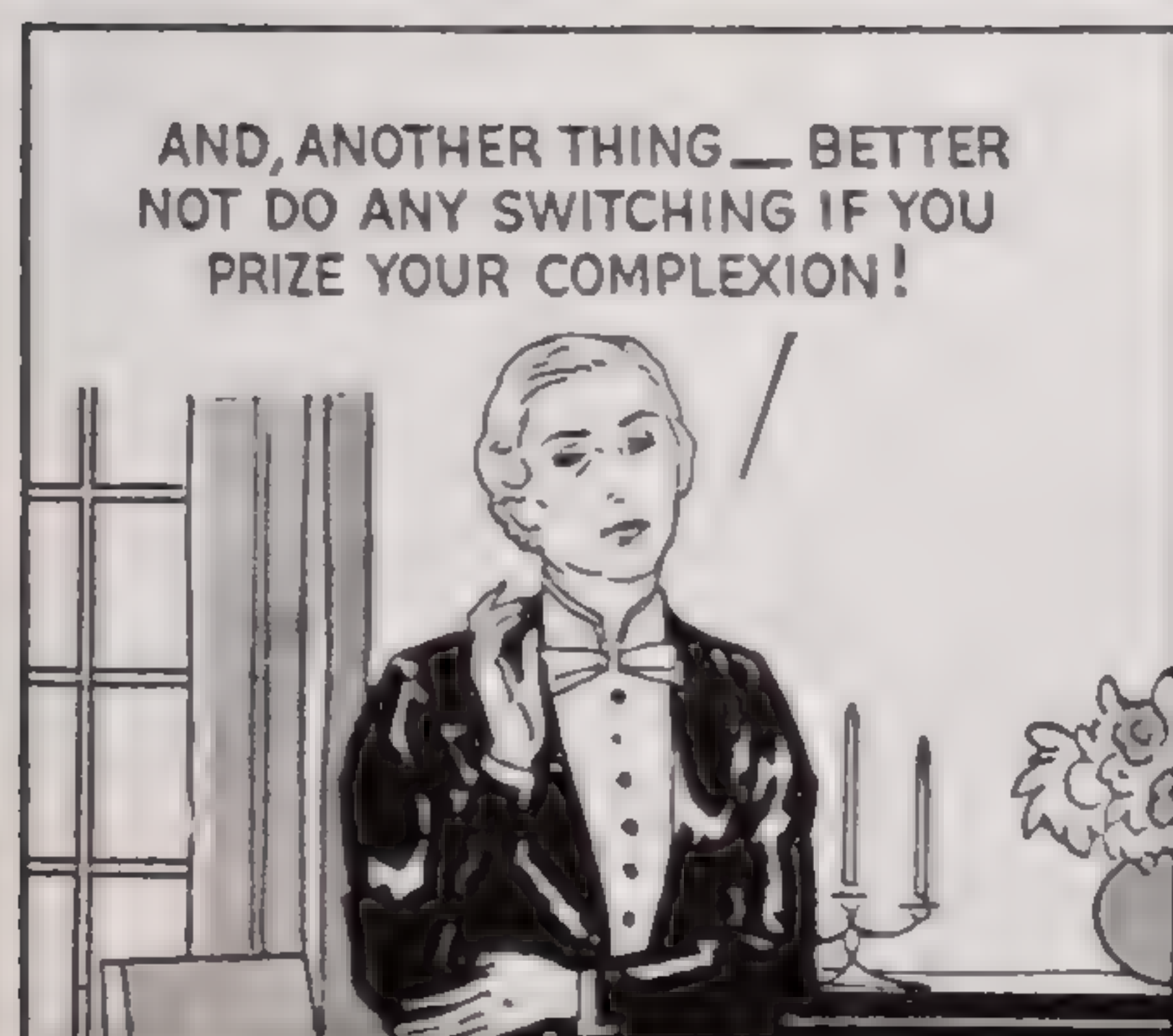
When the Akron crashed, off the Jersey coast, Columbia sent Paul Douglas out in a plane, hunting for the wreck for an eyewitness account. Ghoulish, maybe, but exciting.

The plane flew over a small government blimp out on a rescue errand. As luck would have it, at that moment the blimp folded up in collapse, to add a second crash to the day. Paul Douglas' plane wheeled right around, with Paul frantically sending back requests for immediate clearance of the network. That was another big scoop.

These announcers have even got to the point where they talk of famine, pestilence and disaster in terms of scoops—just as newspapermen have from time immemorial.

—ARTHUR MASON

ALL I CAN SAY IS — YOU'RE NOT THE SWEETHEART I MARRIED!

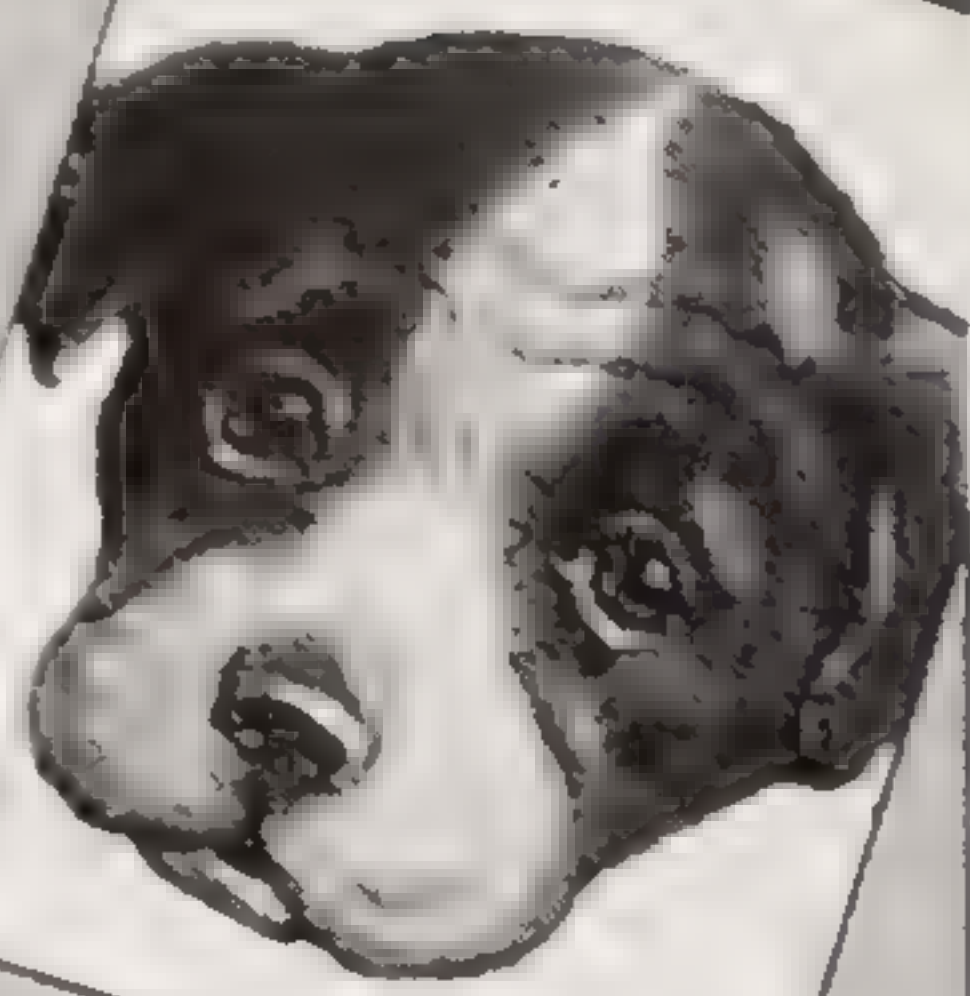


Enjoy regular protection!

REMEMBER—warm rooms, heavy clothing increase danger of offending with "B.O." ... Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. And use it for your complexion, too. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's over 20% milder than many so-called "beauty" and "baby" soaps.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

HOW'S YOUR DOG'S digestion?



● Poor digestion is generally the result of improper feeding. Get at the *cause*. Our FREE Dog Book tells how to feed and care for your dog. It tells what to do when improper feeding causes indigestion, vomiting or cramps. Our Free Advice Department answers any question about your dog's health.

Give Sergeant's Condition Pills before meals to stimulate your dog's appetite.

Give Sergeant's Compound Pepsin Tablets after meals to help digestion of meat. Fine for growing puppies at weaning-time.

There are 23 tried and tested SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES. Standard since 1879. Made of the finest ingredients. Sold under a Money-Back Guarantee by Drug and Pet Stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs or write:

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES



Lily Pons, petite star of opera, screen and radio, presents Smoky, one of her favorite canine pals.

WEST COAST CHATTER



It's sheer hard luck not to be able to see beauteous Joan Marsh, screen star, as well as hear her on the "Flying Red Horse Tavern" programs. Every Friday from 8 to 8:30 p.m. EST she's on CBS.

EDDIE CANTOR was feeling very magnanimous one evening, after Ida's return from New York. "What would you like to do this evening?" he inquired. "Let's make a big night of it—Cocoanut Grove, *Romeo and Juliet* première, Biltmore—anything you say." "Oh, none of those places," said his frau. "Let's really celebrate and ride around and look at your pictures in the gasoline stations."

From soup to nuts go Burns and Allen. In April they will be broadcasting for a nutty breakfast food—and maybe from New York this time. They are heading east the minute their Paramount picture is completed and will appear in a Broadway play, a musical comedy based on *The Charm Girl*.

Al Jolson says he's pleased as Punch to be coming back on the air again. We hear that Al stopped at the Cradle, famous Evanston orphanage, on his way west after signing the contract, and looked over the girls. Others who are adopting babies any minute now are Irene Dunne, Miriam Hopkins, the Fredric Marches and the Pat O'Briens.

When Bobby Breen was being considered for picture work, he met the man who was thinking of investing \$60,000, in the film. Bobby shook hands with Lou Lurie, the

moneyed man. "May I call you Uncle Lou?" asked Bobby. "And shall we get right down to business?" Mr. Lurie was so stunned that he okayed Bobby's next proposal, about putting the money into the picture and being done with it. "Oh, I'm so glad you'll do it," said the boy. "I want to make a lot of money, so's I can get a nice house and a teacher for my mother and father, so's they can learn English." Bobby got enough money even to hire a teacher with an English accent!

Jan Garber's reception on the west coast has been really something. His Catalina Island engagement was followed by one at Los Angeles' famed Cocoanut Grove. On the opening night the crowd looked like Hollywood Who's Who. When Joan Crawford came sweeping in with \$8,000-worth of silver foxes and Franchot Tone, Jan struck up her favorite tune, *Melancholy Baby*—and Joan stepped up and warbled it!

Didja Know: That Jack Oakie, popular screen comic, became a radio star on signing with Camel Caravan's new show? That Martha Raye has announced her engagement to Glenda Farrell's nephew? That Constance and Joan Bennett have been talking about each other on the air? That *Hollywood Hotel* has celebrated its third anniversary? That

Al Jolson will only get \$4,000 a week on the new program? That Judy Janis, ninety-three pounds of charm and song on the Phil Harris program, is heart-whole and fancy-free? That 325,000 students in 3,000 Pacific Coast schools are taking the Standard's music appreciation course? That Anne Jamison is the only soprano of note to appear on both CBS and NBC networks—and that she's going to give them both up, mebbe, and go into pictures? That Josef Koestner's 10-year-old son, Pat, is the juvenile on *Music Hall* broadcasts? That Hoot Gibson made his first radio appearance recently for the *Music Hall*, and without a horse? That Fred Allen claims pumpkins are a California fruit—just fat oranges too lazy to reduce?

Radio is catching up to movies so fast that the celluloid market is due for a slump. Anything the *moom* pitchers can offer in the entertainment line, the radio moguls insist, can soon be duplicated and eventually excelled via the air waves. Previews are the latest proof. A preview always used to mean the advance showing of a picture—but now it's just as likely to mean an advance airing of a radio program. They're just as swanky and far more exclusive, the broadcasting stations limiting an audience to just the Chosen Few.

The tables have even turned to the extent of the cinema studios angling for radio writers. Carlton E. Morse, author of *One Man's Family*, is the latest convert. He's in Hollywood now, writing a

picture version of the popular serial for Paramount Pictures. The story of the *Barbours* was the first serial originating on the Pacific Coast to be sponsored by a nation-wide network. They'll be celebrating their fifth year on the air in April, and Paramount will release the picture around that time.

At a rehearsal, the other day, we spotted a famous opera star "parking" a piece of gum on the mike just before going into one of Wagner's deathless songs. When she left the stage, so carried away was she that she completely forgot her gum. However, we were glad to see that, when the lady returned for her next number, she had acquired another piece which found a resting place on the music rack. The climax to her performance, as far as we were concerned, came when the artist bowed low to the audience, collected both wads of gum and swept off the stage.

Latest addition to Columbia Broadcasting System's musical department is Deems Taylor, American composer, critic and journalist. "The radio," he says, "has become, and will remain, music's most important medium of transmission and no musician can afford not to take it with the utmost seriousness. Anyone who has a chance to play a part in presenting music to the radio public should—as I do—count himself lucky."

A 160-pound deer caused considerable anxiety and not a few harsh thoughts around the NBC Hollywood studios recently. That's a lot of deer, but the divi-

sion of it was the problem. The trophy was really brought down by Syd Dixon, but he shot it with a gun belonging to John Swallow, spotted it with binoculars belonging to Eddie Holden, tracked it in boots loaned by Tracy Moore and a hunting costume which is the pride and joy of Hal Bock.

Lily Pons believes in doing one thing at a time and doing it well. While out at the RKO studios, she was having diction difficulties and asked the director to give her just one line at a time, so she could do it well. For one scene the director told Lily she would have to go slangy, snap her fingers and come out with: "That'll slay 'em, eh?" Lily repeated the line under her breath until the lights flashed on, cameras turned and the director called: "Okay, Miss Pons, we're ready. Shoot!" Lily walked to the center of the stage, snapped her fingers and said slangily: "That'll keel the people, is it not so?" and walked off, well pleased with herself.

Parkyakarkus suggests that the theme song for the New York State Penitentiary should be *Sing Sing, Baby, Sing Sing*.

And Rupert Hughes, former host of the old Camel Caravan, has a new Pekingese at his house, named S. W. Taffy. The S. W. stands for Salt Water.

If you think Nelson Eddy likes those pompadour and satin pants parts, you should ask the *Open House* cast. For after every program Nelson bundles the

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

"MAKEUP'S such a problem!" Miriam Hopkins confides. "It's heavenly to find new makeup that matches, and that's just right for you!"

If your eyes are blue, like Miriam Hopkins', then Marvelous Makeup Dresden type is right for you, too! If your eyes are brown, ask for Parisian type; gray for Patri-cian type; hazel, Continental type. Marvelous Matched Makeup... keyed to the color of your eyes... includes harmonizing face powder, rouge,

lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara.

Thousands of women have tried and like this new makeup. 9 out of 10 say it's a big improvement, brings immediate new beauty. And you can try it, thriftily. Your drug or department store recommends Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup, each single item only 55 cents (Canada 65 cents).

Your mirror... or that man who matters... will echo—"There's something marvelous about you... tonight!"

55¢
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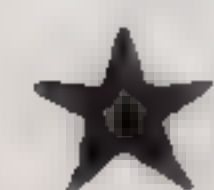


SAYS GLAMOROUS
Miriam Hopkins



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MARVELOUS The Eye Matched MAKEUP
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Miriam Hopkins—star of "Men Are Not Gods"—an Alexander Korda production.

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This dry rouge is so smooth... its particles so extremely fine... that it melts right into the skin and remains freshly blushing from dawn till dawn. Five lovely shades, to match Savage lipstick: TANGERINE, FLAME, NATURAL, BLUSH, JUNGLE. 20c at all ten cent stores.



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40 W. Milwaukee Ave.
Detroit, Mich.



With 2 Blades in Dainty Case



Two whose song makes "Vick's Open House" program a sheer delight—Francina White and Nelson Eddy. Here the candid camera shows them polishing up a duet which you will hear when you tune in CBS on Sunday evenings at eight o'clock, EST. Francina was Eddy's choice over all of Hollywood's sopranos. And Eddy is everybody's choice in radio, concert, or on the movie screen!

whole troupe off to his Beverly Hills house for supper and musical charades. And Eddy won't take a rôle that isn't tough, even in a charade. The lusty music of the buccaneer, the soldier or the villain is his meat. And Francina White likes lullabies.

Joseph Pasternack's orchestra was rehearsing Friml's *Chansonette*. Nelson Eddy noticed that a member of the chorus was absorbed in the music, oblivious to those around her.

"You liked that piece?" remarked Eddy at the close of the number.

"Yes," the girl replied. "You see, my father wrote it."

Lucile Friml is the name and she's been studying voice for several years in the hopes that she may be able to master solo parts in some of her father's famous works. She is a member of the Paul Taylor chorus.

A small Chinese restaurant in Hollywood is packing in the crowds on Friday nights since it inaugurated the custom of featuring dinner to the tunes of the Andre Kostelanetz Chesterfield broadcast. Pictures of the director, Ray Heatherton, Kay Thompson, et al, adorn a huge poster just inside the door. The broadcasts will be even more popular now, since Kostelanetz heard of this unusual tribute to his music, and is going to include such appropriate tunes as Chop Sticks, China Town, and China Boy.

Francina White, assisting artist on the Nelson Eddy Open House program, took up the option on her last possible guest appearance on another radio program when she filled the singing guest rôle on Camel Caravan in November. Francina's contract with Eddy allowed her five guest appearances on other shows. Francina is now a new recruit to the permanent cast of Fred Astaire's Tuesday night programs.

The question of the moment for Frances

Langford is: How long is four weeks?

Frances was promised a month's vacation from her torch singing for *Hollywood Hotel*. To Frances that meant four programs, bringing her back to the networks November 20th. Not so for the producers of the show, however. "Four weeks means three weeks off the program and four weeks away from Hollywood, Miss Langford," she was told, in no uncertain tones.

Telephones did a merry jangle between the Hollywood office and Frances, basking in Florida sunshine and reveling in the comforts of home in Lakeland. Even the operators were debating: How much is a month?

We'll bet a chromium television set that you'd never guess the best dressed man at the NBC studios. Bob Burns is the gentleman! His suits and accessories are always conservative—but the kind of conservatism that smacks of considerable time, thought and money having been put on them. . . . NBC's slouchiest is Bing Crosby, who seldom wears a coat, never wears a hat and has the most complete assortment of baggy trousers in Hollywood. . . . Fred Astaire goes in for studied nonchalance. Faultlessly tailored flannel slacks and tweed jackets pressed to look unpressed. . . . Jack Benny has never been seen in anything but iron-gray business suits and black cigars. . . . Vic Young wouldn't be caught dead around work without his "lucky jacket"—a tweed affair with dozens of zippers on pockets, lapels and front. These he zips up and down in agitated moments. . . . Edward Everett Horton always wears an overcoat and muffler to guard against colds. He's never had one and isn't taking any chances. . . . Johnny Green wouldn't be without a turkish towel around his neck while broadcasting. Reason unknown. . . . Kenny Baker is NBC's loudest, sartorially speaking. Checked suits and off-color ties being his specialty. . . . Don Wilson manages to cover up his six-foot-four in tweed suits, but says he'd rather just wear a tent.

If she can clear her schedule of Hollywood film and radio engagements, Gertrude Niesen will hie London-ward at coronation time. Remunerative engagements await her at one of the brighter night clubs and also at London's famed Palladium.

Ginger Rogers says she'd give up pictures in a split second for a good chance at radio. But Mama Lela Rogers is equally vehement in her idea of movies being a girl's best bet. She even has her own Little Theatre out at RKO Studios, where she trains girls with cinematic aspirations. But after appearing on that recent Radio Theatre program with Ginger, Mrs. Rogers was enthusiastic about radio. Mama, according to Ginger, is slipping.

The Dick Powells are still honeymooning, even if they are back now from New York. And that according to no better authority than the Dick Powells. Joan and Dick are both set for pictures out at Warner Brothers and in the meantime are hard at work with the Hollywood Hotel program. No, Joan isn't on the program. But she never misses one, and practically wears herself out applauding every Powell number.

Between the Paducah Plantation broadcasts and spending fourteen hours a day in the hospital, Irvin S. Cobb has been one of Hollywood's busier people lately. Mrs. Cobb was seriously ill with pneumonia for several weeks, but will shortly return to their Santa Monica home.

Cobbie Brody, the nine-year-old grandson of the Cobbs, who is now visiting at Santa Monica, startled the family the other day with the announcement of his engagement to Shirley Temple, who has been his playmate since his arrival. "Well, I sized Shirley up," said Cobbie, "and she seems pretty sensible. At least, for a girl."

Robert Taylor is in such demand for radio, pictures and personal appearances these days that it's hard to believe he sees as much of Barbara Stanwyck as the publicity items would have us believe. Within the next month or so, Bob is definitely planning to leave it all, take a trip to Nebraska, the hum state, and then take in Europe. And alone!

And if Bob Burns hasn't gone and signed himself up to become a millionaire! A movie contract which he has just c'kayed will make him one of those things in three years. A contract for a syndicated newspaper column will pay him an additional \$26,000. a year. And we're not mentioning radio. A year and a half ago Bob had two possessions of value—a second-hand car and a bazooka. But he still wears a 7¼ hat.

The latest tenants of the Countess Di Frasso's Beverly Hills home are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny. Marlene Dietrich just recently vacated the house and, according to Jack, what's good enough for Marlene is almost good enough for him. We thought this was our chance to find out how many rooms this famous place really has, but Jack wouldn't help us. "Haven't heard a word from the scouting party I sent out four days ago," he said mournfully.

—LOIS SVENSRUD.

Capture romance



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THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS

1. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of the hair.



Soap Shampoo

2. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.



Fitch Shampoo

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Hilarity reigns all over as Burns and Allen pull one on Tony Martin.

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NOT A JUNIOR, PLEASE!

(Continued from page 13)

second anniversary broadcast. It looked stunning, topping a matching white evening gown—but it looked even cuter, a few days later, when I spotted Miss L. wearing it to top a dark daytime dress! No, it didn't look out of place at all, even if you knew it had been worn a few evenings previous.

Her pet item in her wardrobe is the two-piece suit, either tailored or quite formal. Like so many busy professional women, and all you business girls, she finds the tailored suit the answer to most daytime problems of dressing smartly and inexpensively. Frances has several of them in her wardrobe. There's a stunning *tailleur* in two shades of gray, an all-black model and two fur-trimmed ones for colder weather in California. One of her fur-trimmed suits has a pert flaring peplum, edged with a wide band of black fox. The fur edging to the peplum on the jacket is all right for a slim little thing like Frances, but most of you half-pinters will do better with the smoother furs. Fox tends to give too much bulk to the top of the figure and thus cuts down your height.

Last fall, Frances went back to Lakeland, Florida, for an annual holiday in her old home town. For the train trip down and back, she bought the tailored suit which she had photographed for this story. As you can see, it combines the unusual combination of a striped skirt and a checked jacket. The skirt is a soft English flannel in gray with fine white and brown stripes. And the jacket, made with a fitted waist and slightly padded shoulders, is of the checked tweed in the same shades.

Dark accessories are her choice for this. That mannish shirt is dark brown and she bought it in the boys' department of a Hollywood store! To further stress the severe tailored feeling of the suit, she wears a man's beige silk tie and a fedora-type brown felt hat. Her brown suede oxfords and smartly shaped handbag are a trifle more on the feminine side.

Lounging pajamas come next in importance in her personal wardrobe. She finds them the perfect outfits for the relaxation she has to steal between rehearsals, broadcasts and picture "shootings." She wears them for dining at home and often for a hostess costume, in lieu of a dress.

She was wearing her favorite pajama suit the day I talked to her. It's the black and white satin one you see pictured. It's rather Russian in feeling, with a long tunic in white brocaded satin, the collar of which buttons right up under the chin with black satin buttons. The trousers are plain black satin, cut rather wide. Her sash belt is edged with the black satin—white satin sandals for her feet. This makes a stunning foil for Frances' own black and white coloring.

I asked Frances to pick the one dress, out of her whole closet, which she found the most useful for general informal use. Without a moment's deep thought, she pulled out the short-sleeved, dark purple afternoon crêpe and promised to have a

picture made of it for you. It's extremely simple and that's the secret of its smartness for five-footers or less. There's not an extra detail to make it look too fussy, and yet it certainly doesn't look juniorish. That soft fullness to the top is cleverly achieved by shirring that extends up the outside of the arms and across the shoulders to be caught into the high-buttoned neck band. The shirring gives the short sleeves that new "drawn up" look that is so effective. The skirt is quite slender with just a slight flare toward the hem. You'll find that all width will be modified in spring dresses, a gradual tapering off from the very full "swing" skirts of this winter. That's what makes this dress of Frances' so practical—it isn't extreme. The low slash to the front of the blouse is partially filled in with a raggedy bunch of fuchsia-colored flowers.

Don't skip the attractive black suede pumps that Frances wears with this dress. They have the high instep cut. As you will notice, although Frances has the small foot of the shorter girl, she doesn't cut it off with short-vamp shoes. All of her shoes have the longer toe detail and it tends to give an added illusion of height.

Frances said that she really goes to town on clothes to be worn at a Hollywood premiere. Of course, some of the picture previews are not necessarily formal, but about once a month there is a grand opening to a new picture and everyone steps out in their best.

For such a swanky event, Frances bought herself a beautiful white crêpe gown which is embroidered all over with white and silver beads. Tiny as she is, the Langford takes on regal proportions in this dress. Made on semi-princess lines, with a skirt that just touches the floor and has no train, this gown achieves its distinction with its unusual bodice detail. Backless, it is built up high at the neck in front but has a deep slash to the high waistline, where Frances clips a beautiful ruby and rhinestone jewel. This sounds very décolleté, but it isn't, because over the dress foundation goes a cape-jacket with long sleeves. Really a unique and very flattering gown.

With this dress Frances wears red slippers to match the one color note in her gown's trimming, the clip. And over it she wears her prized possession—a cape of flawlessly matched platinum foxes. This luxurious fur topper made its appearance at the preview of *Roméo and Juliet* and Frances says she still can't bear to splurge out in it except for her most important dates. She wore it again, not long ago, over a very simple black crêpe dinner gown—this was at the annual Press Photographers' Ball.

Furs are a hobby with her. She says: "If ever I get really rich, I will buy as many of them as I like. My fox cape is the beginning and I hope my next buy will be a mink coat. But that's definitely on the luxury side and will have to wait!"

On the subject of accessories, Frances has very set ideas.

PIMPLES? BAD SKIN?



Here's Frances Langford, "done wrong" by a camera as she rests on her car on the "Born to Dance" lot.

"A bag or a pair of shoes can make an inexpensive costume, or ruin an expensive one," she insists. "Getting a dress is just the first step in assembling a costume. I never wear a new one until I have the right shoes, hat, bag and gloves to go with it. It's really not such an expensive plan as it sounds. I have found that if you have one good looking set of accessories in black, brown and navy blue, you can meet the demands of almost any costume."

Isn't there always one dress in your own wardrobe that you cherish above all others, regardless of how old it is? Well, Frances has just such a garment. It no longer is new and it hasn't any particularly striking feature of color, trimming or cut. But she loves it. It's a graceful dinner dress of green lace and there's hardly a week that it doesn't come out of the closet to attend some sort of a party.

"I had the grandest time of my life, the first time I wore that dress," Frances said, holding it in her arms. "Now I get it out to wear every time I'm going somewhere that I want to be sure to have fun. It hasn't failed me yet! It's my lucky dress."

I have made a lot of notes on colors, fabrics and styles of clothes that are flattering to various types. If you will write in to me, giving your full description such as height, coloring, general figure proportions, etc., I will gladly give you some pointers on how to make the most of yourself from every fashion angle.

Send in this description along with your request for my monthly Shopping Bulletin. Fill in the coupon below.

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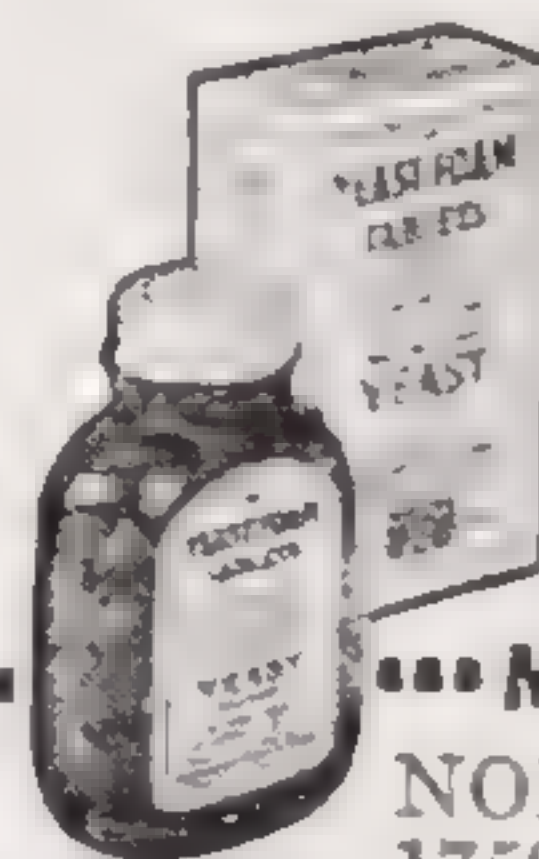


stances of vitamin deficiency. With the intestinal tract again in healthy function, pimples should quickly disappear.

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BOARD OF REVIEW

(Continued from page 6)



Trouble for "One Man's Family"! Around Father (J. Anthony Smythe) and Claudia (Kathleen Wilson) are, L. to R., Teddy (Winifred Wolfe) Hazel (Bernice Berwin) Mrs. B. (Minetta Ellen) Clifford (Barton Yarborough) Captain Nicky (Walter Paterson) and Paul (Michael Raffetto).

99. NATIONAL BARN DANCE.....57.6 NBC Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST, 8:00 P. M. PST	108. FIRST NIGHTER—DON AMECHE....55.6 NBC Fri. 10:00 P.M. EST
100. GRAND HOTEL—ANNE SEYMOUR...57.5 NBC Sun. 3:30 P.M. EST	109. HUSBANDS AND WIVES.....55.3 NBC Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST
101. QUALITY TWINS—EAST AND DUMKE.....57.4 CBS T-T 11:15 A.M. EST	110. SUNSET DREAMS—MORIN SISTERS...55.1 NBC Sun. 7:45 P.M. EST
102. DR. ALLEN ROY DAFOE.....57.1 CBS M-W-F 11:45 A.M. EST	111. DEATH VALLEY DAYS.....55.0 NBC Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST
103. CLEM McCARTHY—SPORT SHOTS...57.0 NBC T-T-S 11:05 P.M. EST	112. LOG CABIN DUDE RANCH.....54.6 NBC Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST
104. BROADWAY VARIETIES.....56.4 CBS Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST	113. THE JERGENS PROGRAM—WALTER WINCHELL.....54.0 NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST
105. JIMMY FIDLER AND HIS HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP.....56.3 NBC Tues. 10:30 P.M. EST	114. 1847 MUSICAL CAMERA.....53.5 NBC Sun. 4:30 P.M. EST
106. KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN...56.2 NBC Sat. 5:30 P.M. EST	115. GOODWILL COURT.....53.4 NBC Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST
107. PORTRAITS OF HARMONY.....56.0 NBC Tues. 10:30 P.M. EST	116. AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH...53.3 NBC Sun. 12:00 Noon EST



"War isn't pretty; it's hell!" says Floyd Gibbons, fiery commentator who was eye-witness to many gruesome sights in the present Spanish Revolution. Spanish señoritas have taken their place in the firing line—but death and horror are no respecters of sex!

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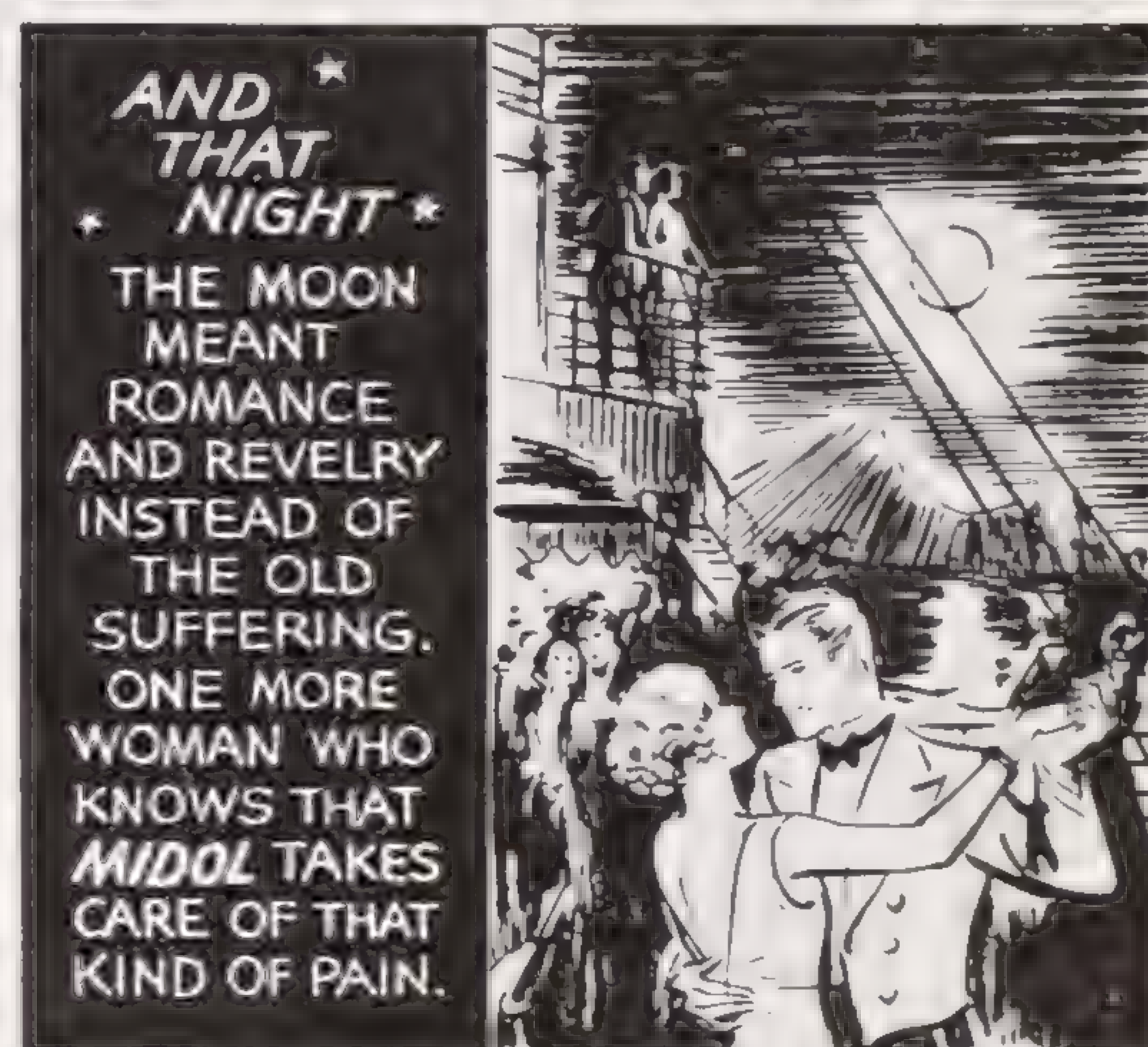
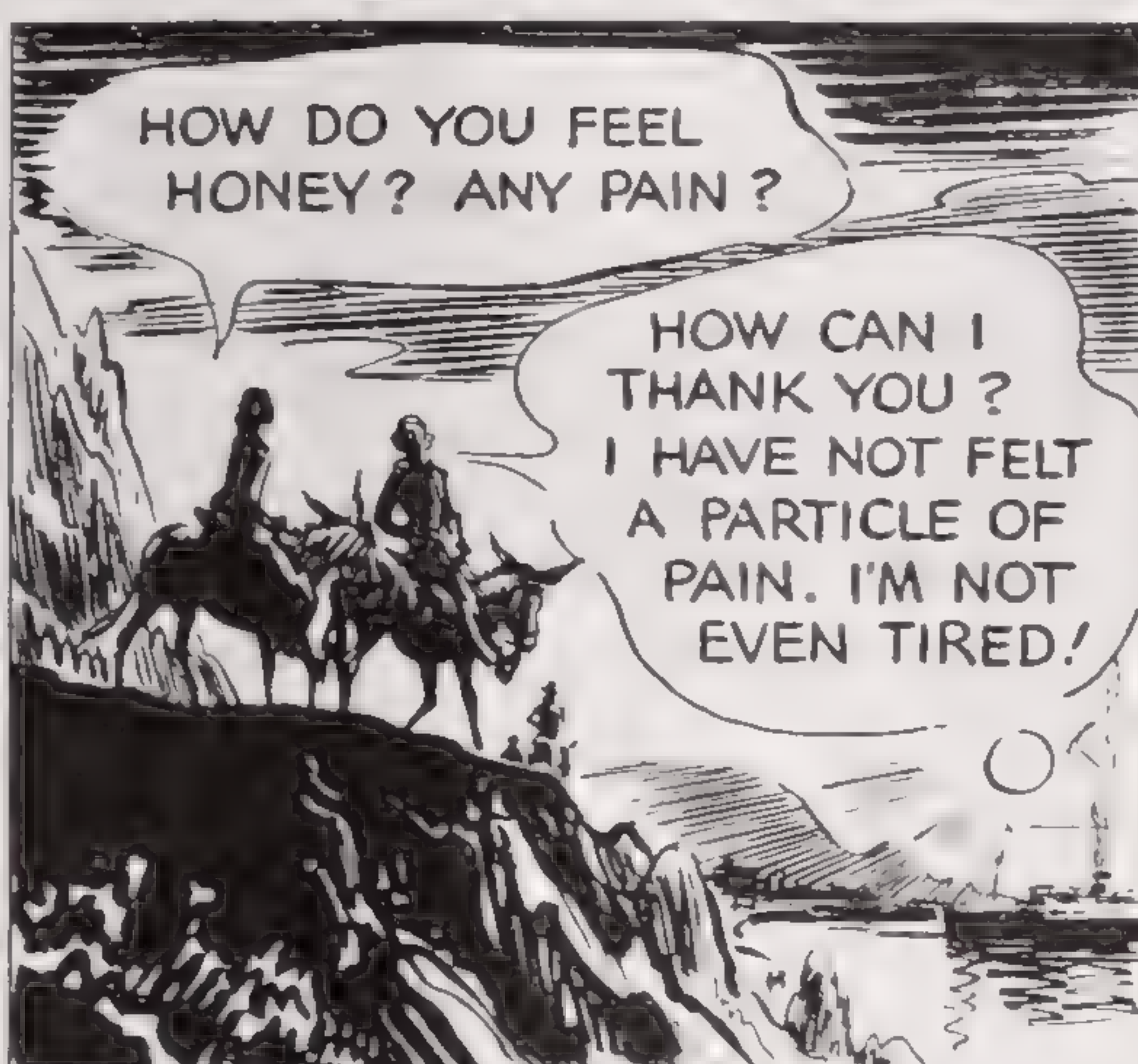


Homer Rodeheaver introduces a competitor to the "Come On, Let's Sing" audience. He is Rudy Hyun, who is a song master from far-off Korea.

- | | |
|---|------|
| 117. IRENE RICH..... | 53.2 |
| NBC Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST | |
| 118. NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT—BENNY RUBIN..... | 52.6 |
| MBS Sun. 6:00 P.M. EST | |
| 119. DAVID HARUM..... | 52.5 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:00 A.M. EST | |
| 120. GREATER SINCLAIR MINSTRELS..... | 52.0 |
| NBC Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST | |
| 121. THE HONEYMOONERS..... | 51.9 |
| NBC T-W-T 11:30 A.M. EST | |
| 122. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY..... | 51.2 |
| NBC Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST | |
| 123. JACK ARMSTRONG..... | 50.6 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:30 P.M. EST | |
| 124. TED MALONE'S BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS..... | 50.3 |
| CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:15 P.M. EST | |
| 125. HOW TO BE CHARMING..... | 50.3 |
| NBC M-W-F 11:30 A.M. EST | |
| 126. BACKSTAGE WIFE..... | 50.2 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:15 A.M. EST | |
| 127. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY..... | 50.2 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:00 P.M. EST | |
| 128. THE GOOSE CREEK PARSON..... | 50.1 |
| CBS M-W-F 7:30 P.M. EST, 7:45 P.M. PST | |
| 129. FIVE STAR JONES..... | 50.1 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 10:15 A.M. EST | |
| 130. ECHOES OF NEW YORK TOWN..... | 50.0 |
| NBC Sun. 6:00 P.M. EST | |
| 131. RICH MAN'S DARLING..... | 50.0 |
| CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:45 P.M. EST | |
| 132. EDWARD MacHUGH—THE GOSPEL SINGER..... | 49.9 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:45 A.M. EST | |
| 133. MOLLY OF THE MOVIES..... | 49.9 |
| MBS M-T-W-T-F 3:00 P.M. EST | |
| 134. WILDERNESS ROAD..... | 49.8 |
| CBS M-T-W-T-F 5:45 P.M. EST | |
| 135. BOBBY BENSON..... | 49.8 |
| CBS M-W-F 6:15 P.M. EST | |
| 136. ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT..... | 49.7 |
| CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:30 P.M. EST | |
| 137. VIC AND SADE..... | 49.5 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:30 P.M. EST, 11:30 A.M. EST on WJZ WSYR WLS WHAM KDKA WTMJ WDAY | |
| 138. SINGIN' SAM..... | 49.3 |
| NBC Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST, Fri. 8:15 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST | |
| 139. MA PERKINS..... | 49.2 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:15 P.M. EST | |
| 140. RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED..... | 48.3 |
| CBS M-T-W-T-F 6:45 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. EST | |
| 141. SMILING ED McCONNELL..... | 48.2 |
| NBC Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST | |
| 142. PICK AND PAT..... | 48.0 |
| CBS Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST | |
| 143. POPEYE, THE SAILOR..... | 46.3 |
| CBS M-W-F 7:15 P.M. EST | |
| 144. TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS..... | 45.0 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:15 P.M. EST | |
| 145. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE..... | 44.4 |
| NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:45 P.M. EST | |
| 146. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE..... | 43.8 |
| NBC M-W-F 11:45 A.M. EST, T-T 7:15 P.M. EST | |

Are you registering your radio preferences? See page 10 of this issue. Let us hear yours. Address: QUERY EDITOR, Radio Stars, 149 Madison Avenue, New York.

SEEING HER THROUGH



EVERY month sees more women accepting the peace and comfort of Midol! It's old-fashioned to suffer periodic pain, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" on certain days of

every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

The relief is so swift that you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom you hadn't thought possible!



When "Lux Radio Theatre" presented "Saturday's Children," John Lake, Robert Taylor, Fred (stage) Perry, Olivia de Havilland, Mona Barrie, Ross Forrester and Lou Merrill gave the production much time and thought.



Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.**

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We hope you are making good use of Elizabeth Ellis' Shopping Bulletins. You'll find one at the end of her fashion department. See Page 12.

"COINS WANTED"

1909 CENT \$10—WE BUY CERTAIN COINS COMMON AND RARE—Others worth to \$6,000; 1864-1865 Indian head cents, \$100 each; Dimes before 1895, \$450; Liberty Head Nickels before 1914, \$300; large pennies, \$2,000; cancelled postage stamps, \$13; Half cents, \$275; Half dimes, \$175; Quarters, \$300; Fractional currencies; Paper money; Gold Dollars, \$1,500; Colonial coins, \$300; Silver Dollars, \$1,000; 1933, 50c, \$4.00; foreign coins, \$165, etc. SEND 15c TODAY for ILLUSTRATED 1937 COIN BOOK, before sending coins. National Coin Corporation (600) Springfield, Massachusetts.

Sticky? NO!

Just isn't sticky

New Secret Ingredient does away with sticky gums found in old-type lotions. Penetrates quickly, leaving your skin satiny-smooth. Next time ask for Chatterbox.

Chatterbox LOTION

AT 5c & 10c STORES EVERYWHERE

WHAT THEY LISTEN TO—AND WHY

(Continued from page 10)



Wide World

A program you will delight in listening to is Modern Romances' "Wednesday Matinée." Here is the cast: Ethel Blume (left), Karl Swenson, Adelaide Klein, Alan Bruce and Edith Spencer, enacting a true-life story which was chosen by a committee composed of a judge, a psychologist and a social worker. Tune in this program, Wednesdays at two p.m., on the NBC network.

Street, and *The Man Monkey* was very good. *Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl* was some mix-up, too. But whether the plays are hokum, good clean fun or drama, it is a grand show. However, I must say that I don't think it would be so grand if Orson Wells was not the *Great McCoy* and did not act in the plays. I never heard a better actor on the air, and in *Hamlet* on the *Columbia Workshop* program he was marvelous. More power to him!"

Mrs. Gertrude Smith, West Cornwall, Conn. (Housewife.) "*One Man's Family* is one of the best, but I am also much interested in *Betty and Bob*. *The O'Neills* for a good laugh and Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny and Phil Baker, too. My favorite singers are Nelson Eddy, Lanny Ross and James Melton."

Jaene Huscher, Albany, Calif. "Seeing so many letters in the December issue telling of favorites, I just had to join in. First of all comes *Vick's Open House* with Nelson Eddy; then the *American Album of Familiar Music*, *The Voice of Firestone*, *Show Boat*, *Waltz Time*, the *Packard Hour* and *Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour*. Also enjoy Lowell Thomas and Boake Carter. The one I dislike most is *Good Will Court*. Those I like make life pleasanter—which, I think, should be the aim of all programs—the *Good Will Court* is depressing. Of course, I needn't listen to it and I don't. Once was enough."

Frank Rhoads, Philadelphia, Pa. (Machinist.) "For a good laugh I tune in Eddie Cantor; for good news, *The March of Time*; Ben Bernie and Rudy Vallee because they always furnish good programs."

Mary Jane MacConell, Globe, Ariz.

(High School Girl) "I listen to *One Man's Family* because I think it is typical of the American family. The characters are life-like and the story is always interesting and never overdone. I also listen to the *Lucky Strike Hit Parade*—I like to know which songs are most popular."

Martha Nurre, Loveland, Ohio. "I prefer the King of Comedy, Jack Benny, and the King of Song, Nelson Eddy. I think Sunday night is the best night on the radio. Other programs among my favorites are Eddie Cantor, *Stoopnagle and Budd* and *Lux Radio Theatre*."

Tilghman Frantz, Allentown, Pa. "I like Jessica Dragonette best, because she has the most beautiful voice I have ever heard. I never miss the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, either. These two are my preferences."

Phyllis Ireland, Eugene, Ore. "My favorite kind of music is swing. I like it more each day. The worst kind is amateur sopranos and baritones. I don't like news programs, such as Sam Hayes'. The best orchestra leaders are Glen Gray, Benny Goodman, Bob Crosby and Jimmy Grier. My favorite programs are *Waring's Pennsylvanians* and the Friday Chesterfield program. The thing I like the best in a program is the music, so I enjoy those in the evening which come from night clubs."

Mary E. P., Philadelphia, Pa. (Housewife.) "My very favorite program on the air is *Today's Children*. It's so true to life."

Genevieve Maro. (Nurse.) "Jessica Dragonette has brought me new free-ness and new happiness which I shall never forget. She is the only star of whom I've

heard who tries to fill her fans' requests to her utmost ability. And the only star who cherishes her fans' letters, cards, etc. In other words, Jessica is more than a star. She is a queen and may she forever be on the radio!"

Matilda Dudziak, Richmond, Calif. (Cashier.) "My favorite program on the air is *Vick's Open House*, which combines Nelson Eddy's superb voice with his grand personality and ability as a master of ceremonies. Other preferences are symphonies: Richard Crooks on the *Voice of Firestone*; *Metropolitan Auditions of the Air*; and for amusement, the variety programs of Jack Benny and Fred Allen."

Elaine Siegel, Detroit, Mich. (High School Student.) "I prefer *Hollywood Hotel* to any other program on the air. Dick Powell's and Frances Langford's magnetic personalities and magnificent singing voices would add vivid color to any broadcast. I also enjoy the sparkling comedy of Jack Benny and Bob Burns."

John Murbach, Tucson, Ariz. (Retired Engineer.) "*Amos and Andy*, because it is a clean program and there is a lesson in each broadcast. Major Bowes is excellent. *Show Boat*, with Lanny Ross' songs. *Jello* programs, with Jack Benny's wit. *Gang Busters*, for excitement. *Community Sings*, because they are home-like. Believe-it-or-not Ripley, because it is educational."

Miss I. M. Renn, Westborough, Mass. "My favorite radio program is Rudy Vallee's. His showmanship is unsurpassed. A peerless judge of talent, he weaves his material artfully into the perfect variety program. An exceptional master of ceremonies, his refinement and dignity inspire confidence. Always self-effacing and generous, his introductions are unique. The music of the *Connecticut Yankees* is distinctive and permeated with the maestro's personality. When Rudy renders a new song in that clear, soft voice—it is a hit. This hour appears the shortest and most satisfactory of all, and next Thursday becomes a pleasant anticipation."

Frank L. Herbert, Coral Gables, Fla. "Orpha M. Dolph, in the December issue of *Radio Stars* describes a beautiful word picture of Jessica Dragonette. I would add to it by saying that Miss Dragonette's noble personality and character are reflected in her majestic voice. I believe that all who have heard her, endorse these sentiments."

Agnes Foster, St. Mary's, Pa. "My favorite programs are: Ken Murray, George Burns and Gracie Allen, *Gang Busters*, *Major Bowes' Amateur Hour* and *First Nighters*. For popular music and songs I prefer *Your Hit Parade* and Guy Lombardo's orchestra."

Lucy Vasile, Brooklyn, N. Y. "My favorite program is that of the *Joymakers*, every morning on Station WNEW at 11:30. Alan Courtney, the master of ceremonies, has a wonderful personality. In my opinion, Alan Courtney is the best comedian on the air and his program the most enjoyable. I dare any of the noted comedians to get before a microphone, without a script, and make people laugh."

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JOHNNY AND DOTTY
LEW DIAMOND'S ORCHESTRA

a brand-new "DESERVER" each week and the added feature of dramatized stories from the famous

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WOR	New York City	Tues. 8:30
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.	Thur. 7:30
WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.	Sat. 9:30
WTIC	Hartford, Conn.	Tues. 7:30
WNAC	Boston, Mass.	Mon. 7:30
WJR	Detroit, Mich.	Sat. 6:45
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio	Sun. 4:00
WFAA	Dallas, Texas	Mon. 6:30
KOV	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Sun. 5:00
WWL	New Orleans, La.	Mon. 7:30
KEX	Portland, Oregon	Sun. 3:00
KOL	Seattle, Washington	Sun. 4:30
KHJ	Los Angeles, Cal.	Wed. 5:30
KFRC	San Francisco, Cal.	Wed. 5:30
KGB	San Diego, Cal.	Wed. 5:30
KDB	Santa Barbara, Cal.	Wed. 5:30

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Hollywood news snooper, Jimmy Fidler, plays host in his new Toluca Lake home. In the merry group, from left to right, are Allan Jones and bride Irene Hervey, Jimmy and Mrs. Fidler and Mrs. Dick Arlen.

STAGE DOOR JOHNNIES OF RADIO

(Continued from page 25)



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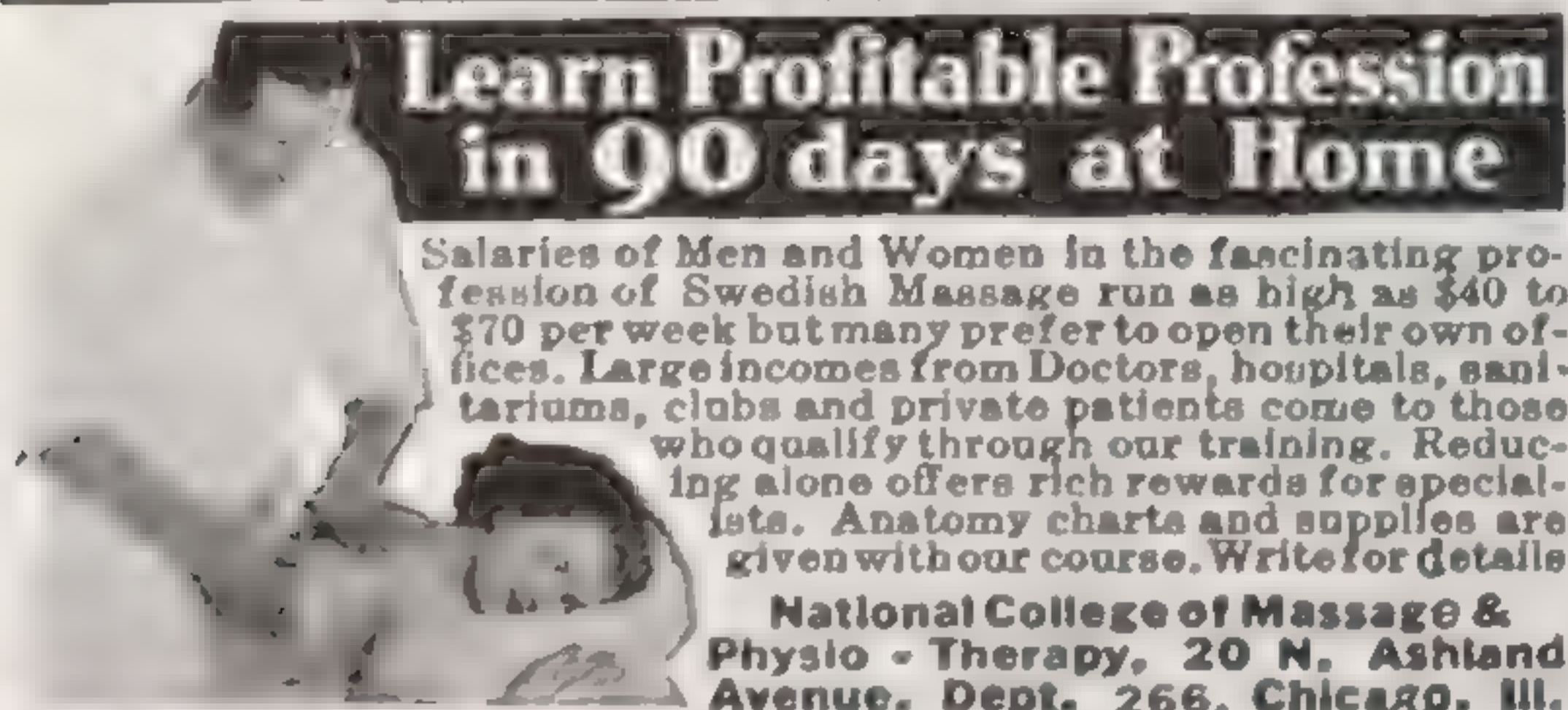


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especially to you and if you want to get in touch with me, my address—"

"Meet my husband, Mister—er—" faltered Mary very nicely, turning to Jack, who was standing behind her. Apparently the young man didn't realize she was Mrs. Benny, because he looked very disappointed and nonplussed and immediately ducked into the crowds on Forty-ninth Street, before she had a chance to thank him properly.

Jack razed Mary to death. "Aha! Getting sympathy for your literary efforts!" Finally he said: "Well, if they're love poems, Doll, you win."

Mary hoped they would be love poems, just for a joke on Jack, and when she got home, she opened the package to find a very neat assortment of typewritten pages, with a fancy cardboard cover and curlicue roses and hearts drawn between the verses. But alas, they weren't exactly odes to Mary! They were all about trees and rippling brooks and spring.

"I was never so disappointed in my life," she told me, laughing, "I always have wanted somebody to write a poem about me."

For a while Helen Hayes had a persistent Stage Door Johnny, who became the Mystery of Radio Row. Every Monday evening, after her *Bambi* broadcasts, she had to rush quickly down to the Broadhurst Theatre to appear in *Victoria Regina*, so she kept her car, with a cop in it to help her through traffic, waiting at the Sixth Avenue entrance to Radio City. And every time she'd come out to get in her car, there would be an impressive-looking limousine parked just behind it, with white tires and a chauffeur, and a plump middle-aged gentleman in dinner clothes bowing and asking if he might have the honor of driving her to the theatre.

Helen explained to him, the first night, that she couldn't possibly accept his invitation, but the next six Mondays he was still there. He'd always follow her to the Broadhurst, get out and bow and smile and say: "Goodnight, Miss Hayes," quite elegantly and then he'd drive away. Once or twice he made himself a little obnoxious by trying to edge her car toward the curb and drive parallel with her in traffic, but a few choice words from Helen's cop fixed that and he didn't attempt it any more. He'd patiently follow behind.

Helen told this story at a party one evening and some of her friends became very curious to find out who the suave gentleman might be. So the next Monday they followed him in a taxi, after he left the theatre and, lo and behold, he wound up at one of these places where they furnish limousines by the hour, uniformed chauffeur included. They didn't follow him any further because they decided it would be just too disappointing if he also should take his tuxedo back to a renting tailor! Anyway, he stopped pursuing Helen, after a time or two more. He must have lost hope or his credit with the auto people! One of the broadcasts that draws the

biggest stag line in the alley is the Fred Waring show, since Rosemary and Priscilla Lane and Ferne Buckner are all mighty good-looking and popular with the males. Of course it flatters the girls to have strings of admirers waiting at the stage door but, after all, no nice girl can afford to exchange more than the merest pleasantries with strange men. So it's all right, as long as a Johnny wants to present gardenias or an autograph book, but the minute he begins asking for home telephone numbers and dates, the feminine stars of the Waring show hustle off to their taxis in the best Emily Post manner.

You can imagine, then, what a blow it was to Priscilla Lane's regular bi-weekly admirers, the night she stepped out of the stage door at the Forty-fifth Street Playhouse and practically embraced a great big cowboy right on the spot. Not only did she pin his nosegay on her collar, but she stuck her arm through his and marched across the street for an orangeade, beaming as though she were absolutely excited to death.

You see, during the summers, the Lane sisters, of Indianola, Iowa, spend all their week-ends at a dude ranch in New Jersey. And one of the cowboys on the place, a big lanky fellow named Tex, not only taught Priscilla to ride, but for two years he had been assigned to ride with her for safety's sake, whenever she took to the hinterlands of the Jersey hills. Tex never had the nerve to profess his passion for Priscilla out on the ranch, but, when he came into New York to ride in the Rodeo at Madison Square Garden, he turned up at the stage door in full regalia, boots and spurs and red silk shirt, clutching a florist's box in one hand and his ten gallon hat in the other and blushing all over the place. And of course Priscilla, who would honestly rather be a cowgirl than a radio star any day, was delighted.

So every broadcast, for two weeks, Tex waited at the stage door until the blonde Lane would come out and honor him with her presence over a sundae. The last night of the Rodeo she sat with him in the section reserved for cowboys and cowgirls and, when he was awarded third prize for roping steers, Priscilla cheered louder than anybody else in the Garden.

Pretty Willie Morris, the Mexico, Missouri songbird who stars on the *Musical Camera* programs, has had a doting Stage Door Johnny for nearly a year and she's never even met him. You see, it's sort of a Captain Miles Standish-John Alden arrangement. He sends a Western Union boy instead of coming himself.

Shortly after Willie first landed on the networks last season, a Western Union messenger delivered to her, one night after a broadcast, a gorgeous basket of mixed cut flowers. The next week he turned up with chrysanthemums, the next with yellow roses and, since there never was any card attached, she began to think, maybe the uniformed lad, himself, was the donor. When she inquired, however, he said very

tersely: "Lady, I'm paid to say nothing!" And walked off with a bored expression—so she gathered she'd made a wrong guess.

The flowers kept coming and finally they changed to gifts—an alabaster desk clock, a tooled English leather waste basket, candy, a Virginia ham, a set of costly perfumes—with always the same messenger boy delivering them. Willie was just about to refuse acceptance of any more presents until she knew their origin, when one night she got a long-distance phone call from Boston and a gentleman with a very charming voice confessed that he was the donor. He told her his name and explained that under a pen name he had written the words to several songs Willie often includes in her programs. His gifts, he said, were his appreciation for the fine way she phrased and gave meaning to his lyrics and he hoped he'd meet her sometime and thanks and goodbye.

Naturally, when she recently played a week's theatre engagement in Boston, she expected her admirer to drop around. But he didn't and his tributes are still arriving at Radio City. People who know of the gentleman in question tell her that he is an extremely attractive bachelor of thirty, who comes from a fine old Back Bay family.

"Really and truly," Willie said to me, "I'm anxious to meet him. But what can you do in a case like that?"

Unfortunately, all of radio's Stage Door Johnnies aren't Sir Galahads, as Fannie Brice recently discovered to her considerable dismay—and expense. After slowly working her way through a long line of fans at a broadcast, not long ago, she found a young fellow standing patiently in the rain beside her car, waiting to present her with a water color portrait he had painted of her and to ask for her autograph in return. She was very pleased with the picture, thanked him graciously and wrote her name on his pad.

The following Saturday night, when the Winter Garden Theatre checked up on the week's receipts, a strange story came to light. The young artist, who undoubtedly knew the inner workings of show business, had written "O. K. 2" just above Miss Brice's signature, taken the slip of paper to the box office of the theatre, where she was starring in the stage production of *Ziegfeld Follies*, and walked off with a couple of free passes for choice orchestra seats at the evening's performance. When Saturday night came, Fannie had to fork up \$6.60 from her own pocketbook to pay for the seats, since she'd already overdrawn her pass allowance for the week.

Now she uses an improvised backhand for autographing, instead of the Locker method of writing she was taught in the East Side public schools.

Something really to see are the Johnnies who hang around whenever Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra broadcasts. With thirty young and attractive damsels exiting from the studio at once, it's sheer bedlam as the boys close in on them from all sides, clamoring for favors. Usually a special corps of pages is put on duty, to break a path through the crowd for the girls to get to the sidewalk. And, in addition, the members of the band are under strict orders not to dally with admirers during their working hours, since Mr.

RADIO STARS

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Spitalny feels a good deal of moral responsibility for the young ladies in his employ, many of whom he has brought to New York from small towns.

Evelyn Kaye, blue-eyed concert mistress and solo violinist of the group, encountered an all-time high in masculine shyness the night she stepped out of the studio to have a 'teen-age youngster press an envelope into her hand. He was skinny and blond and boyish looking, and he made his request with so much awkward reticence she couldn't refuse him.

"Would you please read this?" he asked bashfully.

She tore the envelope open and read:

"Dear Miss Evelyn Kaye,
I listened to you playing I Love You Truly the other night on the radio and it moved me to confess I love you truly, too. I guess you have a lot of steadies but I am going to take up the piano accordion and devote myself to learning it until I can meet you on the equal basis of two musicians, you and I, then maybe I will have a chance.

I am five-foot-ten and a pretty good dancer. This is my last year at high school and I have a good job promised me with a lumber company when I get out. I am not one of these 'wild men' who go for wild girls. Please tell me now if I have a chance with you.

Hoping."

Evelyn was astonished. "Did you write this yourself?" she asked.

"Well—well, I guess I did—" he explained with painful embarrassment, staring down at his feet and twisting his hat in his hands. "You see, I was afraid—you see, I came over here all the way from Sayville, Long Island, and I lost my nerve on the train and I thought I better write what I had to tell you because—you see, I thought I might not be able to say it when I saw you in person—"

Poor Evelyn was trying her best to think of a nice way to tell him she was engaged, so she was pretty relieved when Phil Spitalny walked up behind her and snapped: "Now, Miss Kaye!" at her in stern reprimand. With that, both she and her ardent suitor fled in opposite directions and the problem was automatically solved for both of them.

Broadcasts originating in Hollywood are as popular with Stage Door Johnnies as the ones in New York. Scarcely a mike celebrity can drive up to any of the movie city's radio studios or theatres without being mobbed. Frances Langford, who hails from Lakeland, Florida, invariably creates a disturbance every time she exits after the *Hollywood Hotel* program, but her favorite memento of all the gifts she has received from Stage Door Johnnies is not a pressed orchid nor a stack of love letters. It's a dirty old rabbit's foot and she wouldn't trade it for ten ermine evening wraps with a roadster thrown in.

Frances can be pretty convincing when she sings in that voice of hers that is such a perfect cross between a mean swing band and the bells of St. Mary's. One night, when she had torched *You're Not the Kind of a Boy for a Girl Like Me*, a tottering, kindly-looking, white-haired

man in workman's clothes stood humbly on the fringe of the crowd at the stage entrance, until she'd signed every autograph book in sight, then shuffled laboriously on his crutch to the window of her car.

"Little lady," he said, smiling, "I was sitting in my shop down the street a-ways and I hear you sing to that boy about how he wasn't for you. Now, you're too pretty to be having misunderstandings with your boy-friend. I'm giving you this rabbit's foot to help you kiss and make up—and don't you quarrel no more!"

He was so sincere and sweet about it, Frances invited him to get in and drove him home.

"And, believe it or not," she said to me, "that rabbit's foot has really changed my luck about—well, you know, romance and all." So she keeps it wrapped in tissue, tucked away in her top bureau drawer.

Gracie Allen wasn't so fortunate, the evening a gentleman, with an ardent expression on his face, presented her with a large white package, gaily tied with bright ribbons, expressed his great enjoyment of her programs, then walked away. When Gracie got home and opened the package, she found it was full of advertising matter about playground equipment that the gentleman hoped she might purchase for baby Sandra's nursery!

Then there was the night one of Ann Jamison's Stage Door Johnnies completely broke up a *Hollywood Hotel* rehearsal. Ann, the pretty little soprano star of the show, was born in Ireland. When she was ten years old, during the fierce Black and Tan friction in that country, she ran out into the street one day just as a man was shot dead, in front of her house, by four other men. And, since she was the only witness to the killing, which turned out to be an important political incident, she was wanted by a certain faction to identify the murderers—and warned by the opposing faction not to talk. Her parents, seeking to avoid trouble, sent her to India for a while, to live with relatives; when she returned home an attempt was made to kidnap her, so the whole family moved to Canada to get away from it all.

The left-overs of the Black and Tan disturbance are still going on, to an extent, under cover. Even in Canada, Ann was pursued by various alarming messages, so she has been very careful, since her career has brought her into the lime-light of radio, to steer clear of strangers and never go out alone.

After *Hollywood Hotel* had signed off the air, one night recently, the cast was detained several hours for a preliminary rehearsal. Ann's part was finished before the rest and she slipped out to go home. Hurrying through the darkened stage alley, she saw the tall figure of a man approaching her, followed by two other men behind him. He walked up to her, caught her hand as though to shake it, and when he began to compliment her on her singing, he spoke with such a thick Irish brogue it frightened her half out of her wits. She screamed at the top of her lungs—which brought Dick Powell, Raymond Paige, the stage doorman and several others, running, to find her in tears and the Johnnies beating it away.

After much explanation, the misunderstanding was settled and all three of the



Smith Ballew, lean, personable Texan of radio and movie fame.

men were Ann's guests at the broadcast the following Friday. Only she got a very good bawling out from her mama, for walking through dark alleys at night by herself.

If there's a queen of radio's Stage Door Johnnies, though, it's Jessica Dragonette. The ethereal Jessica seems to have the sort of appeal that brings men bearing gifts and praise—and especially home-made poetry—to lay at her feet. Program after program finds a thick line of her admirers stretching from studio to elevator, to street floor entrance, to her car. In fact, she has even had Stage Door Johnnies all the way from China, where her program is broadcast by short wave.

They're invariably an orderly bunch, La Dragonette's admirers; they seem to stand so in awe of her, they never push or crowd; they seldom ever say anything, other than to murmur their appreciation. But they keep the entire Dragonette household supplied with many flowers, more goodies than can possibly be eaten, and literally pounds of poems of praise.

Jessica's champion Johnny is a nice gentleman from North Carolina, who, every year for eight years, has presented her with a Hallowe'en basket. It seems he comes to New York each fall, just for the purpose of attending her program closest to Hallowe'en and giving her his gift—which, incidentally, is fixed up by one of the most expensive caterers in Manhattan and is a gorgeous arrangement of autumn flowers and imported delicacies in a huge pumpkin basket. Every time he comes he tells her the same thing, how another year of his life has been made happier by her singing. And Jessica, who is a very formal and aloof person, thanks him graciously and moves on. All she knows about him, after eight faithful Hallowe'ens, is his last name.

So far, no radio romances have flowered from the bud of a Stage Door Johnny's admiration. The stars have the attitude that it's nicer and safer to pick their beaux from bona-fide social and professional introductions. But one thing strongly on the side of the hopeful alley audience is the good old Law of Averages. This business of praise and posies can't go on forever without—sometime—swell results.

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Please let me try for myself the **SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT** of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any drug-

gist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 21)

Writer, whose special job it is to think up headlines that will attract attention. This fellow hadn't met me. His job was just to look over the interview and pick out something for a headline. His headline was: "Rudy Vallee Says . . . Kreisler Good, Too."

Once, up in Canada I had an engagement to play at Port Dover, Ontario. Port Dover is a little village and we didn't expect much of a crowd. Due to the cancelling of certain trains, I had to engage a special train from Cleveland to Erie, which cost me \$1,200. When we arrived at Erie, we went swimming in the lake, not realizing that we were sunburning ourselves. It was necessary to travel by a steamship on the lake for several hours from Erie to Port Dover. There was considerable trouble in clearing our instruments with the Canadian Government. We arrived at Port Dover and I stayed at the promoter's home. There I was asked to come to the dance hall to grant an interview to some people from a Toronto newspaper. These people had been enjoying themselves and apparently had been imbibing rather freely.

They wanted to know what I thought of the crowd, and I said: "It isn't so hot." (There were only about three hundred people.) Then they asked what I thought about Canadian women and I said: "I haven't met any Canadian women. This is my first visit to Canada. I don't know anything about Canadian women." That was the essence of the interview—both interviewers were getting hilariously drunk.

We carried with us, on the tour of 1930, a public address system. I believe that I was one of the first to use one. I needed it because it takes care of both ends of a large hall at one time and it also saves the voice. When I arrived on the stand, I learned that the difference in voltage of the Canadian current had burned out my system, so I had to resort to a megaphone—with the result that, when I was singing to the crowd at one end of the hall, the other end failed to hear at all.

At just about this time, the sunburn began to make itself felt and I was having chills and fever. The crowd was very small which, in itself, is uninspiring—but we finished the engagement, made the expensive, unpleasant boat trip back across the lake—only to have the promoter refuse to pay us. But the last straw came later when a Toronto newspaper came out with the headline: "Rudy Vallee says 'Canadian women not so hot!'" I don't suppose Canadian women will ever believe that I didn't say it.

Again, there was the incident of the grapefruit throwing in Boston. Many of you thought it a publicity gag. It was thrown to the stage from the theatre balcony—I have since learned that the one who hurled it was a little tight. It

resulted in a deluge of newspaper publicity, both for me and for the song I was yodeling—*Oh Give Me Something to Remember You By*. It was the cause of much laughter on the part of the audience, but when I tell you it was the closest I ever came to being killed, it won't seem so funny!

It happened toward the end of our act at the Metropolitan Theatre in Boston, Massachusetts.

Contrary to popular belief, I was playing the saxophone, not singing, but playing: *Oh Give Me Something to Remember You By*—and as I played, I heard a terrific crash. I assumed that the drummer had taken an ill-tempered whack at the cymbals. When I had finished my song, the curtains closed and I turned around to him and said: "What's the matter with you?"

Then I saw the grapefruit. The force with which it had hit the cymbal had cut it in half, and you, who know your physics, can figure the momentum of that grapefruit as it came hurtling down through the air from the theatre balcony. If it had struck my saxophone, it probably would have driven the mouthpiece through the back of my neck, into my spine—or at least it would have broken every tooth in my head. The boy who threw the grapefruit didn't intend to hit me—but he might have hit me! It's not a pleasant thought!

The question as to when a popular song is or is not a hit has caused no end of discussion among my confrères of the musical world. I reject a popular song because I do not feel that it would sell a certain number of sheet copies, only to have its publisher kid me several months later by telling me that the song was the most-played on the air.

Obviously, in his mind, a hit is a song that must appear on the major networks over a period of several weeks and be played a number of times nightly or weekly. But in my mind, the definition of a song hit is one which not only appears on radio programs but which reaches a selling mark of at least, in these perilous times, 400,000 sheet-music copies. Five years ago I would have demanded that they reach a sale of one million copies.

It doesn't follow that the publisher is wrong and that I am right, when the song is played every night over every station for a period of six or seven weeks. We merely have different opinions as to what constitutes a song hit. I believe I have more justification for my belief that the sale of sheet music is an index of the popularity and worthiness of a song, because its appearance on the radio does not necessarily mean that the orchestra leader chose it because he feels that it has a definite place on his program or that the public wants to hear it. Frequently he will play it to help the "song

plugger," or because he has been paid by the publisher to program it, for, like the policeman in the operetta, "... a song plugger's lot is not a happy one." Sheet music sales, however, are free from the personal angle, therefore unbiased, more accurate as a popularity-meter.

Contrast Expressions: In New England it's "I'm going to work." In New York the girls say, "I'm going to business."

It is obvious, I think, that what is right and what is wrong in things artistic is purely a matter of viewpoint and taste. We all agree that what is one man's meat is another's poison and for any individual to make a dogmatic statement, as to what is right and what is wrong, is sheer stupidity.

Ever since I first read one of his books, I have been a staunch worshipper at the shrine of Walter B. Pitkin who, in my estimation, is one of the greatest minds of this day and age. One of Mr. Pitkin's books which I read and re-read with great enjoyment is *A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity*.

I commit many stupidities myself, some small and some great. Usually the small ones inconvenience only myself. Occasionally, however, my stupidity causes other people time, effort, loss of energy and often financial loss. I believe these stupidities which we commit should be pointed out, because only by so doing will we be able to eliminate them from our lives and save those who would otherwise be the sufferers. I hope to point out in this and future articles some of the stupidities that prevent you and me from enjoying life in general.

When I say "stupidities" I mean not only the actual acts of foggy, tired, moronic, diseased or sick minds, but also the failure of individuals to observe things actually under their noses! As a practical example of this type of stupidity, let me give a classic illustration that actually happened to me.

The elevator operator in a building I am in and out of every day is a little old man who has been running the same car up and down for at least thirty years.

One day I asked him how many floors there were in the building.

"Merciful heavens," he said as he scratched his head, "I must confess I don't know. I can ask..."

It sounds incredible, but nevertheless it is so. There are those whose specific task it is to do one or two simple things and yet so often you will find that they know nothing about the details of the two things they do! Knowing nothing of the origin of the products they handle or their future destination, they go blithely and stupidly along.

I am mainly concerned with stupidities that cost time, money, pain and loss of life—such as the driver who gives a very definite signal that he is going to turn right, only to swing left and crash into you. And is he burned up, why did you bump into him, didn't you see his hand? He just can't understand!



Elinor Sherry, heard over the Mutual network, claims to be one of radio's tiniest singers. She's four feet ten and one-half inches tall.

Speaking as a columnist, one of my confrères evidently fancies himself as a mind reader. There's no doubt he attaches mystical powers to himself, as witness what he has to say concerning me: "And when called upon, Rudy Vallee took a bow, which he delighted in doing because he has aspirations of some day being in Congress."

Can you imagine conducting a political campaign by taking bows in night clubs?

"Mr. Vallee," the papers would say, "is two night clubs ahead of Mr. Squill. It's no secret that Mr. Vallee also took two more bows than Mr. Squill at El Morocco and we take that as a definite sign that he will carry Gorham, Maine..."

As a matter of record and fact, I avoid going out into public places because of my extreme distaste for being called upon for even so much as a bow, and as much as I admire the artist who was about to perform that night at the club, I would miss his act rather than stand up to be spotlighted. It has just occurred to me that the above columnist might be of some real aid to his readers if he would devote a few trances to the doings of the stock market or the outcome of elections. I wish he would teach me his secret...

Now, dear reader, if you will keep your eyes and ears open, you are certain to come across many stupidities in the course of your day. I would be deeply grateful if you would send them in to me, in care of this magazine, so that I may print one or two of the most flagrant ones here each month.

The reasons for stressing stupidities lie in the hopes that we will all shame ourselves into seeing that our own do not recur. If I shall have helped to accomplish this, then this effort will more than be repaid.

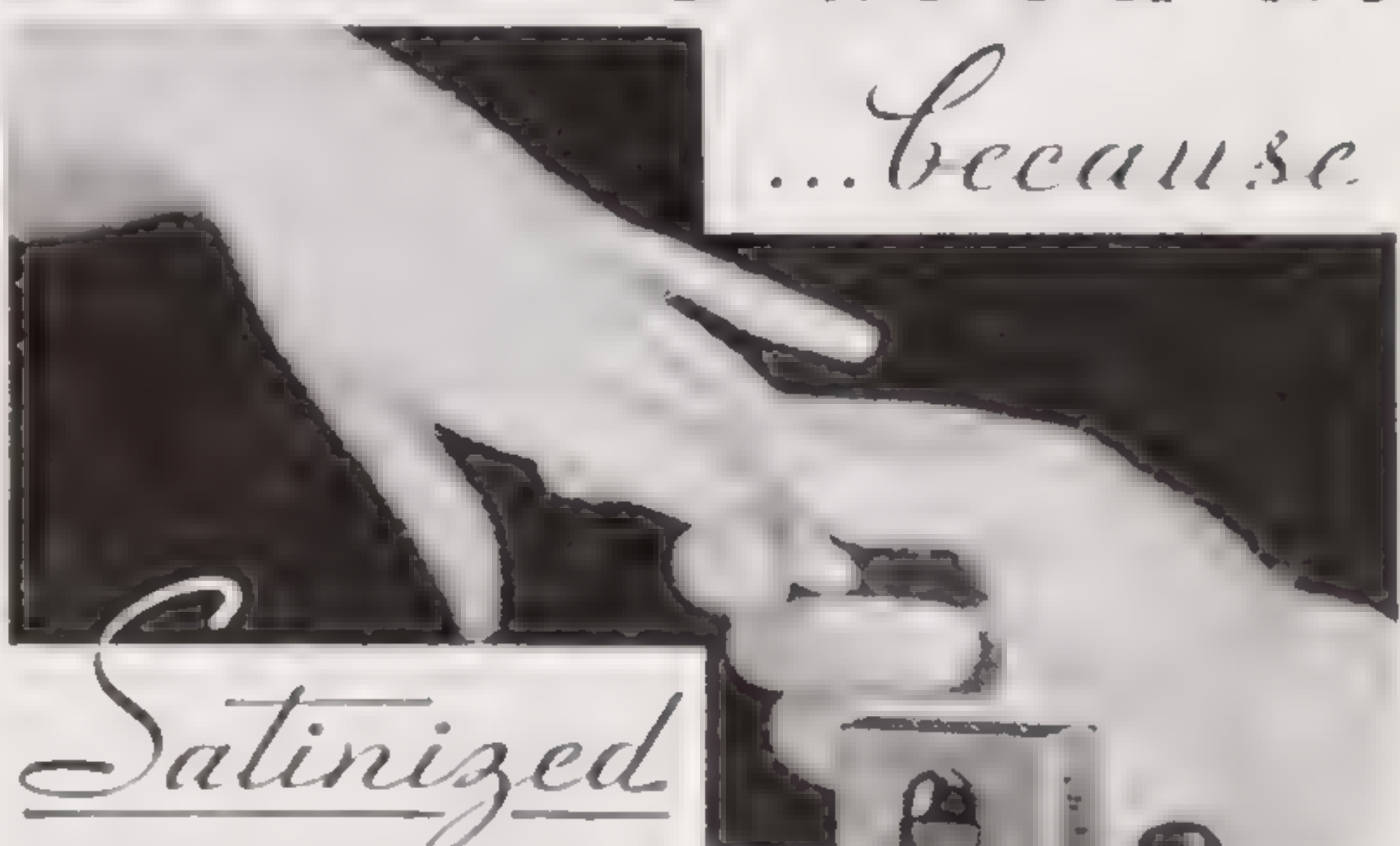
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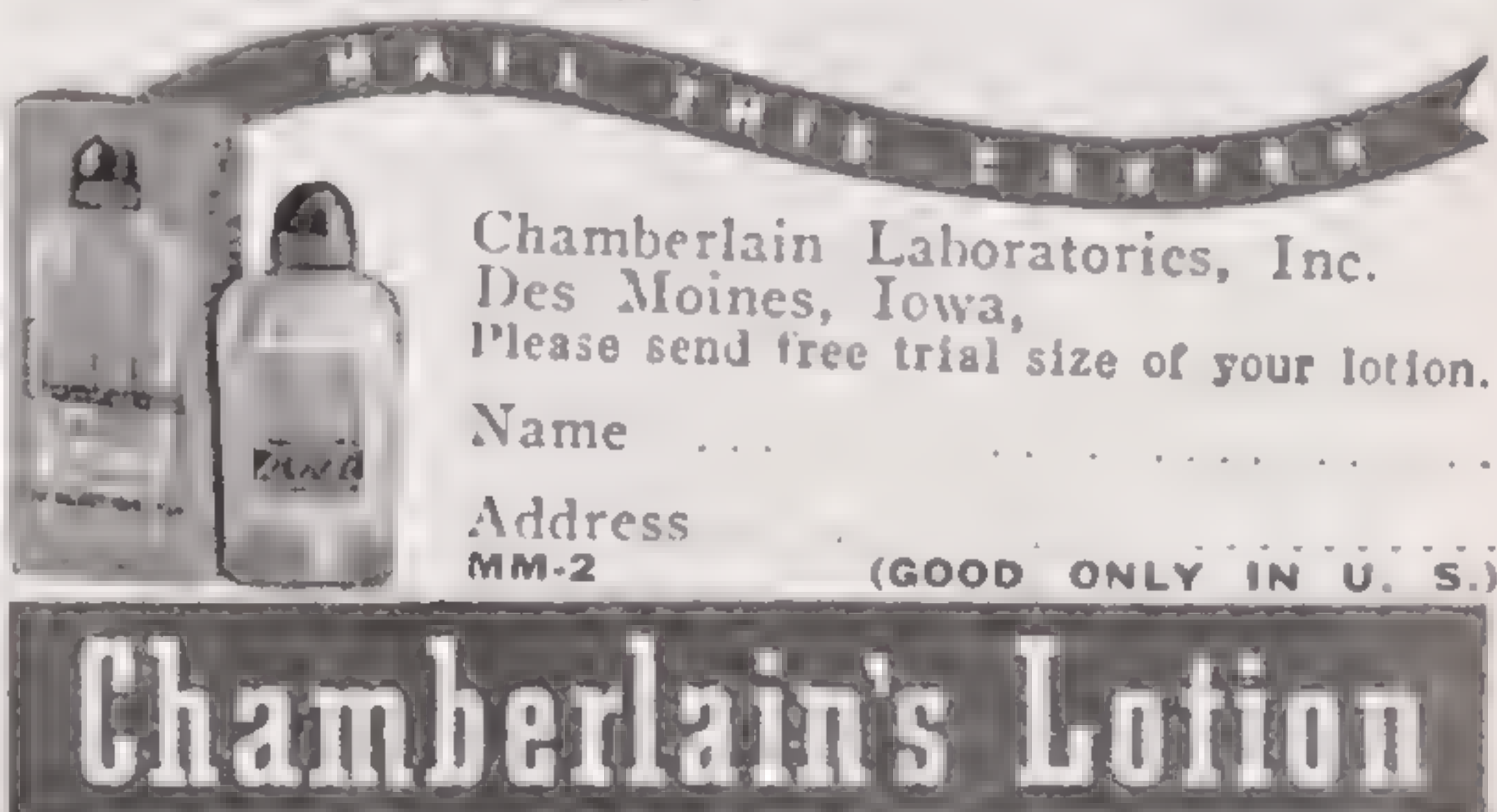
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Blondes? "Browns"?

HAIR
TOO
DARK?



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With One New
Swedish Shampoo
and Rinse—No Dye
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Blondes! Browns! Chest-nuts! Redheads! Here's good news! No longer need you sacrifice the admiration, the alluring appeal and popularity that go with naturally soft, golden-toned

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We Guarantee to Pay World's Highest Prices. Large Cents up to \$2000.00 each, 1909 Cents \$10.00, 1860 Cents \$50.00, 1890 Cent \$20.00, 1913 Liberty Head Nickel \$350.00, 25c before 1916 \$300.00, 50c before 1916 \$750.00. Other 50c before 1936 \$60.00. Gold Coins \$5000.00, Lincoln Cents before 1932, Half Cents, Half Dimes, Foreign Coins, Paper Money and Thousands of Others to \$2500.00 each. Know What Your Coins are Worth. Send Dime for World's Largest 10c Complete Illustrated Catalogue.
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—MAIL COUPON NOW—
BRADLEY BLDG. 22, NEWTON, MASS.
Here's 25c. RUSH My Ring Today!

Name.....
Address.....

TALKING TORNADO

(Continued from page 32)

to welcome General Pershing. And Gibbons was the first newspaperman to step into the withering fire of the Germans in America's first great battle at Belleau Wood. An hour later, he saw a wounded officer topple into a shellhole and crawled out into No Man's Land after him. Gibbons was wounded in the left eye and in his shoulder. But he got the first story of Belleau Wood and sent it out from the hospital. A month later, he was discharged with a handicap of one eye, hunting the big story on the firing line. No wonder he has the French and Italian *Croix de Guerre* and is an officer of the French Legion of Honor!

Meanwhile, I had been looking straight into that single eye, the vision of which is so good that his only regret seems to be that he has never been able, due to his restricted perspective, to get a pilot's license and bring off one of those great First Flights across the sea. But this eye, that I had expected to be ferocious, if not bloodthirsty, was friendly and smiling; almost gentle. "Sorry to be late," apologized the Tornado in a voice more like a summer's storm. "I've just come back from a rough time in Spain. You see, I have to get things off my chest while they're hot. And if things look like another war—then off I go. The call might come at midnight—not that it will, but you get the idea. But it usually happens that way, and that's the way I like it."

"It was that way in the Italo-Ethiopian scrap. I got my hunch and took it. I landed with the first unit of the Italians that set foot into Abyssinia. October 3rd, 1935, it was, at 4 a. m. And I broadcast the story from a little military station on top of a mountain 8,000 feet high. It went first to Rome for censoring and retransmission to America. I stayed with them six weeks, until it got to be just routine fighting.

"I had broadcast a war before this—with the Japanese Army in both Manchuria and Shanghai. That, by the way, I think, was the first radio broadcast ever made between Asia and the United States."

If I remember rightly, it was the first war ever broadcast in the history of radio. But Floyd Gibbons would not tell me that. His forte is hot news, not boasting. Several times he asked me to soft-pedal a point, or to keep him out of it.

His professional manner wore off. It was easy to see that he was a bull in action, but not in the parlor or the drawing-room. He would sit down half a minute, then jump to his feet again and walk all around the room in the erect manner of a West Pointer. Not nervously, but chockful of surplus energy. There was never any doubt about his being a strong personality, but not the least hard-boiled under passive conditions. He expressed no deep-dyed prejudices, but would crack down on something he thought ought to be condemned, with a choice bit of he-man epithets that are off the record.

How did he get that way? I asked him. "You mean schooling? Well, I never

exactly went through school. I always failed or got fired. Preaching and classroom teaching always bored me. I want to get it red hot off the griddle of life. I got more out of my first job—selling newspapers at night. Even then, there was something about the newspaper that got me by the collar. I remember impressing my mother that I did it with the idea of starting a savings account. It was only an excuse for hanging around the alley back of the Washington Post building until 2 a. m. Always hoping for an *Extra*—that's how news-crazy I was, even then! Nothing could keep me out of it for long.

"Although I was born and bred in Washington, D. C., (July 16th, 1887) I actually started out my newspaper career in Minneapolis with the Star, at seven dollars a week. It didn't last long. The editor canned me for incompetence, without my even knowing what it was all about. It took four years to get a steady job—on the Chicago Tribune. We both discovered what I was good for—a fight. I had been in enough of them by that time, on my own, to realize that I liked it. The Tribune sent me down to Mexico as their correspondent to cover the Revolution with Villa. And did I get my baptism of fire!

"Failing to get the break that I was looking for early in the World War, I saw a chance of a hot story in taking the *Laconia* that was slated by the Germans for torpedoing. She got it all right and I was picked up by a life-boat and got the first story of it to the States. I gave them the works, so that not even a child would not know what torpedoing was like."

For the second time Gibbons had laid down a lighted cigarette butt on the edge of the table and then I noted that there were many burnt scars about from similar offenses.

"You caught me," he said, good naturedly. He has a whole lot of quirks, it developed. Hates new shoes and likes old suits. "All barnacles from being in the field so long, I suppose." Has a whole drawer full of pajamas, but never remembers wearing any. "And do I enjoy sprawling in a real bed—and getting six to eight hours sleep a night! Of course, I've got the old newspaper habit of doing all my writing at night and finishing up in the early hours of the morning.

"When I get on the radio, I just feel that I must tell the folks the news. And I get a great kick out of talking 217 words to the minute—according to my manuscript—and getting it all off my chest in exactly thirteen minutes. I'm just a natural reporter, I guess, and will always be one. I wouldn't take an executive newspaper job for a gift."

Gradually, we got around to the Civil War in Spain, from the scene of which he had just come, and I told him that I was especially interested in what the women were doing in this war. Floyd Gibbons looked almost frightened for a moment.

"Women?" he said, scratching his head. "Well, I'll say this much right off the bat: The women of Spain are only the first degree out of the harem! The imprint of

the seraglio is still fresh upon them! That's what makes the show so breathless over there today. Women all over the place—in the army, in the trenches, lying dead in rows, when the smoke of the firing squad clears away, trailing muskets instead of market baskets into their homes, nursing hand grenades instead of babies. All the women in the world ought to pause long enough to get an earful of this. It may make them proud, or it may fill them with disgust with their sex. That's neither here nor there. The point is, it will make them *think* first, before they begin to shout and cheer for another war! No matter what I seem to say on the air about this war in Spain, that's the real radio message that I want to put over!"

Gibbons paused long enough to light a fresh cigarette. Next minute he began striding up and down with that dynamic movement, with which he had pushed into and out of peril a hundred times.

"That's one great advantage the radio has over the printed page—I can *talk* to people. I can talk from the ends of the earth—as I have done already from Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain—with bombs bursting, mines exploding, airplanes dropping death all around me—knowing that my listeners, perhaps, are some farmer and his family out on the prairies, or maybe some New England small-townners sitting around a stove in a country store, or a bunch of tough mugs standing at a bar on the lower East Side, or what have you. All America has got its ear to the radio. They all listen in, where many of them can't, don't, or won't read! I try to put the fear of war into their hearts—the stinking smell of war, the blood and filth of it, with the fringe and tassels of the glory of war snipped off by machine guns and the victories exploded by TNT. I don't curry-comb my words for the women, but I hope they get me. I want them to get a load of this Spanish picture.

"There in Spain, you had a nation of women who had been under the thumb of their men for a thousand years. I mean they were slaves, and not maybe. Shut up in a patio, which is as near like a prison as they are made—a house with grim walls, behind which a stranger was never invited. Why, a girl who even walked down the street with a man outside the family had to marry him. I'm speaking particularly of the lower class women of Spain. There are only two classes: the upper class that has everything and the lower class that has next to nothing. Today, the patio harems are deserted, the family life smashed. Children from eight years up, dragging around deadly weapons for playthings. Women swarming over every filthy scene—marching, digging trenches; bent on murder, pillage and arson, where an enemy is concerned. Fiery women agitators, hurling curses at passing slackers and inciting their men. Spain has proved that women do not make war any prettier. War isn't pretty; it's hell! That's another point about the radio. War sometimes can be made to look pretty when you write it down on paper. It loses something of its original horror. But when you hear an eye-witness—over the radio, for example—there's the living link and contact, that brings with it some of the rotten reek of war!"

Floyd fetched up suddenly and raised his hand phphetically.



Robert Ripley presents Sergeant Alvin York, who killed 30 Germans and captured 132 more in the World War. 'S the truth!

"Here's the prettiest war bit that I saw in Spain—God knows why I call it pretty, except that it was so damned pitiful! The scene, a peaceful hamlet drowsing amidst olive groves where nothing exciting had happened maybe for a thousand years. I entered just at the early twilight hour, the time when, a couple of months before, the little life of the community was at its height, the whole population out; older men smoking and chatting, women huddled in gossiping groups, young people strolling; the bell of the church, at the end of the plaza, ringing the angelus. . . . Now—the village shot to bits! Silence hanging over the smoking ruins, the patios blown wide open, with many of the families lying dead in the courts, the town deserted, except perhaps for a whimpering mother vainly searching amidst the pile of bricks and mortar that had been her home, hoping to find the corpse of her children or her man. If she appears suspicious to the guard, there is a *pop* and she falls in her tracks.

"The silence of death, leaving a pall of horror in its wake. Hate etched in every jagged outline. The charnel-house stink of the battlefield. My soldier guide led me to the former Nuns' school. Only a few days before it had been filled with little children. The blackboards lately scribbled by little hands of children now probably dead. The Moorish guard squatted in the corner; a musket between his legs, a wicked-looking Arab knife swinging at his side. An evil look in his eye that never left the face of the girl prisoner.

"She was a swarthy Valencian beauty—tears had streaked through the grime on her pretty face. They had caught her red-handed, firing a machine gun. She told me her story when she found I was friendly. She had been working in a shoe factory. The waving flags, the playing bands, the crowds and cheers, finally lured her. She had marched out and they had given her a machine gun and she had done her bit! Her eyes shone in the dim light. I passed by at dawn the next morning. She and seventeen others lay stretched out in the shadow of the little schoolhouse, her pretty white shoes of which she had been so proud all spattered with blood that she gave so willingly to the Cause. That's how pretty war is, especially with women in it, and radio is how I tell it to them. And how!"

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YOU EAT A LOT AND EAT IT HASTY . . .
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MODERN ROMANCES ON THE AIR!

HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 31)

that hour, that soprano soloist, perfected. Within the year I sang in that same church, in her place. I was fourteen. I'm afraid I told a bit of a fib. The weaving of little fictions is so logical to the Romantic. I told the organist that I was eighteen and got the job.

"My first real impulse to stand up and be glamorous in front of an audience came when I first heard and saw Alma Gluck in 1913. She was giving a concert in Kansas City. I can describe even now, so many years later, the very gown she wore, the way her hair was dressed. And the song she sang, one of them—well, the echo of that came back to me, to us, to Frank and me, many years later. At any rate, I went home and romanticized myself as Alma Gluck. I *was* Alma Gluck. And within that year I gave my first recital at St. Joseph, Missouri."

Frank Chapman chuckled quietly. He said: "Tell what happened the night you gave your recital, dear. It is such a nice indication of your inherent practicality."

Gladys laughed. "I had the most elaborate costume for the occasion," she said. Probably too old for me, but very, very elegant. When I started to dress I found that I—I *had forgotten to bring my slip!* I couldn't go on in a transparent gown, certainly not in St. Joseph, Missouri—not in those days! And so, I used my nightgown! It did very nicely, what with a bit of contriving and a few pins here and there."

"Just as Gladys," said Gladys' singer husband, who is never very far from Gladys in any way at all, "just as Gladys is a curious and perfect blend of the masculine and the feminine, so she is a perfect blend of the practical and the poetic. She would forget to bring her slip. She would also resort to the practical expedient she did. Gladys belongs to luxury, to Florentine villas and open fires and porcelains and laces and tapestries, but if she were to be marooned on a desert island, I'd back her up against Crusoe himself!"

"I never," said Gladys, blowing a kiss to her smiling husband, "I never really had any beaux. I never went out on dates and had crushes and all that. I continued to do what I had done as a youngster. I'd make dates—and break them. I still preferred to stay alone and imagine what the date might have been, rather than to keep the date and know it for what it was. The romance of making the date, of anticipating it, was all the fulfillment I wanted—or dared to hope for."

"I think that I took out in music all of the soft and lovely things I wanted to say or to have said to me. Remember, Frank, what Chris Morley once said to you? He said: 'You are lucky, Frank, and very wise. You can say things in song that the rest of us wouldn't dare to say in words.' And it's true. I said all of my love, lived all of my romances in song, and was content."

"Gladys," said Frank Chapman, "still romanticizes things and people. She is, I fear—and hope—incurable. She'll never get over it. And she never should. It's the quality which keeps her warm and responsive and eager and always growing. If she believes in anybody, she can see no faults in them. There are so many professionals who hear a singer, however great, and say, critically: 'My teacher told me not to do it that way.' There are those who will say: 'Chaliapin is no good, he doesn't sing this or that as I was taught to sing it.' Or: 'If I were Geraldine Farrar, I would have done it this way or that . . .'. Not Gladys. She always feels that people have attained what they have because they have worked like the devil for that attainment and she reveres them for it, uncritically, without question."

Frank was called from the room for a moment and Gladys Swarthout followed him with her dark eyes proud and her smile tender. She said, then: "I don't need to romanticize our marriage. You see, this is the time, this the miracle, when reality and romance met and were one, the reality as beautiful as the romance, the romance as sound as the reality. It is, in its very essence, romantic—our marriage."

"Our first meeting was in Florence. We were both married then and so it was—just a meeting. But it must have been one which remained in our memories, which took root in our hearts. Later, we met again in New York. And I remember how, one week-end, I was visiting Frank's family up state. One evening we sat by the fire, Frank and I, playing records. And we played the old German folk song, *Du Liegst mir in Herzen*, which, translated, says: *You Are In My Heart*. And we recognized it as our song, as saying more perfectly than we could ever say what we wanted to say to each other. And I recognized it as one of the songs which Alma Gluck had sung, those years ago, in Kansas City, when, watching and listening to her, I felt inspired to take the first steps that had brought me to—to that evening with Frank. It has been our song ever since. We always sing it, when we sing together, alone by ourselves. We have sung it on every concert we've ever sung together. We shall sing it when we sing together on the radio this year."

"Our courtship began after we were married," Gladys said, her voice a song in her throat. "And after five years we are still—" she smiled, "still courting! This year will be the first year we have missed dining in the restaurant where we dined the night we were married. Every year, on that same night of the year, we have had dinner in that same restaurant, at the same table, ordering the same menu."

"It was very sudden, the way we were married. One day Frank said to me: 'I think we should get married today.' And I said: 'I think so, too.' And we went

to Tenafly, New Jersey, and, in the home of friends, were married by the Mayor of Tenafly.

"I said that the essence of our marriage is romantic," said Gladys, "and it is. Time or custom cannot stale, you see, its infinite variety. We look upon the professional side of our marriage as a partnership. One partner in charge of production, the other partner in charge of sales. In our case Frank may be said to be the partner in charge of sales, even though he has his own career, studies every morning as I do.

"You see, I cannot always see Frank as just Frank Chapman, my husband. Always, to me, he is invested with the glamour of the singer, the dignity of the manager, the adviser, the counsellor, the final authority. Always, I think and hope, Frank sees me as he might see me across the footlights of the Met, on the screen, if we were not married at all. And then, when we can be alone, just ourselves, there is such a poignancy to our being together as I can't describe! There are all the glamour and first thrill of the first tête-à-tête, the honeymoon. We'd still rather be by ourselves, go off by ourselves, than anything else in the world.

"And we've bought a house," said Gladys, with the air of one announcing something special and hitherto unheard of and beautiful and blest. "We've bought our own home. It's almost the most romantic thing we've ever done. We've always had homes, of course. We've seldom if ever just stayed in hotel suites. But this is our own home, our first. We're bringing out some of our things from New York, things we're terribly fond of, things we've had a long while. It's going to be our home, a sort of combination of French and North Italian, with some English things scattered in. And no interior decorator will come anywhere near it! We're doing it all ourselves, by ourselves. We get more thrill out of browsing about and discovering a lovely set of panels, for instance, than we could ever get out of a whole house done by other hands than ours, other tastes, other hearts. . . ."

Frank Chapman came back at that moment and Gladys said to him: "Dear, bring out what we discovered just yesterday!" And Frank, eyes shining, produced a lovely, old framed etching and, in one corner, the wonder-making name of Whistler met my eyes.

"We found this yesterday!" Gladys said, "and we literally screamed right out loud when we saw it. There is nothing more romantic than a moment like that.

"We have our shared dreams, too. It has been our dream, ever since we were first married, ever since we first met, I really suppose. We dream of going back to Florence one day—to live there. Everything we have ever done, everything we are doing now, is building toward that dream. We have a particular villa in mind. We plan to buy it and then to turn over one wing to some five or six talented Americans. They need not be musicians and singers only. They may be writers or sculptors or teachers or artists or anything, just so long as they love Florence as we do, so long as they need and get from the libraries and museums of Florence what we need and get. This is in no sense a charity. It will be our greatest

happiness, the realization of the most romantic dream we have ever dreamed, to share with others something we, too, have had and loved. . . .

"It is the most romantic villa in all Florence, too," Gladys said, hands clasping her knees, eyes on, perhaps, the waters of the Arno. "It was, originally, a 13th century monastery. Then it became, and has been ever since, a private villa. It has a ghost, too!"

"A g-ghost?" I stuttered.

"Ah, such a nice ghost," Gladys said. "Isn't he, Frank? He is an old monk and he wanders up and down the corridors, swinging his censer."

"Are you s-sure?" I whimpered.

"Positive," stated Frank Chapman, with macabre matter-of-factness. "I have heard his footsteps. I have smelled the incense from his censer as he passed. He is a nice old ghost and we are very fond of him."

I goggled.

"But we live with ghosts all the time," Gladys said, her voice amused but tender. "Look at our piano there, piled high with music. The songs, the sonatas of those who are gone. An enormous part of our inspiration comes from the living spirits of those we call the dead. We work with them every day, Frank and I. We often say that we feel we know them better than some of our flesh-and-blood friends. We feel that we know how they felt on the particular day when they wrote that song, composed that bit of a symphony. We even feel that we know what they ate for dinner and where and how they spent the evening. We live with the dead every day of our lives. . . . why should we be shocked or surprised when we see a 'ghost?'"

"It's—it's all a matter of intestinal fortitude, I guess," I said.

Gladys and Frank laughed.

I said: "But you don't really believe in ghosts?"

Frank answered firmly: "I heard his footsteps. I smelled the incense as he passed. We love our ghost. We wouldn't dispossess him from his home, even if we could—this home which was his long before it will become ours."

I rose to go. My eyes sought the piano, the tables, the mantle, rich with pictures of friends who, happily, are still alive. John McCormack is there, Geraldine Farrar, Rosa Ponselle, Toscanini, Ernest Schelling, Eddie Johnson, Phillip Merivale, Gloria Swanson, Bart Marshall, Mary Pickford, Marlene Dietrich, others. . . . A part of their romantic life, I thought, these pictures of their friends, bright strands woven into the tapestry of their life together. So romantically different, too, from the majority of interior-decorated, modern homes, where it is considered "old-fashioned" to have family photographs about, or any photographs at all. Save, perhaps, one glass-encased etching of a unicorn or something!

There came a call for Gladys to report at Paramount Studio, a retake for *Champane Waltz*.

I said goodbye to the "Incurable Romanticist" and carried with me her husband's fond hope that she will be, always, incurable.

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RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

KEN: I don't know whether I want you to shave me or not.

OSWALD: Don't worry . . . every time I cut you I'll give you ten cents.

KEN: Every time you cut me you'll give me ten cents?

OSWALD: Yeah . . . you'll go out of here a rich man!

KEN: I got into a fine place! Don't shave me—just give me a haircut.

OSWALD: I never cut a man's hair . . . I just burn it off.

KEN: You do? Is it easy to burn off hair evenly?

OSWALD: Yeah . . . it's a SINGE!

KEN: I don't think you know your business, Oswald. I saw your last customer get out of the chair with a big cut on his chin.

OSWALD: Well, I'm in love with his cook.

KEN: What's that got to do with the cut on his chin?

OSWALD: That's to let her know I'll see her Sunday night!

(Laugh With KEN MURRAY.)

PICK: Now here's a job . . . dey wants somebody in a butcher shop fo' six bucks a week.

PAT: Six bucks?

PICK: Yeah . . . now, what can you do in a butcher shop? Can you dress a chicken?

PAT: Not on six bucks a week.

PICK: Say, what jobs has you held?

PAT: Well . . . I was a salesman in a department store, but I lost de job.

PICK: How?

PAT: Well, de boss's son came in and asked me to show him somethin' suitable in neckwear for himself.

PICK: Somethin' suitable in neckwear! Well, why was you fired?

PAT: I take a look at his neck and gave him a washrag.

(PICK and PAT, One Night Stands.)

JACK: Phil, I heard some awfully nice things about you.

PHIL: I heard some awfully things about you, Jack.

KENNY: Oh, Jack . . . here's a wire for you. I opened it by mistake.

JACK: What do you mean, mistake?

MARY: He thought he could read!

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

JACK: You know, I made a movie this summer. I want to tell you, I'm getting a big kick out of Paramount.

MARY: I know—I saw the preview.

JACK: It's a good thing I'm dumb or else I'd get sore. But say, Mary, we've got to find Kenny Baker. Did you search the closet?

MARY: I already did, Toots.

JACK: Did you find any clues?

MARY: Yeah—but they didn't fit me.

(JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jell-O Program.)

EDDIE: I heard two women talking . . . and one woman said that Eddie Cantor was the funniest comedian on the air.

JIMMY: Who were the two women?

EDDIE: I don't know the name of the woman Ida was talking to.

(EDDIE CANTOR, Texaco Program.)

JACK (as Anthony Adverse): I'd like a job here.

MARY: We're not hiring sopranos. What's your name?

JACK: Anthony.

MARY: Oh—are you an orphan?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: Oh—Orphan Anthony, huh?

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

WHITEMAN: Tell me what happened in scrimmage.

JUDY: What happened where?

WHITEMAN: What happened in scrimmage?

JUDY: You must be thinking of some other game. Zeke, do you know what scrimmage is?

ZEKE: Scrimmage is what Pop Eye eats to make him strong.

(PAUL WHITEMAN'S Woodbury Program.)

PAPA: Now, Snooks, don't be afraid . . . sit down in the dentist's chair . . . I'll hold your hand.

FANNIE: No . . . hold the dentist's hand!

(FANNIE BRICE, Lyon's Toothpaste Program.)

GRACIE: You know why the saxophone sounds better here? It plays better on California air.

GEORGE: If New York is listening in, I was born there.

GRACIE: Oh-h-h . . . another boost for California!

(BURNS AND ALLEN, Campbell's Tomato Juice Program.)

FRED: Knock knock.

PORTLAND: Who's there?

FRED: Petunia.

PORTLAND: Petunia who?

FRED: Petunia old grey bonnet.

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

FIGGS: Well Senator, here we are in the railroad yard.

FISHFACE: Yeah, a train just went by, didn't it?

FIGGS: How can you tell?

FISH: I can see its tracks.

(SENATOR FISHFACE & FIGGS-BOTTLE, NBC.)

O'KEEFE: I don't object to a woman driver having half of the road, if she would only make up her mind which half she wants!

(RUDY VALLEE'S Royal Variety Hour.)

PAT: Dat reminds me, Pick . . . you know I is goin' to take a sea trip soon, but I gets seasick very easily.

PICK: You does?

PAT: I'se wonderin' . . . what will I do if I gets seasick?

PICK: Don't worry . . . you'll do it!

(PICK and PAT, One Night Stands.)

GRACIE: Here's a "mouthie"—ready? A-B-C-D-E-F-G-Splash?

GEORGE: All right, Gracie—I give up—what is it?

GRACIE: Why it's an Englishman eating alphabet soup.

GEORGE: But the "Splash" Gracie—what's that?

GRACIE: He's dropping his aitches.

(BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell's Tomato Juice Program.)

BENNY: I won the high jump at the Olympics in Berlin.

JOE: You did?

BENNY: Yeah . . . I backed into a javelin!

(BENNY RUBIN, National Amateur Night, MBS.)

PHIL: Beetle, I'll have you know I'm one of the funniest men in radio.

BEETLE: Sinclair Lewis.

PHIL: What do you mean, Sinclair Lewis?

BEETLE: Dodsworth you think!

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

GRACIE: You know . . . my brother Red, who is always eating persimmons.

GEORGE: Eating persimmons? Why, Gracie?

GRACIE: To shrink his stomach to fit his meals. He's a salesman.

KEN: Oh, is he on a diet, Gracie?

GRACIE: No . . . on commission.

KEN: What does he sell?

GRACIE: Oh, uh—nothing . . . that's why he can't eat.

(BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell's Tomato Juice Program.)

ED: Have you heard about the new water-wings the novice swimmers are using?

HARRY: No—what kind?

ED: Harry Richman's. They put a ping-pong ball in each cheek and just float along.

(ED FITZGERALD & CO., MBS.)

O'KEEFE: One thing I learned from Hollywood this summer is why the Venus de Milo—who had no arms—is so popular . . . She couldn't write a diary.

(RUDY VALLEE'S Royal Variety Hour.)

PHIL: Professor Einstein went to Japan.

BOTTLE: Who?

PHIL: Einstein—you know who Einstein is—he discovered Relativity.

BOTTLE: What's Relativity, Mr. Baker?

PHIL: Well . . . uh . . . if you sit on a hot stove for one minute it seems like an hour, see? But if a pretty girl sat on your lap for an hour it would only seem like a minute.

BOTTLE: My word! Did Einstein have to go to Japan to find that out?

(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

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"On top of the world." It's the grand feeling that goes with smoking Luckies . . . a light smoke that treats you right . . . that's truly kind to your throat . . . that delights you with the savory flavor of the highest priced center leaves of rich tobaccos. A light smoke—because only Lucky Strike gives you such fine tobaccos plus the priceless throat protection of the "Toasting" Process. Only Lucky Strike.



a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"